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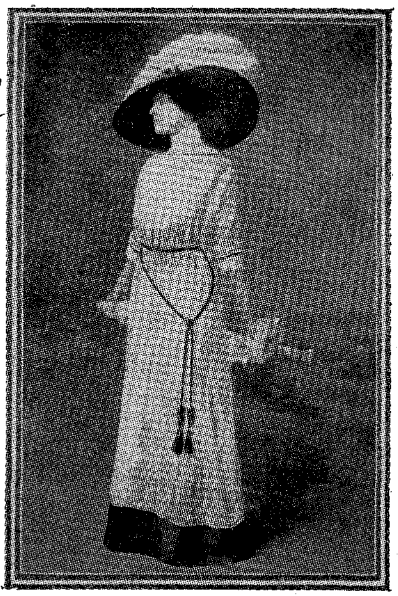

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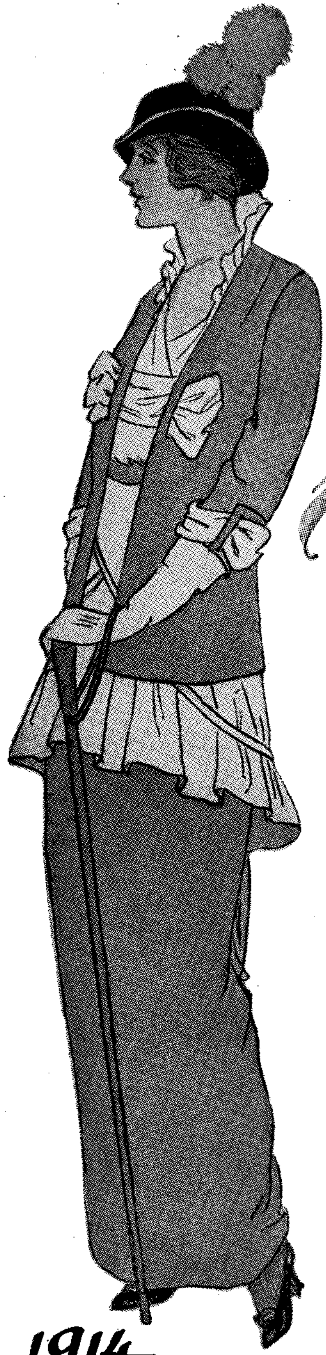

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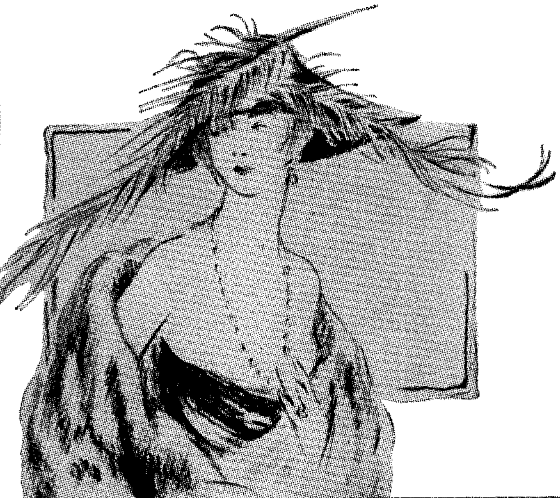
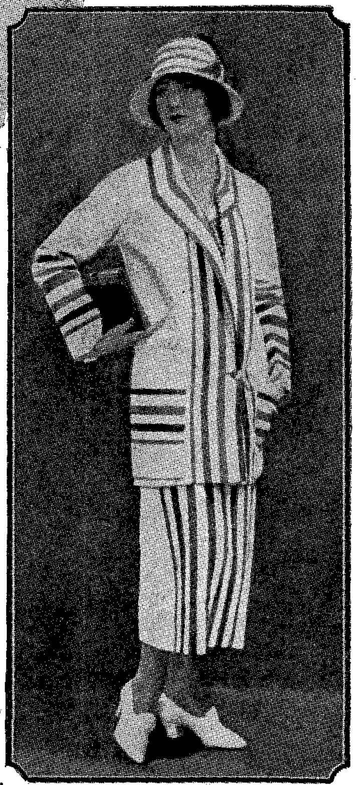
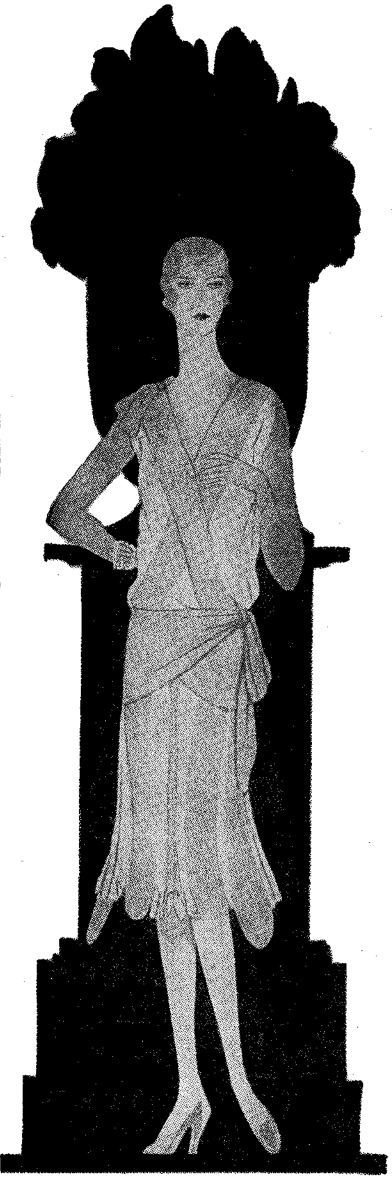


1921 An invitation from Paris.



1925 Linen crash suit, striped in red and dark blue.



1927 Dull white georgette and frail ecru lace.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a novel about the Biddles of Philadelphia, which he wrote with one of them, is occasionally funny but generally pretty laborious. Walter Pidgeon plays the freewheeling hero, and among his assistants are Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Hidden River—A fairly penetrating study of how men's political attitudes during the Second World War live after them in the France of today. Adapted from Storm Jameson's novel by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, and directed by Robert Lewis, the play is powerfully performed by a cast led by Dennis King, Robert Preston, and Lili Darvas. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Holiday for Lovers—Ronald Alexander's sentimental travelogue is one of the season's most tedious oddities. Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews are among those who are stuck with it. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the delightful sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene, who has a way with suspense stories, has applied his technique to an up-to-date miracle play, and the result is fascinating—sporadically, anyway. The performances, especially those of Robert Flemyng and Frank Conroy, are eminently praiseworthy. (Bijou, 45th St., W., JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Madeleine Renaud–Jean-Louis Barrault Company—The final program by this colorful and polished troupe of French repertory players consists of "Le Chien du Jardinier," Lope de Vega's Spanish comedy, adapted by Georges Neveux, and "Les Adieux," a medley of sketches, poems, songs, and pantomimes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Washington's Birthday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are magnificent in leading roles in both offerings. Among the supporting players are Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. They were directed by Peter Glenville. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport hasn't much style or a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson support him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Uncle Willie—Unless you think that Menasha Skulnik's art is enough in itself, this comedy by Julie Berns and Irving Elman about some early settlers in the Bronx may depress you. Robert Douglas directed a cast that includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 94
BOOKS 111
THE CURRENT CINEMA 97
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 98
MUSICAL EVENTS 108
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 84
THE RACE TRACK 72
THE THEATRE 68

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A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff are superlative in the leading roles. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed himself. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—This Anouilh play about the career and end of an elderly Don Juan has a style and urbanity all its own. Ralph Richardson, Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, John Abbott, and John Stewart perform very well, and Harold Clurman has directed them with his customary intelligence. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Long Runs—**The Diary of Anne Frank:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Dina Doronne is now playing the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Moves on Wednesday, Feb. 27, to the Ambassador, 49th St., W., CO 5-1855. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.) . . . **Inherit the Wind:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **Middle of the Night:** Edward G. Robinson in Paddy Chayefsky's play concerning a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **No Time for Sergeants:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present, with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Arte Johnson, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the good news there is concerning this big and rather foolish piece, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 24.)

Li'l Abner—Some funny songs and some fine

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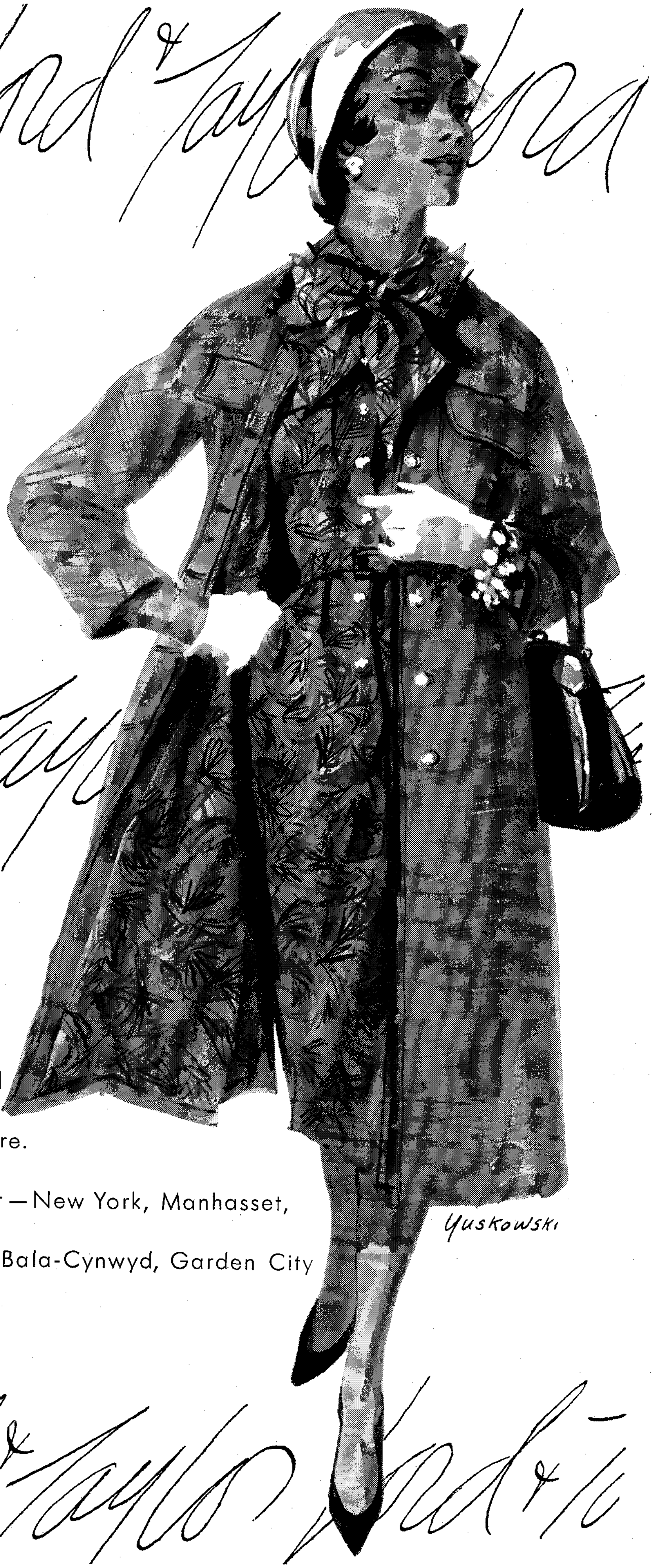

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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24	25	26	27	28	1	2

dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. Edith Adams and Peter Palmer head a cast that includes Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

LONG RUNS—DAMN YANKEES: George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gretchen Wyler is now the lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)... **MR. WONDERFUL:** Sammy Davis, Jr., in an account of the career of a song-and-dance man. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Lew Parker, Evelyn Page, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Washington's Birthday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion" turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare (just now) and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A HOLE IN THE HEAD—A play by Arnold Schulman, with Paul Douglas. The director is Garson Kanin, the producer Robert Whitehead. Opens Thursday, Feb. 28. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Beatrice Lillie and Billy De Wolfe in a revue with sketches by (among others) Arnie Rosen and Coleman Jacoby, and music and lyrics by Howard Dietz, Sammy Fain, Bernie Wayne, and others. The production was directed by John Kennedy and is being produced by Mark Kroll and Charles Conaway. Opens Friday, March 1. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Feb. 22: "Manon." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre in a cast under the direction of Philip Burton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," which has been staged by Day Tuttle. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Phyllis Love in August Strindberg's "Easter," translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

JAN HUS HOUSE—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—"The Taming of the Shrew," with Nina Foch and Pernell Roberts. It is the second of two plays being presented by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, of Stratford, Connecticut. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 10.)

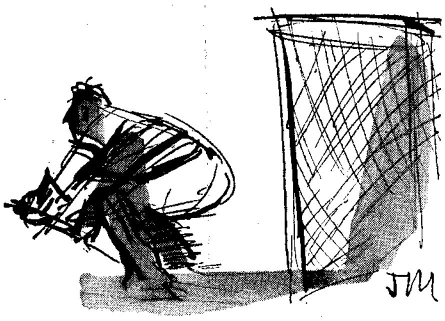
SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—Presenting the American Savoyards in a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, starting with "Utopia, Limited," which will open on Tuesday, Feb. 26. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Pastorale," "Allegro Brillante," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Pastorale," "The Masquers," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8:30: "Firebird," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Souvenirs," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2:30: "Serenade," "Filling Station," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8:30: "Fanfare," "The Still Point," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 3.)

JEAN MURAI—With her company, in a dance recital. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which represents Park Avenue before Park Avenue became an office building, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade really cut loose. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band keep any curiosity seekers from hearing what the customers are saying.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The dinner and supper recitals of Lilo, the erstwhile blond menace of "Can-Can," come to an end in the handsome Cotillion Room on Saturday, Feb. 23. On Monday, Feb. 25, Frank Parker, a voice from the past, will be assuming the role of court singer, and the two Roberts (Lucille and Eddie), who experiment with mental telepathy, will become the court jesters. The dance music will, as before, be the work of an excellent band headed by Joseph Sudy and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Denise Lor, a hothouse canary, does a neat enough job of balladry at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Bringing up the rear is the band of Ted Straeter, which makes dance music flow like wine, and Mark Monte's smaller group. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing.... ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, in which dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

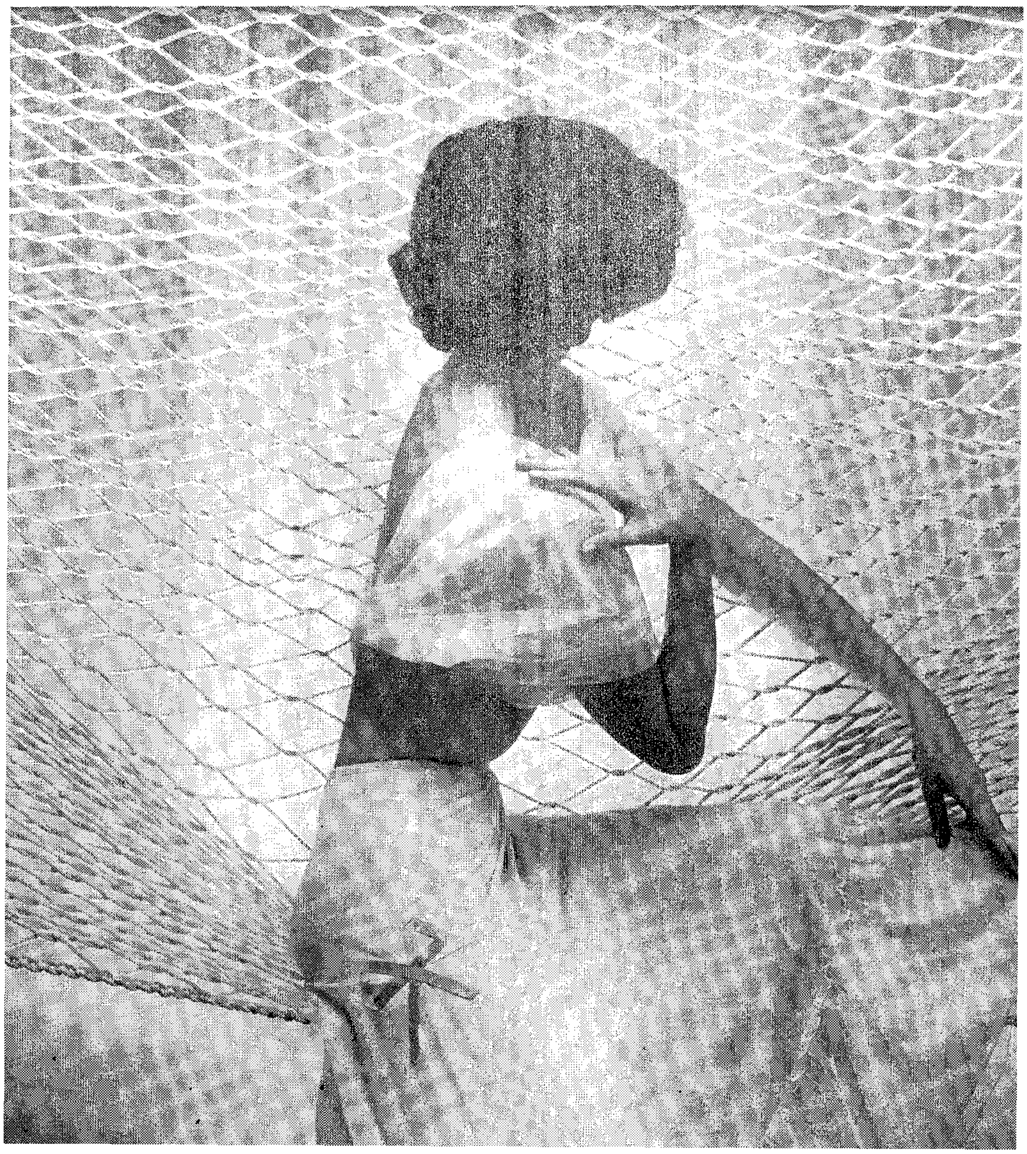
ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, who is nothing if not a family man, and other little Lombardos are on the bandstand in the Grill, their winter quarters ever since they and Columbus discovered the United States. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that sumptuous manor house, is now host to Doretta Morrow, lately one of the most fetching baubles and bangles of "Kismet," who perks up the dinner and supper sessions with several of her remarkably pretty arias and two of her pretty legs. On Thursday, Feb. 28, she'll be succeeded by Monique Van Vooren, one of the late John Murray Anderson's best bequests to the nation. She, too, is a singer. Before, after, and in between, there's dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, there are rousing passages of dance music by Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller orchestra, who know a thing or two about symphonic jazz. They'll be shoving off on Thursday, Feb. 28; Freddy Martin's large melodic group will show up on Saturday, March 2. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lena Horne, who roams the Empire Room at dinner and supper as though it were her private African veldt, is a feast not only for the eyes but for the ears. She departs on Saturday, Feb. 23, leaving behind her some fond memories, as well as the dulcet band of Nat Brandwynne and the bumptious band of Mischa Borr, which will continue to take care



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of the dancing public. On Monday, Feb. 25, the band of Benny Goodman, worldwide distributor of clarinet marmalade, will be coming back home. Among the dramatis personae are such protean performers as Buck Clayton, Mel Powell, Jimmy Maxwell, Budd Johnson, Mousie Alexander, and Steve Jordan. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by the trios of Jozsi Ribari and Bernie Leighton from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one. They're away Sundays, when Mr. Borr's dance band performs from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, from which every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): At one end of this long-established water hole, lions and lambs sit down side by side to quench their thirst; at the other end, George Rosner plays Continental piano all evening. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The entertainment in this spick-and-span neighborhood pub is the news broadcasts and the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner, Goldie Hawkins, as well as the more sentimental études of Wayne Sanders. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef affair, combined with a holiday for strings, the most important of which are on the violin of Herman Honigsberg. Half a dozen other instrumentalists are involved, and the feast goes on until one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eadie and Rack, who've been gone so long but not forgotten, are turning out their duplex piano nocturnes from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday, when the room is closed.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this lofty hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks eloquently of amorous nights on the Spanish Main. He is mild from nine to eleven, fervent from eleven to one. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This must have been one of those Douglas Fairbanks castle sets, but nowadays it serves as a pleasant stage on which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin can make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in the bar from six to eight and again from ten to one or so. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The amusement at the dinner hour is the picture gallery along the walls; the amusement after ten is Hubbell Pierce, from whose ivory tower (Mason & Hamlin, props.) issues an ample supply of well-chosen words and music. Monday is his holiday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jovial, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Tommy Wolf, whose internal rhymes are always the unexpected ones, sings them at the piano after ten in a good-looking Scott Fitzgerald setting that's just as unexpected as he is. Closed Mondays.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines. Closed Mondays.... **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) piano by Steve Weltner, whose music has Hungarian and Venezuelan overtones, from dinner through supper.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings make the night as bright as day. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Zimbalons at play, along with all the appropriate Central European trimmings. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard and by the hour, the best of which comes from the voice of Monica Boyár and the vigorous six-man band when it takes a flying leap at an entire Lehár operetta. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after eight, in the matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

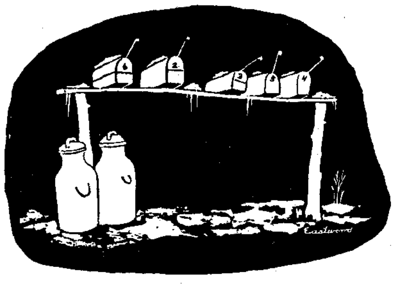
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): How to be funny in three easy-to-take lessons: (1) Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is), whose conversation and cantatas are all persiflage; (2) Orson Bean, a triple-*sec* Vermonter who's never been farther south than Harvard; (3) Dorothy Loudon, who turns ballads from pathos into bathos with a slip of her tongue. Johnny Mathis, the other incumbent, plays some clever and some frantic tricks on his jump songs. These proceedings are underscored by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. The Davises, by the way, are absent Mondays. Also by the way, Mr. Bean will depart on Sunday, Feb. 24, and Alice Pearce, the Blue Angel's own Mad Hatter, will return to action the next night.... ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty cranks out quiet cocktail and dinner piano for the small fry in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, the Davis and Lyons families play catch-as-catch-can lacrosse.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's school for comedy is holding its annual commencement exercises, which involve June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews (all of whom are most likely to succeed) in a revue constructed mostly of spoof. The words are the work of such semanticists as Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; the music is the two-piano team of Gordon Connell and Stan Keen. The rites begin at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, that All-America plunging fullback, is wreaking glorious havoc on everything she sings; Abbey Lincoln, a newcomer to night life, is almost too young to be Cleopatra, but she has a cool, teasing voice that would have been a big help to the Serpent of the Nile. Clarence Williams' dance trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, is in action between shows. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard, who lives in a dream world just across the way from madness, is calloohing and callaying again in her playpen. It is also occupied by the rowdy Phil Leeds, whose thousand and one night tales are compounded of the very best humor; Tony and Eddie, parodists who have torn a few victims limb from limb; the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys; and the piano of Warren Vaughan. Closed Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer casts her calm seeing eye over the love affairs of us moderns and offers, in the rhymed phrases of a woman who understands, her encouragement and her consolation. Felicia Sanders, a more impetuous firebrand, is the other *cantatrice*. The balladry begins at ten; Sam Hamilton's nostalgic piano begins a bit later. Miss Mercer and Mr. Hamilton are off Sunday. Miss Sanders, who is off Mondays, may bow out on Tuesday, Feb. 26.... **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Bobby Short, California's most prominent all-night watchman, allows no sleeping on his beat, for he, his piano, his trio, and his ditties are largely revivalist at heart. Sunday nights, this smoking room is occupied in his stead by Isobel Robins, an agreeable oriole.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, one of the last of the whooping cranes, is in her wild native state; i.e., the barroom of this hotel, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years. She sings every night but Sunday, when old-time movies are added; Dick Smart sings every night but Monday, which is amateur night. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): This is home plate for music lovers whose favorite instrument is probably a pari-mutuel machine, but in the midst of it is Carmen Amaya, who's devoted a rich, full life to the flamenco dance. She's assisted by a troupe of kindred spirits. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Teddy Roy and Buzzy Drootin are the interlude piano-and-drums corps. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Above the table talk is always audible the occasionally quite unruly music of two skilled operators, the Jonah Jones quartet and the Dorothy Donegan trio. They start their shadowboxing at nine. Sundays, when the regulars are off, the floor is held by other Golden Glovers. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Shep Shepard, Benny Moten, and Sonny White) never deviate from the traditional American norm. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Behind the bustling bar is a quiet cenacle where Bernard Peiffer, French exponent of *le jazz frais*, leads a trio from his piano, and Eddie Costa, temporarily specializing in vibes, leads a quartet that includes Dick Wetmore, a proper young Bostonian enamored of the violin and the euphonium. The Costas are off Sundays, the Peiffers Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Wednesday, Feb. 27, the podium will be occupied by Carmen McRae, who can sing up a storm, plus Charlie Ventura's quintet and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers—in sum, a collection of modernists no man should put asunder. The night after that, Chris Connor and Ralph Sharon's trio should be arriving. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The



THAT AYRES LOOK—it passes by in Port-au-Prince where its special kind of enchantment is seen at Le Centre d'Art—storybook prettiness in a party dress by Harvey Berin and shoes by Julianelli. For so long its tradition, L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis has sponsored this important look in fashion that's always a little ahead and understated in elegance. Photographed in Haiti by Derujinsky.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hollow in the oval bar is filled, after ten, by the trio of Russ Haddock, a young and industrious pianist of no particular category. From nine on, there is also Frannie Thorne, an Ivy Leaguer who has escaped from all that to the pianoforte. Absolute silence Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Billy Maxted band, the Voice of the South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The most recent conservatory of futurism is headed by the life-giving trio of Cy Coleman, a piano man of infinite variety, and the quartet of Don Elliott, a true artist with a French horn. The first note is struck at eight-thirty every evening. The Colemans are absent on Sundays, the Elliotts on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): This week (and every week thereafter), "East Lynne," or a rabid Dixieland parody of it that could easily knock your ears off. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Anyone who looks over his shoulder here at the music of the past is turned into a pillar of salt for his pains. Ronnie Bright's trio winds up on Sunday, Feb. 24, but Buddy De Franco's quintet stays on. Next evening, Vinnie Burke's String Jazz Quartet will fill the breach. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Campus life in its most extracurricular manifestation. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, the roster calls for the following old-school cheerleaders: the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): A bit of the Henry Hudson Hotel is devoted, evenings from nine to one, to a six-man seminar on music from south of the border (Mason-Dixon). The moderator is Bobby Hackett, and some of the more advanced students are Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Crisply handled landscapes in water color, mostly of Maine, the Adirondacks, and Mexico; through Saturday, March 2. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JEAN BRISSON—Still-lifes and landscapes by a young French painter in his first appearance here; through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Etchings and lithographs based on La Fontaine's "Fables," the "Arabian Nights," and the Bible, together with some varied water colors and drawings; through Saturday, March 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

JANE BRASWELL CRAWFORD—Billowing, cloudlike abstractions, in a local début; through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Highly stylized, richly colored oils in this Italian artist's third one-man exhibition in America; through March 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EMLEN ETTING—Still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits, plus book illustrations and some miniature paintings; through March 9. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JEAN FAUTRIER—Thirty-one oils, all variations on a single symbol, by a French artist still fairly new to this country; through Saturday, March 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

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JOHN FERREN—New oils, whose color is richer and whose design is more dramatic, in his first showing in three years; through Saturday, March 2. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—A new group of her Abstract Expressionist paintings, all done in the past year but varying considerably in style; through Saturday, March 2. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

JAN GELB—Jaggedly patterned, angular abstractions, chiefly based on landscape forms; through Saturday, March 2. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—Recent paintings, much broader in feeling and design than heretofore, in his first showing since 1954; through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HARRY GOTTLIEB—A 1920-56 review of paintings, drawings, and prints, including landscapes, still-lifes, and depictions of men at work; through March 9. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM M. HARNETT—A group of this nineteenth-century painter's still-lifes; through Saturday, March 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

WHITNEY F. HOYT—Oils painted around Nyack—landscapes, still-lifes, and railroad scenes, for instance; through March 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JOE JONES—Water colors, prints, and color lithographs dealing with maritime subjects, as well as sculptured drawings; through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Twelve oils and several sculptures (his first), in bronze, all done in Italy while the artist was on a Fulbright award; through Saturday, March 2. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EGON SCHIELE—A review of water colors and drawings by this Austrian Expressionist (1890-1918); through Saturday, Feb. 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

WALTER STEIN—Large, shadowy paintings, adroitly mingling realistic designs with occasional abstract overtones; through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—His fourteenth annual show, comprising thirty-two gouaches on a wide variety of subjects; through Saturday, March 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

ORFEO TAMBURI—Paintings of Paris, many of them pleasantly reminiscent of Utrillo; through Saturday, March 2. (Sagittarius, 46 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6:30.)

ANTONIO TÀPIES—Abstract oils and a few drawings by one of the younger Spanish painters; through March 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HANS UHLMANN—Water colors, drawings, and stainless-steel sculptures, turned out between 1951 and 1956 in Germany; through March 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—A retrospective of some sixty oils; for the benefit of the Hadassah Medical Relief Association. Through Saturday, March 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JACQUES VILLON—The first section of a two-part survey of his works, this one covering prints and drawings from the period 1897-1910 and having to do with life in Paris; through March 9. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

MASTERPIECES RECALLED—Fifty nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Cézanne, Degas, and Renoir (to name a few) that have been handled by the gallery and are on loan from private collections and museums; for the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Through Saturday, March 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-second annual exhibition, comprising over two hundred oils and sculptures, submitted by both members and non-members; through March 17. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Lily Ente, William Chaiken, Stephen Csoka, and other painters and sculptors sponsored by the gallery; through March 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, *2:30 to 5:30*; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **JAMES**, 70 E. 12th St.: The midseason exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the League of Present-Day Artists, whose members include Nancy Dryfoos, Domenico Facci, and Helen Gerardia; through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four twentieth-century paintings by John Marin, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, and nine others, plus a collection of oils, water colors, and drawings by Edward Hopper; through Friday, March 1. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with items by, among others, Chaim Gross, Louis Schanker, and Seymour Lipton; through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The February offering contains fifty oils chosen by Samuel Adler, Victor Candell, and Paul Cadmus; through Friday, March 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a presentation of paintings by artists identified with it, including Ben Benn, Charles Heidenreich, and Charles LeClair; through Saturday, March 2. (Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, *11 to 5:30*.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show entitled "Incantations," made up of abstractions by Hans Hofmann, David Hare, Pierre Soulages, and other American and French painters and sculptors; through Saturday, March 2. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of the gallery; through March 16. . . . **WORLD HOUSE GALLERIES**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: The opening exhibition in this new establishment is called "The Struggle for New Form" and consists of paintings and sculptures, on loan, dating from the end of the nineteenth century to 1950 and ranging from Manet to Pollock; for the benefit of Just One Break, Inc. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5; and Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GALERIE HERVÉ**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Works by seven French painters, including Vlaminck and Buffet, and one Italian sculptor, Carmelo Cappello; through Friday, March 1. . . . **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: Felice Casorati, Bruno Cassinari, Renzo Vespignani, and nine other contemporary Italian painters, many of them little known here; through Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Five oils or bronzes apiece by Jean Dubuffet, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Reg Butler, and Alberto Giacometti; through Saturday, March 2. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Léger, Nolde, Schwitters, and other twentieth-century artists; through March 23. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-six oils by such artists as Miró, Chagall, and Rouault, all of them being shown here for the first time; through March 9. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Oils by twelve modern masters, among them Kandinsky, Modigliani, and Severini; through March 16.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **CRESPI**, 232 E. 58th St.: Ruth Reisher; starting Monday, Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **DELIUS**,

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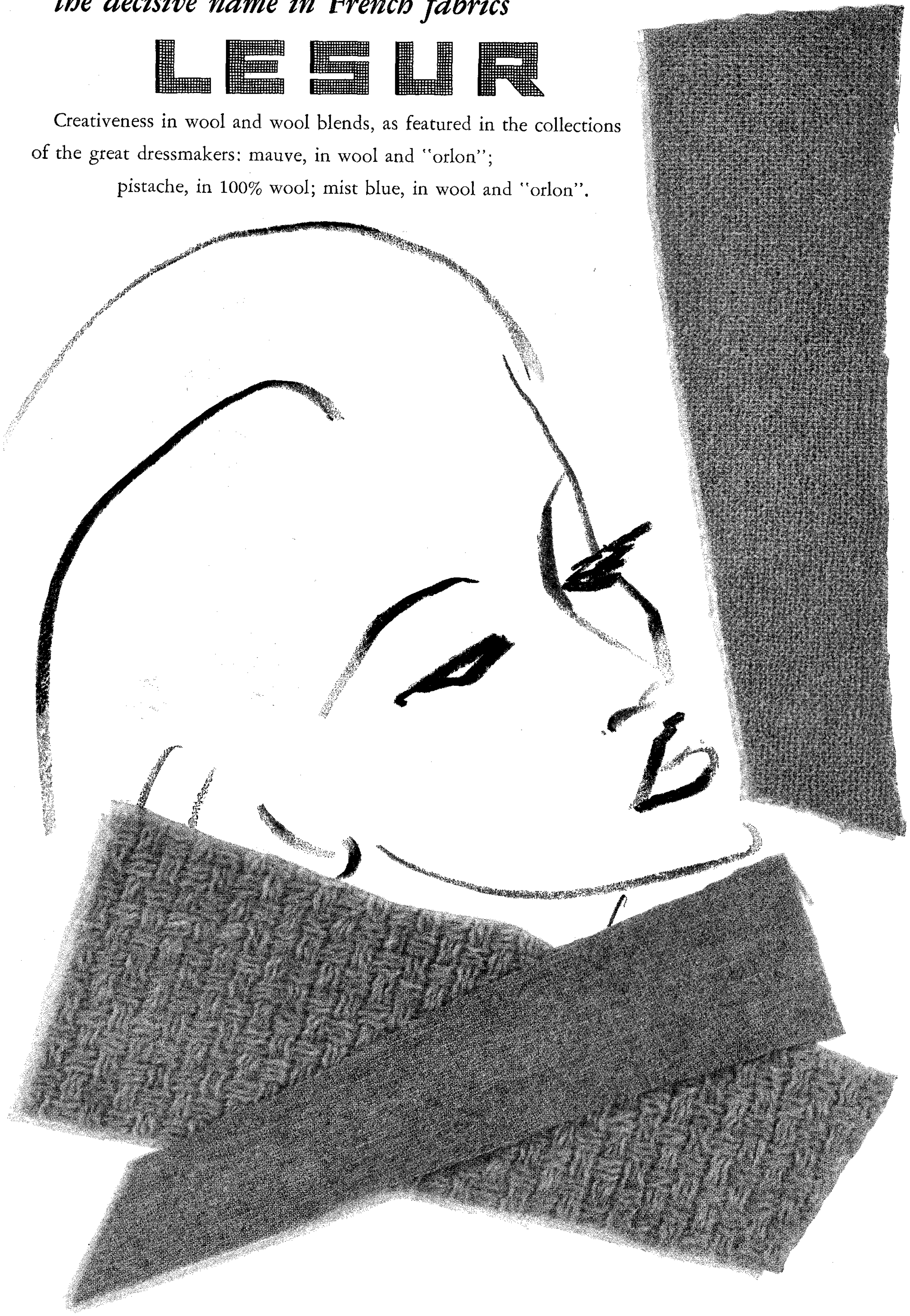

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

24 E. 67th St.: Luca Cambiaso; starting Tuesday, Feb. 26. . . . **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: John Piper; starting Tuesday, Feb. 26. . . . **GALLERY 75,** 30 E. 75th St.: Henri Rey; starting Friday, March 1. . . . **HELLER,** 63 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, Feb. 25. . . . **JAMES,** 70 E. 12th St.: Rita Deanin Abbey; starting Saturday, Feb. 23. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Jean De Botton; starting Monday, Feb. 25. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Frederick Childs; starting Monday, Feb. 25. . . . **WILLARD,** 23 W. 56th St.: Genichiro Inokuma; starting Tuesday, Feb. 26.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5. The Versailles rooms will be closed on Washington's Birthday.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About fifty drawings, by artists from North and South America, Europe, Africa, and Asia, acquired by the Museum over the past few years; through Sunday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A selection of prints by the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944); through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Golden Years of American Drawing, 1905-56," composed of a hundred and seventy-five examples, many on loan, by William Glackens, George Luks, Marsden Hartley, Ben Shahn, and others; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—The opening show in the quarters temporarily being used while the new museum is under construction is "Three Brothers: The Paintings and Sculptures of Jacques Villon, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, and Marcel Duchamp;" through March 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A new museum founded by Nelson A. Rockefeller, with some five hundred objects he has gathered from all over the world (the earliest piece dates from about 20000 B.C.), supplemented by gifts from other collectors. On view are stone sculptures, carvings in greenstone, ivories, wood masks, pottery figures, gold jewelry, and the like. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings (1815-65) from the M. and M. Karolik collection of nineteenth-century American art, most of them lent by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; through Sunday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by thirty Americans under thirty-five years of age; starting Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 25-26, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Opera Production Fund.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Sandra Warfield, Walter Cassel, and Jon Crain. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Aïda," with Antonietta Stella, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Marianne Schech, Ramon Vinay, and Kurt Boehme. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 25, at 7:45: "Siegfried," with Margaret Harshaw, Wolfgang Windgassen, Hermann Uhde, and Norman Kelley. . . . ¶ Wednesday,

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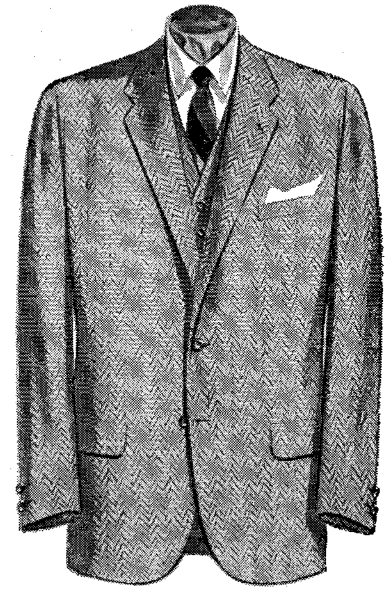

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 27, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Jussi Bjoerling, Leonard Warren, and Salvatore Baccaloni. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall, Gianni Poggi, and Ettore Bastianini. ...¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Brian Sullivan, Jerome Hines, and Theodor Uppman....¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Marianne Schech, Wolfgang Windgassen, and Kurt Boehme. (The last of four special-subscription performances.)...¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Helen Vanni, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin); and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:45, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30 (both with Jean Casadesus, piano)....¶ Bruno Walter conducting an all-Beethoven program on Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund (with Myra Hess, piano)....¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:45, and Friday, March 1, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano)....¶ Max Rudolf conducting on Saturday, March 2, at 8:45 (with Erica Morini, violin).

CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Franz Bibo conducting, with John Thomas Covelli, piano. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Peggy Wood and Hurd Hatfield, narrators, and Jan Tomasow, violin. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Arnold U. Gamson directing performances of Falla's "El Retablo" and Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," both in concert form, with Martial Singher, baritone, and others. The last in a series of four concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30....¶ Same program; Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8:45.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—William Strickland directing, with Howard Hanson, guest conductor, and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MERCES DE SILVA-TELLES—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATES—The New York Woodwind Quintet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

VIENNA OCTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30....¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

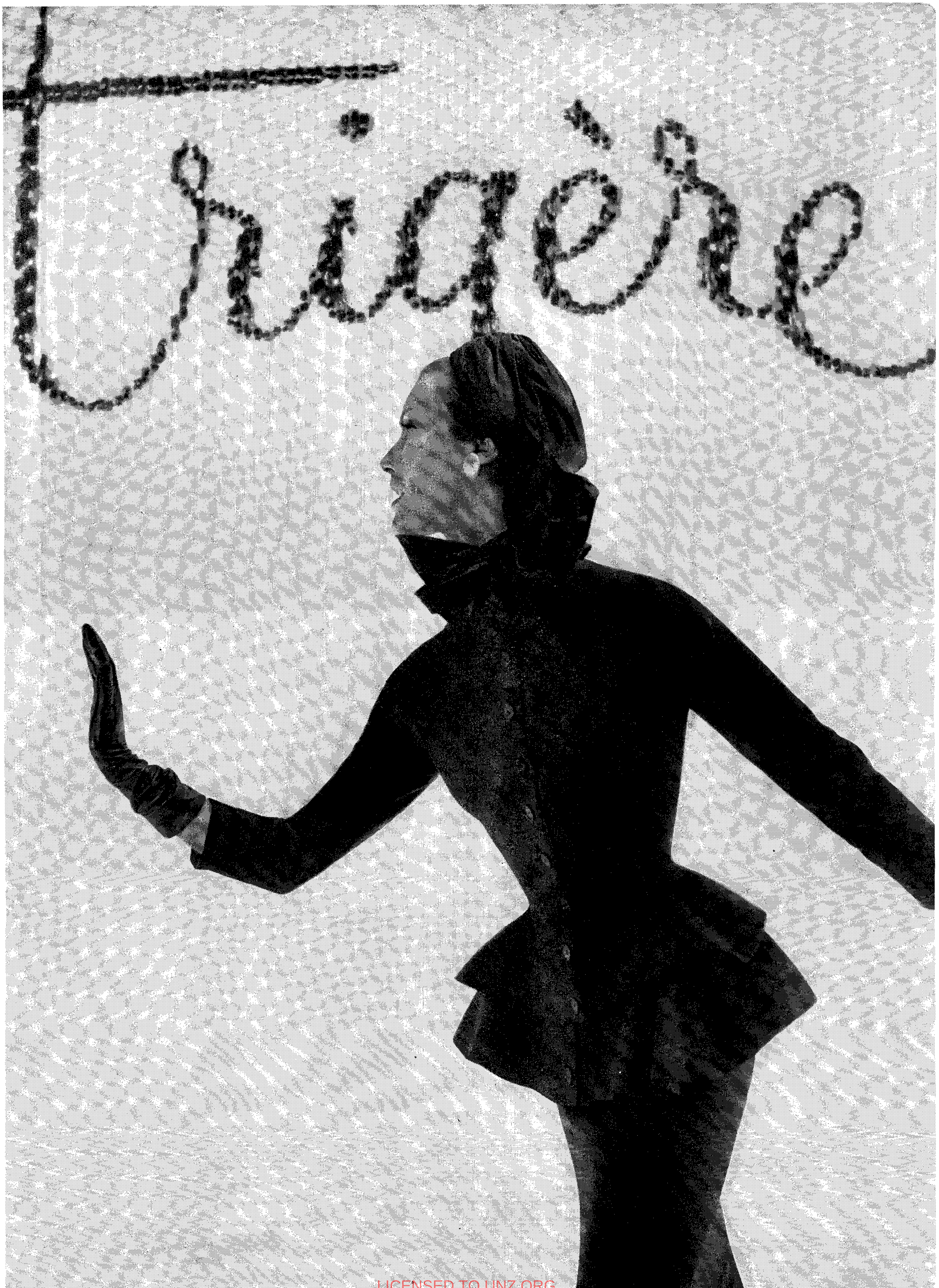
TWILIGHT CONCERTS—Saturday, Feb. 23: The New Art Wind Quintet....¶ Saturday, March 2: Margaret Hillis conducting a chamber group. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Afternoons at 5:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:40.)

PHYLLIS CURTIN—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-57—The fourth in a series of ten concerts, each followed by a dis-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cussion period, generally with several composers present. It will involve Max Pollikoff and Isidore Cohen, violin; Douglas Nordli, piano; and composers Charles Jones, Ezra Laderman, and Leo Kraft. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 5:30.)

RENATA TEBALDI—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

MILDAH POLIA—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

KENNETH GORDON—Violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

JEAN RITCHIE—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

GARY GRAFFMAN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Alma Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 3, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 26, in order of written applications. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERTS—Carol Brice, contralto; Leonid Hambro, piano; and the Westchester Interracial Fellowship Chorus, directed by David Katz. A concert in honor of Negro History Week and for the benefit of the Metropolitan Music School Scholarship Fund. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.). . . ¶ The West Point Cadet Glee Club, directed by Frederic W. Boots, plus pianist Roger Williams, the Mariners, and others. A benefit for the Heart Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8:40.)

CALYPSO PROGRAMS—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Baby Vasquez vs. Paolo Rosi, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 1. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 30.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, singles and doubles—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 6; Friday, Feb. 22, at 1:30 and 8; Saturday, Feb. 23 (semifinals), at 1:30; and Sunday, Feb. 24 (finals), at 2. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 23, at 6:45: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2 and 6:30: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

TRAPSHOOTING—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 10.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in a program including Igor Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," with Jean Altschuler, thirteen-year-old harpist, and Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAYS—By the **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Enchanted Treasure." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Washington's Birthday at 10:30 and 3 and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:40.)... **HUNT-KING PRODUCTIONS:** "Clown Face," a play with music. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Washington's Birthday and Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1:30.)

VARIETY SHOW—"Young Davy Crockett," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1956 and previews astronomical events for 1957; through March 4. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)... ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Washington's Birthday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Saturday, Feb. 23), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene weekdays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ United Nations figures are interviewed and films of General Assembly meetings are shown Sunday mornings on WCBS-TV, from 11 to 11:30.... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

COLISEUM, Columbus Circle—**NATIONAL SPORTS AND VACATION SHOW:** All the paraphernalia for the wide-open spaces, plus demonstrations of fly casting, golf driving, archery, logrolling, and retrieving. There is also an exhibit tracing the history of firearms from the blunderbuss to today's automatic weapons. (Thursday, Feb. 21, from noon to 11; Washington's Birthday and Saturday, Feb. 23, from 11 to 11; and Sunday, Feb. 24, from 1 to 9.)... **NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW:** The latest in photographic equipment and techniques, as well as special displays by the New York Press Photographers Association and other groups. (Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 21-23, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 24, from 2 to 8.)

TREASURES PRESERVED AND INTERPRETED—Some two hundred rarities in a show arranged as a tribute to the collectors and scholars who have preserved and interpreted these works of art and literature. Among the objects on view are Mesopotamian cylinder seals, medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, a first edition of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and drawings and water colors covering a wide range of centuries and countries; through April 20. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 1:45: Chippendale, Sheraton, and other English furniture; Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings; table porcelains; a large group of foreign medals and orders; mezzotint engravings and etchings; decorative objects; and Oriental rugs. From the collection of the late Thomas Henry Foster and from other sources.

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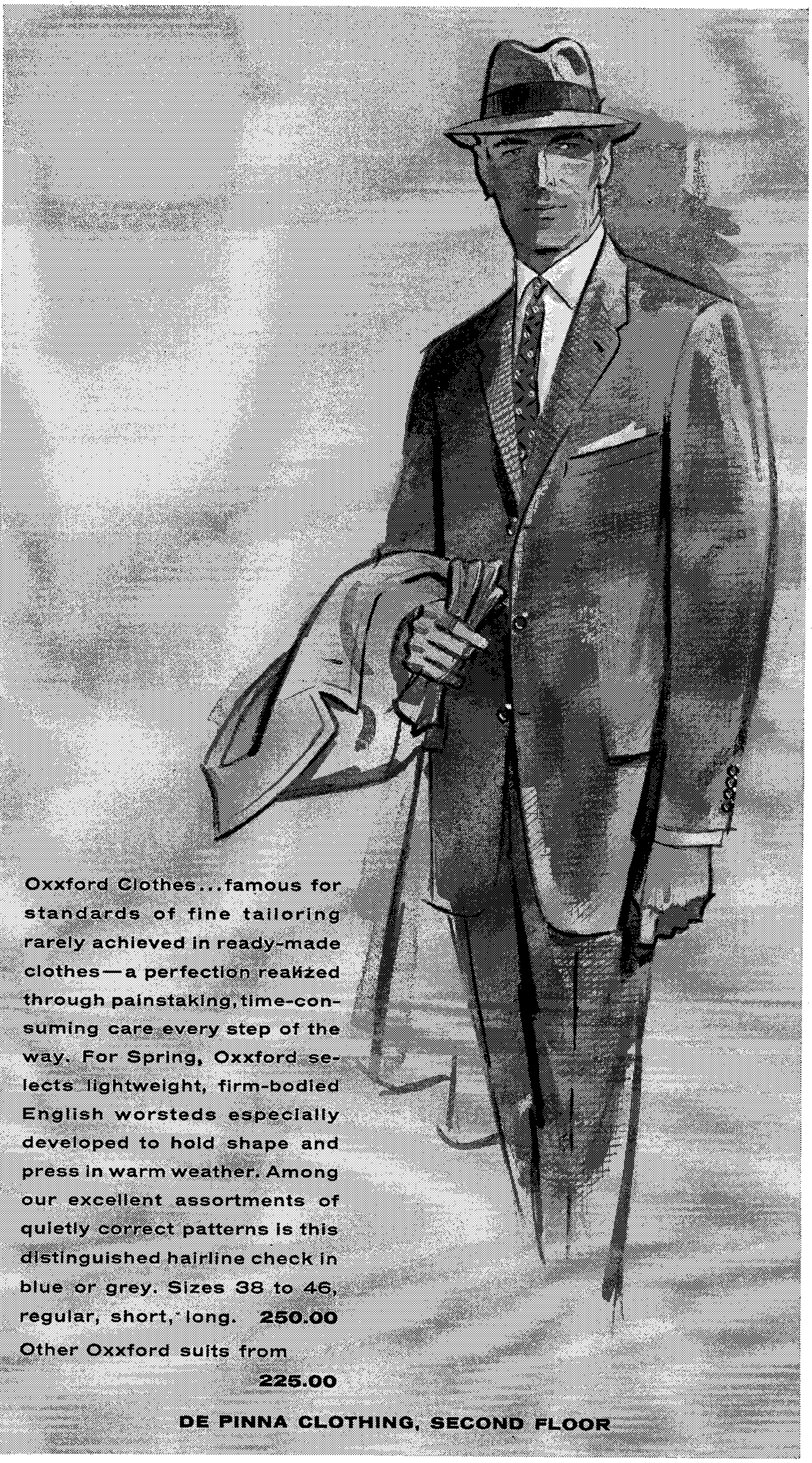

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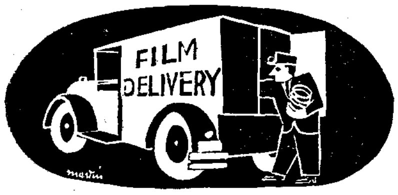
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived by S. J. Perelman from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit too protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 21-24, and Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 2:30. Extra performances Washington's Birthday and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Elia Kazan's interpretation of this work by Tennessee Williams is highly diverting, and the actors, led by Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Karl Malden, are consistently effective. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Giant—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. A long, rambling movie that lollops about in several directions but includes plenty of the melodramatic uproar usually associated with life in the Lone-Star State. Directed by George Stevens, the picture has a large cast headed by Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 22-26. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Feb. 27, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples—A number of enormously entertaining residents of southern Italy are caught in all kinds of interesting dilemmas in this Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica. There are four separate episodes, and the cast includes such talented people as Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry as set forth in a film written by Al Morgan and José Ferrer. Mr. Ferrer also directed the picture and, for good measure, serves as its leading character—a commentator probing into the background of a deceased television luminary. The cast, which is fine, includes Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—As good a color film as we're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh (well played by Kirk Douglas) and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Magnificent Seven—A group of wandering samurai undertake to protect the residents of a sixteenth-century Japanese village from a horde of bandits, and the result is the kind of uproar we sometimes get in our own Western movies. Directed by Akira Kurosawa, this Japanese film, for all its loveliness, is just a bit too long. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 27.)

Private's Progress—A thoroughly amusing English picture concerning some military incompetents in the Second World War. Although the reluctant warriors are a bit cloudy about their duties in the Army, they are ingenious at turning a fast pound or two. Ian Carmichael is extremely well cast as an innocent in the midst of this crowd, and good jobs are also turned in by Richard Attenborough, as a conniving Cockney; Terry-Thomas, as a harassed major; and Dennis Price, as a felonious general. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 27.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a pleasant film about a girl who thinks she is homely and a confidence man who persuades her that she isn't. Adapted by N. Richard Nash from his play of the same name, the film includes Wendell Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, and Cameron Prud'homme in its cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Feb. 26.)

The Silent World—Life underwater, including everything from ravenous sharks to giant rays, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in the course of his submarine peregrinations. A French film, with an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 27, tentative.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—The first-rate adaptation of the Kaufman-Teichmann comedy about the financial adventures of a flighty lady who winds up directing the destinies of a corporation about the size of the du Pont empire. Judy Holliday is hilarious as the lady, and Paul Douglas is a big help as a mighty man of business. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 27, tentative.)

La Strada—A strange Italian film dealing with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of interesting episodes, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—A beautifully enacted French film that doesn't delve very deeply into nymphomania, its alleged subject, but that still extracts a good deal of melodrama from an investigation of the career of a young woman who has irregular ideas about monogamy. Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin lead a fine cast. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Roaming among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, at 2 and 8; Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

We Are All Murderers—The case against capital punishment is presented dramatically in this French film, which is brilliantly acted by all hands, including Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 27, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—The story of a youthful weakling in Scotland who gets as powerful as Man Mountain Dean by devoting his spare time to a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the greatest hammer thrower ever seen. A British film that moves along amiably and has the benefit of some lovely Scottish scenery. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are happy as the principals. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Feb. 22, tentative.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 26-27.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 26-27.)

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's interpretation of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 22.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting Feb. 23, tentative.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 23: "Underworld" (1927), with George Bancroft. . . . ¶ Feb. 24-27: "Our Hospitality" (1923), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Anna Kashfi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Feb 21: "Three Violent People," Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter.
From Feb. 22: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Feb. 21: "The Iron Petticoat," Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn.
From Feb. 22: "Mister Cory," Tony Curtis, Martha Hyer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Spirit of St. Louis," James Stewart.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Feb. 21: "Top Secret Affair," Susan Hayward, Kirk Douglas.
From Feb. 22: "Don't Knock the Rock," Bill Haley, Alan Dale.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Oh, Men! Oh, Women!," Dan Dailey, Ginger Rogers.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BABY DOLL.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Washington's Birthday at 10:30, 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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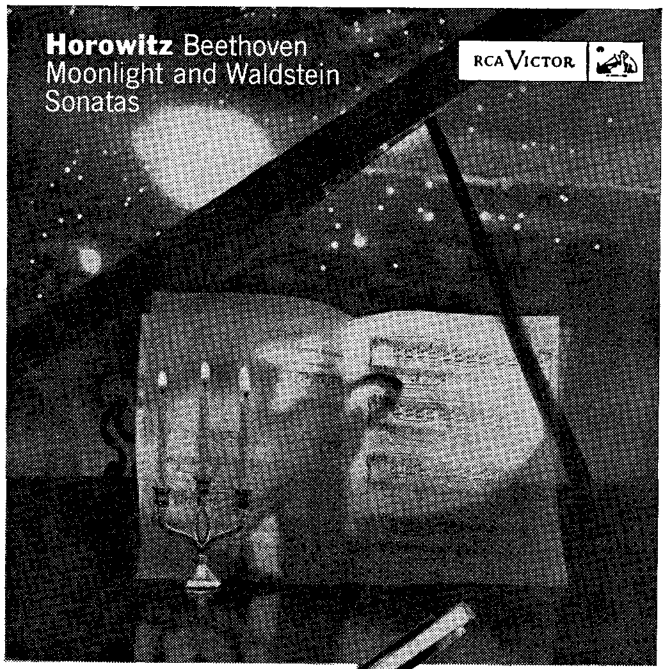
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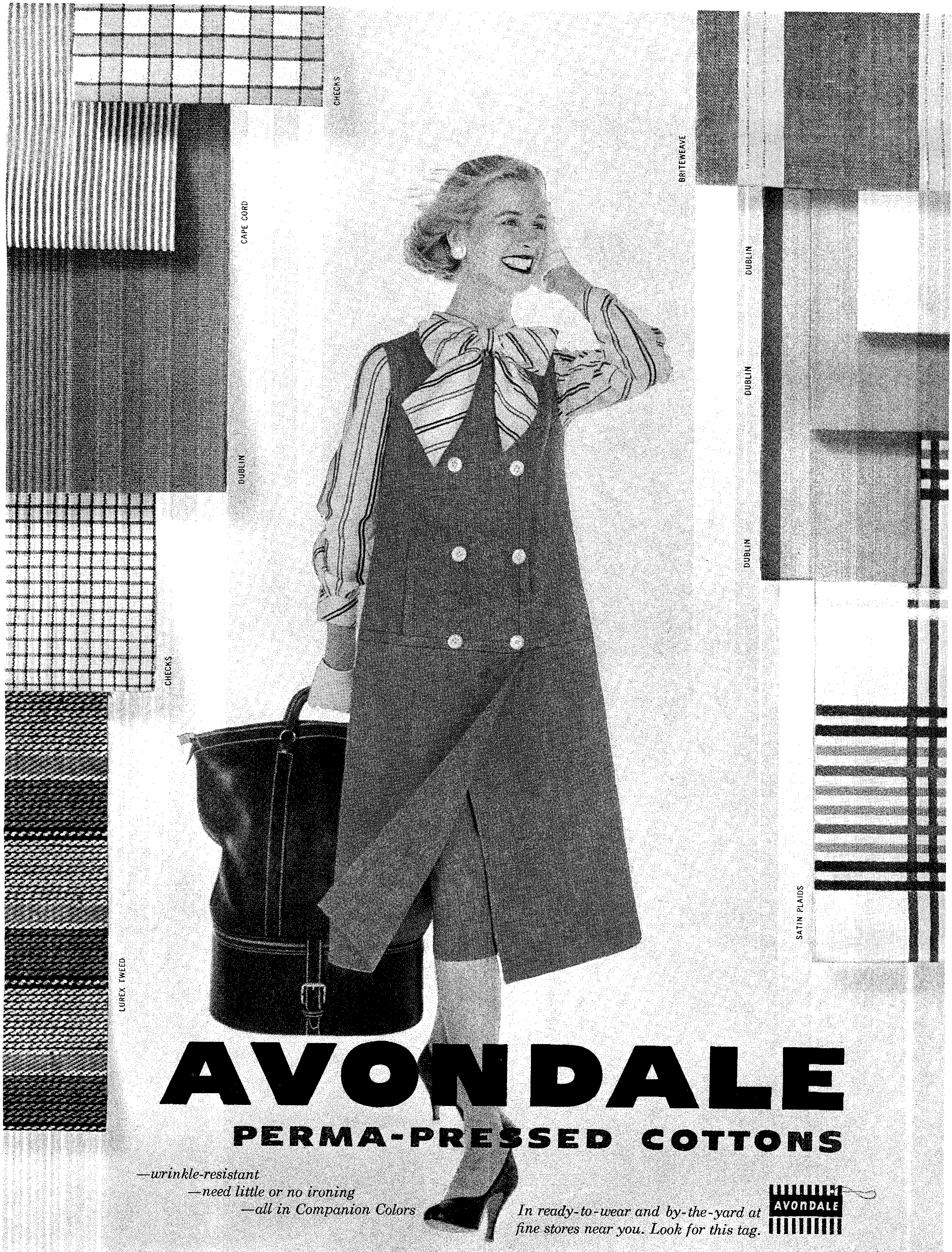
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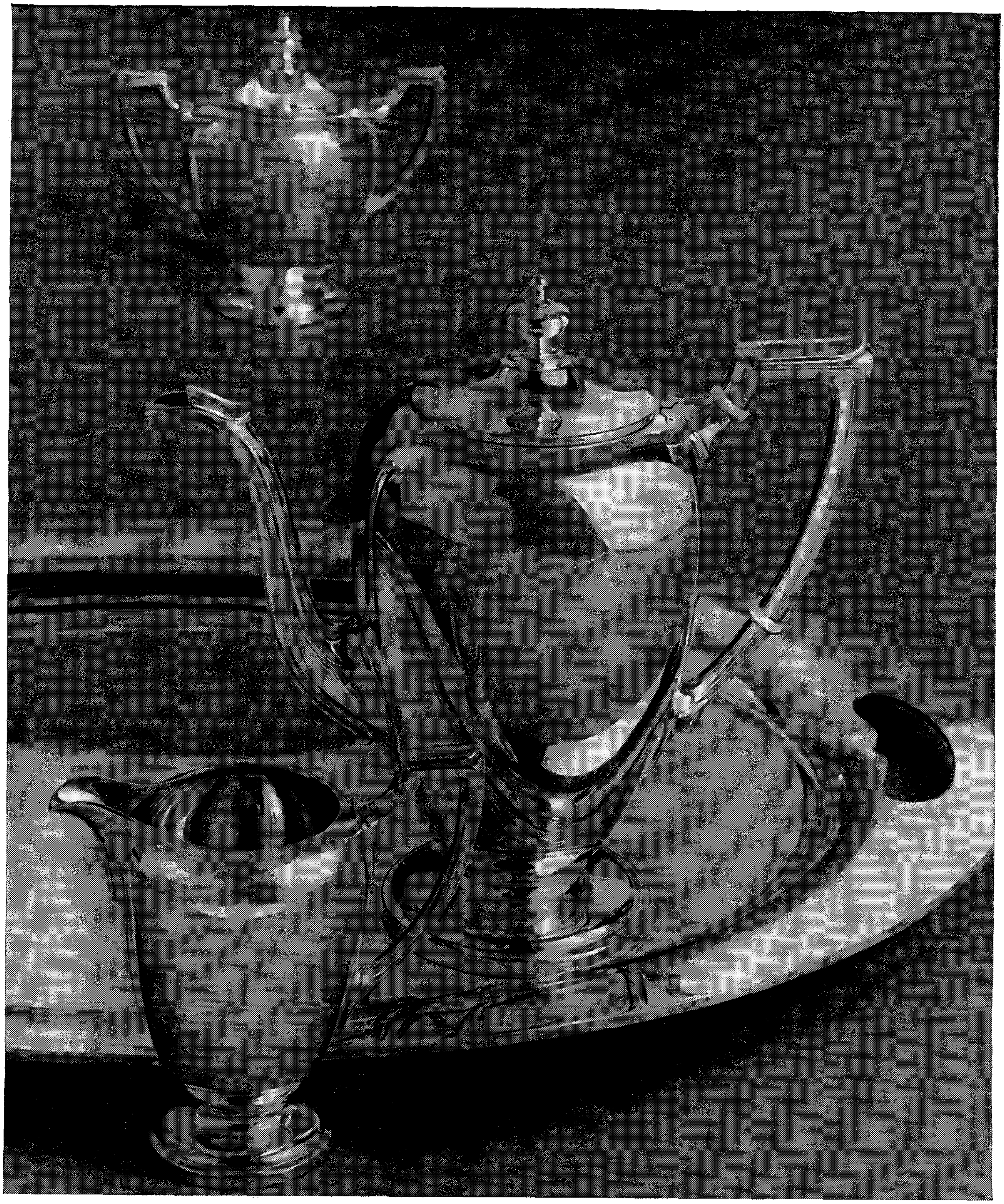

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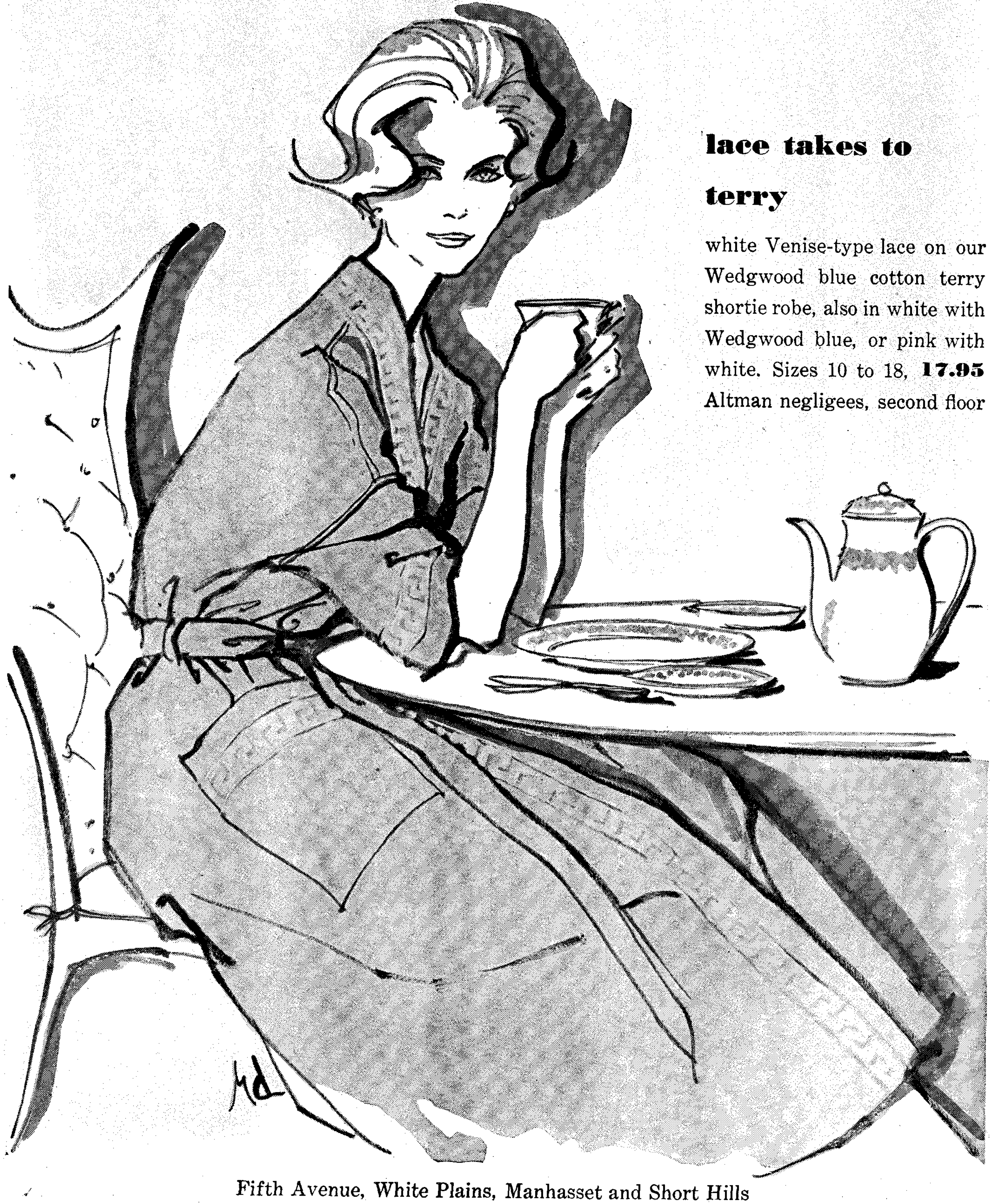

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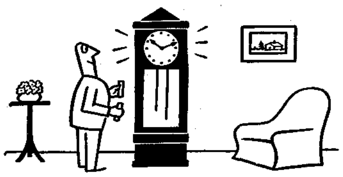
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a half-deserted street, on a day of high wind, a discarded Christmas tree came bearing down on us, rolling rapidly. "Tumbleweed!" we muttered, dodging to one side, and were suddenly transported to the Western plains and experienced again, after so many years, the excitement of our first meeting with the weed. New York seems able to reproduce almost any natural phenomenon if it's in the mood.

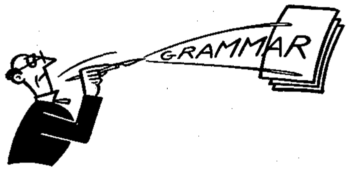
ON TV the other morning we heard the old song about the grandfather's clock and how it "stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died." It's a ghostly tale, all right, and we don't intend to challenge its authenticity. We do know one thing about a grandfather's clock, though, from close association: even when you take the weights off, thus depriving it of its source of strength, the clock doesn't stop short. The last time we removed the weights from ours, the clock kept going for ten minutes, from sheer force of habit, or of character, or both, plus the disinclination of all things, animate or inanimate, to let go of life. We were greatly impressed by this extra ten minutes of timekeeping by a clock that had had its jugular cut—more ghostly, in a way, than if we ourself had died and the clock had stopped short. This clock belonged originally to an ancestor of our wife's, who had it built (of cherry) to furnish a home in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, about a hundred and sixty years ago. It still keeps perfect time. In our house, instead of setting the clock by the radio, we set the radio by the clock. (How's that for a ghostly tale?)

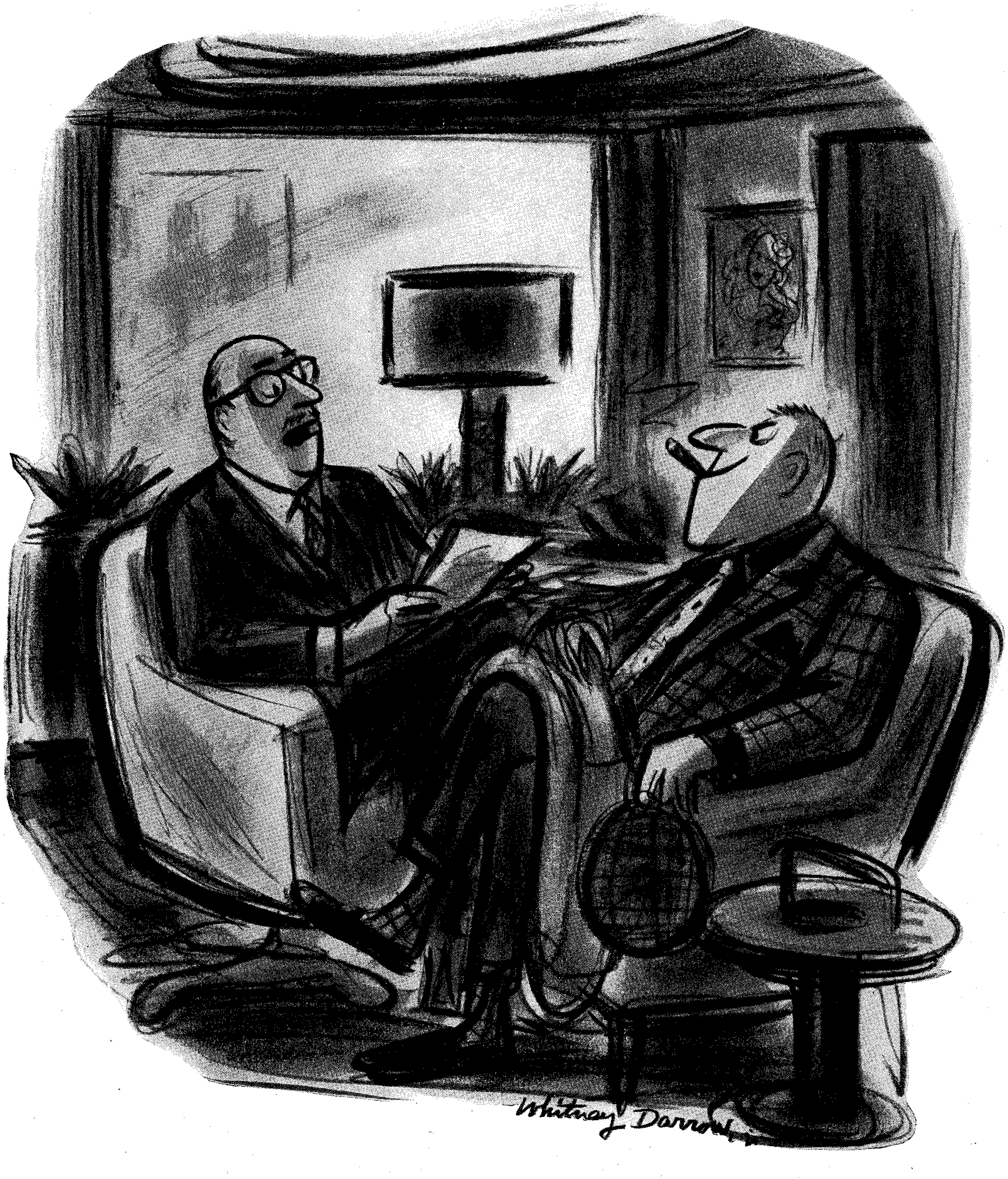


SOMETIMES the state of American letters can best be ascertained by the simple act of eavesdropping. At lunch recently we sat at a table next to two fellows in whose capable hands the whole matter seemed to be resting. One of them, by the sound of the conversation, was a publisher's representative, the other an author's representative, and they were hunched over a couple of Bloody Marys, as representatives often are, warming the egg of literature in a cold month. At the start of the drinks, we heard one say, "It's a lightweight suspense novel which perhaps should be published under another name." While we weighed this, marvelling at the skill with which these two planners were shaping the future, the drinks gradually disappeared, and we heard the other man say, "I just have a feeling that a rhymed version of 'Alice in Wonderland' is a wrong thing to do." We went away from the restaurant feeling that things were safe for a while longer.

BETWEEN Bergen Evans on the television and a man named Ellsworth Barnard in the papers, English usage has become hot news; the rhetorical world is almost as tense, at the moment, as the Middle East. Professor Barnard wrote a piece in the *Times* a while back thumbing his nose at grammar and advising teachers to quit boring their pupils with the problem of "who" and "whom." The Professor was immediately ambushed by grammarians and purists in great numbers, and their shafts came zinging from behind every tree in the forest. Meanwhile, Bergen Evans and his panelists were stirring up the masses and egging them on to err. Mr. Evans believes that the language is a living thing and we mustn't strangle it by slavish attention to the rules. Winston Cigarettes, of course, backs him to the hilt, as a cigarette should. Our prediction is that along Madison Avenue bad grammar, as an attention-getter, will soon be as popular as mutilation—which started with an eye patch and rapidly spread to arms and legs. As Arthur Godfrey sometimes remarks, in one of his contemplative moments, "Who's sponsoring this mess?"

THE NEW YORKER has been up to its ears in English usage for thirty-two years (thirty-two years this very week) and has tried to dwell harmoniously in the weird, turbulent region between a handful of sober grammarians, who live in, and an army of high-spirited writers, who live wherever they can get a foothold. The writer of this paragraph, who also lives in, has seen with his own eyes the nasty chop that is kicked up when the tide of established usage runs against the winds of creation. We have seen heavy, cluttery pieces, with faults clinging to them like barnacles, lifted out of their trouble by the accurate fire of the grammarian (who has the instincts of a machine gunner), and we have also seen the blush removed from a peach by the same fellow's shaving it with an electric razor in the hope of drawing blood. Somewhere in the middle of this mess lie editorial peace and goodness, but, like we say, it's a weird world. Through the turmoil and the whirling waters we have reached a couple of opinions of our own about the language. One is that a schoolchild should be taught grammar—for the same reason that a medical student should study anatomy. Having learned about the exciting mysteries of an English sentence, the child can then go forth and speak and write any





"It isn't that I don't think you're funny, Harvey, and it isn't that the sponsor or the network doesn't think you're funny. It's just that millions and millions of people all over America don't think you're funny."

• •

damn way he pleases. We knew a countryman once who spoke with wonderful vigor and charm, but ungrammatically. In him the absence of grammar made little difference, because his speech was full of juice. But when a dullard speaks in a slovenly way, his speech suffers not merely from dullness but from ignorance, and his whole life, in a sense, suffers—though he may not feel pain.

THE living language is like a cowpath: it is the creation of the cows themselves, who, having created it, follow it or depart from it according to their whims or their needs. From daily use, the path undergoes change. A cow is under no obligation to stay in the narrow path she helped make, following the contour of the land, but she often profits by staying with it and she would be handicapped if she didn't know where it was and where it led to. Children obviously do not depend for communication on a knowledge of grammar; they rely on their ear, mostly, which is sharp and quick. But we have yet to see the child who hasn't profited from coming face to face with a relative pronoun at an early age, and from reading books, which follow the paths of centuries.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Henry Perkins Hotel, in Riverhead, Long Island, now advertises that it has "All Motel Facilities."

Bar's Bard

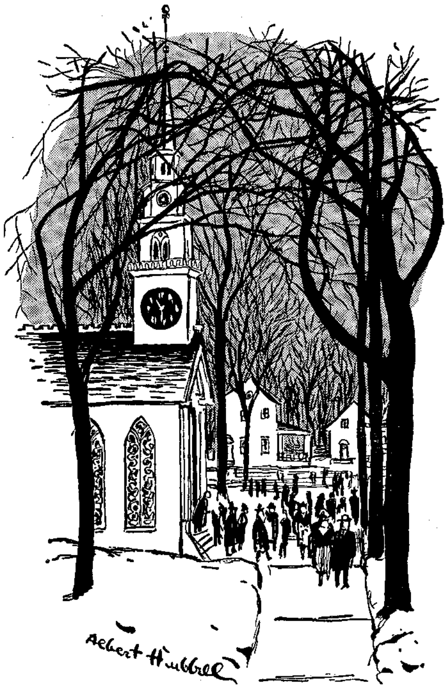
"KNOWING of your interest in active New York octogenarians and nonagenarians," a reader wrote us not long ago, "I think you ought to do a piece about Albert S. Bard. His special interest is making New York a more attractive place. He is the original anti-billboard man. Not only is Mr. Bard respected for his great knowledge of New York and his judgment on public questions but he is dearly beloved by everyone who has had the good fortune to work with him."

Well, we called up Mr. Bard, a lawyer, at his downtown office, met him by appointment in the lounge of the Bar Association Building, on West Forty-fourth Street, and found him to be a trim, brisk, white-haired, brown-eyed, clean-shaven bachelor of ninety. He was born in Norwich, Connecticut, on December 19, 1866, the son of a onetime vice-president of the New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railroad and president of the Continental National Bank of New York. Amherst '88, Harvard Law '92; clerkship with Hornblower, Byrne & Taylor; partner in Bard & Calkins, 1901-35; operating on his own ever since, mostly in corporation and estate work. An early anti-billboard man, all right, since in 1913 Mayor Gaynor appointed him secretary of the Mayor's Billboard Advertising Commission, in which capacity he took a vigorous indoor stand against outdoor advertising. He had considered becoming an architect before he turned to law, and he is still trying to make New York an attractive place, although, frankly, he is discouraged.

"I co-wrote a report for Mayor Gaynor with the late Edward Hagaman Hall to the effect that New York was cursed with a lot of outdoor advertising and ought to do something about it, which it never did do," Mr. Bard told us. "Some improvement resulted, but nothing adequate. New York is rather impressive from the harbor, but it is a very ugly city, completely lacking in design and artistic control, and compares very badly with European capitals. We have some lovely spots, such as Riverside Drive and the parks, but that's about all. As a former president of the Municipal Art Society and the current chairman of the Committee on City Development, appointed by the Fine Arts Federation of New York, I have helped block several unfortunate proposals of Robert Moses's, including a bridge from Battery Park to Brooklyn, which would have ruined the park and the appearance of the entire southern tip of Manhattan. Moses has done some good things, but you have to watch him. Back in 1910, with the coöperation of the late Governor Charles S. Whitman and the assistance of a committee, I had an exhibit at the Bar Association Building that turned the tide against the recommendation of a Courthouse Board that wanted to erect the present big New York County Courthouse in City Hall Park. Such a proposal would not even be considered today."

Mr. Bard plunged into a briefcase and handed us a 1953 Fine Arts Federation report, signed by him, which read, in part:

> The [United Nations] Secretariat building's more or less successful use of glass has undoubtedly encouraged less successful uses. Fifth, Madison, and Park Avenues all present examples, some of them not unjustly termed cases of architectural exhibitionism. We are now, it seems, in for an era of glass boxes piled on glass boxes, and even glass polyhedrons piled on glass superpolyhedrons, until transparent Ossas piled on transparent Pelions may create crystal mountain-ranges along our avenues, minus, however, that quality of beauty the phrase might suggest. In short, is not mere glass being somewhat overdone? Is not modern insistence on a superficial external functionalism making serious inroads upon devotion to a sense of beauty? Does not this purchase of the expression of functionalism cost too much in the loss of forms of beauty? Should the engineer's ideal satisfy the architect? . . .
>
> That eminent American architects and even international boards of design are not infallible is suggested by an interior in another building in the United Nations group—the Assembly Hall. Of all the unsatisfactory features of this building the worst are easily the French murals of M. Léger—Protoplasm on the left as you face the rostrum, and Ectoplasm on the right—shapeless and meaningless gobs of color superimposed on larger sub-smears. How the international board of design ever passed these murals instead of laughing at them remains a mystery.



The forthright foe of Léger and polyhedrons shook his head and told us that he abandoned New York as a place of residence thirty-seven years ago, before the glass set in. "Between 1892 and 1920, I lived in Manhattan or on Staten Island, where for some years I led a contented boarding-house existence near Sailors' Snug Harbor," he said. "Then I moved to East Orange, where I live with a family. I go home and have dinner, read a bit, and go to bed. I don't know the neighbors and I take no interest in New Jersey except to criticize its Board of Public Utility Commissioners, which is inefficient. To get to my office—I'm the only original tenant still at 25 Broad Street; moved there when the building opened, in 1901—I take a bus from East Orange to the Ampere railway station, take the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western to the Hoboken ferry, get off the ferry at Barclay Street, and walk three-quarters of a mile. It takes at least an hour and a quarter, but it's worth it not to have to live in New York. I lunch regularly at a Chock full o' Nuts—one doughnut, a glass of orange drink, and a piece of pie. I rarely drink and I don't smoke. I haven't time for that. What do I think of all the new parking meters? They are unimportant as far as appearance goes, but they were erected without any submission of the design to the Art Commission. This neglect of the Art Commission by city officers is frequent, and is a violation of the City Charter."

We wished Mr. Bard a happy tenth decade, closed our eyes, and went out onto the street.

Homebred

A PERIPATETIC diplomat we know told us the other day that on a recent trip halfway around the world he was entertained at a dinner party in Juba by the Governor of Equatoria, in the new Sudan Republic. The first course was a soup that had a familiar flavor, yet one that he had never detected in a soup before. When the dinner was over, he asked the Governor about the dish. "It is a foreign creation," said the Governor. "I shall show you the formula." He stepped into an adjoining library, and reappeared a few minutes later with a cookbook. Opening it to the section on soups, he pointed out the recipe. The mysterious ingredient was peanuts, and the author of the work was the late Dr. George Washington Carver.

F-102 A

ONE of the means by which the New York area is to be guarded against air attack during the next few years is a delta-winged jet plane that can climb to the prodigious height of ten miles and can zip through the foulest weather at speeds well beyond that of sound. This new wonder, known so far simply as the F-102 A, is our first supersonic all-weather interceptor plane and is said to be capable of outflying the fastest Russian bombers. Its ability to perform well in bad weather is important because Air Force strategists assume that an enemy attack is likely to come not only at night but along a stormy meteorological front; storms play hob with radar detection. The F-102 A is big for a fighter plane, being just over sixty-eight feet long from its needle nose to its afterburner and having a wingspread of thirty-eight feet. Gassed up and armed with six one-hundred-pound Falcon guided missiles and a cluster of smaller weapons, the plane weighs about fourteen tons; armed with the nuclear weapons that it's reported able to carry, it would weigh still more. Despite its size and load, it can take off and climb in true comic-book-spaceship fashion, reaching ten thousand feet in twenty seconds and levelling off at its preferred altitude of forty thousand feet in a leisurely five minutes.

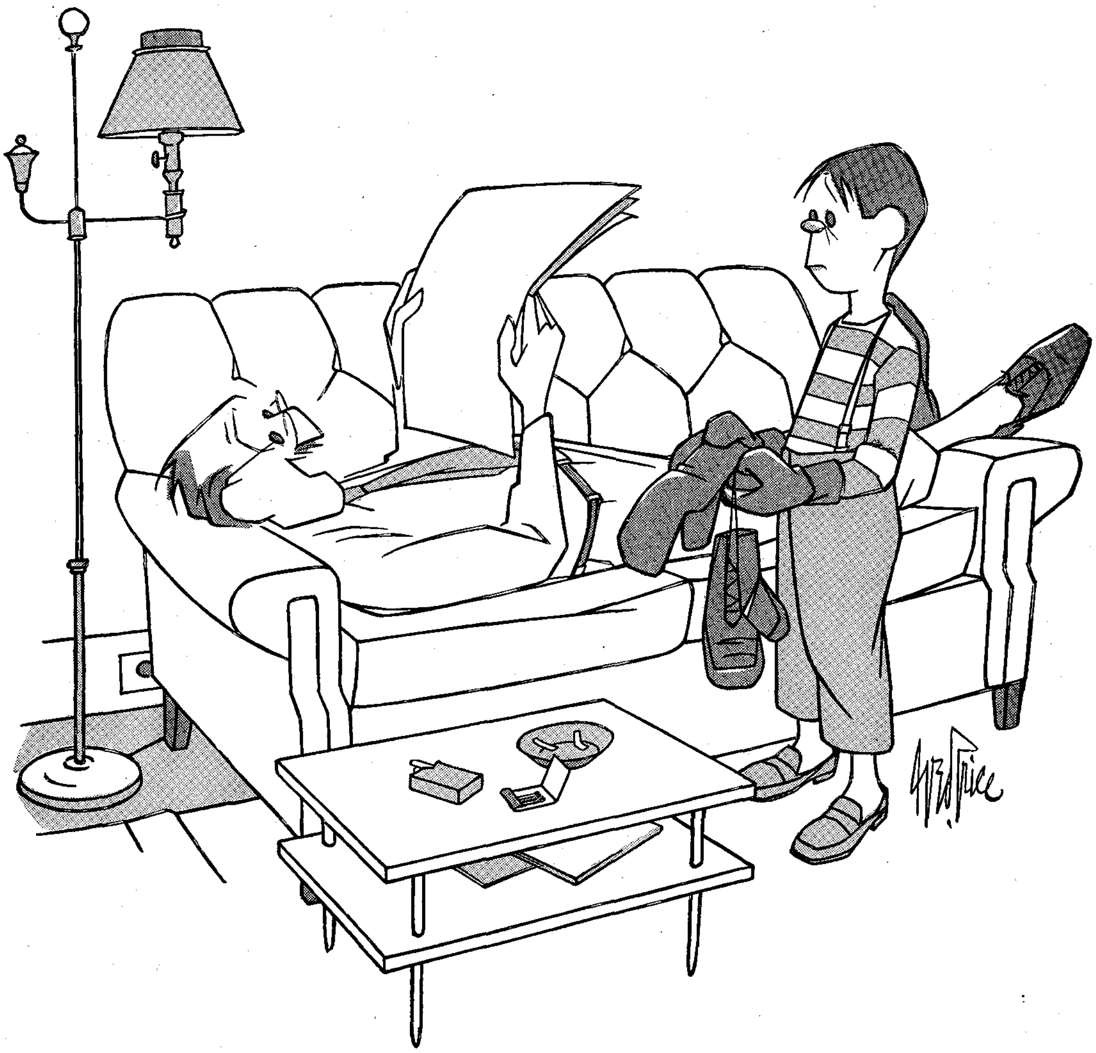
Remarkable as it is for size, weight, and speed, the F-102 A is distinguished chiefly as being our first true air weapon—not a plane that happens to house a fantastically intricate instrument of destruction but a fantastically intricate instrument of destruction that happens to be housed in a plane. In the old days, guns and a method of firing them were added to planes almost as an afterthought; now designers begin with a system of automatically controlled armaments and figure out the best way to send that system hurtling through the air. The reason for this radical change in point of view is that modern aircraft, whether fighters or bombers, have become so fast that the comparatively sluggish responses of the human brain and muscles no longer suffice to control them. Flying at more than a thousand miles an hour, a fighter pilot has only a second or two in which to aim at his target during a pass, and the most skillful pilot in the world couldn't be counted on to be successful often. In the F-102 A, something known as the Hughes MA-1 fire-control system, located in the nose of the plane, takes charge the moment the plane leaves the ground. It searches out an enemy bomber and guides the F-102 A toward it. At a point about twenty-five miles from the target, the attack proper begins. As the pilot sits with folded hands, the plane automatically notes and adjusts itself to every move the target makes; approaches the target from the most effective angle; and launches its missiles at precisely the correct instant for a kill. Once the missiles have been fired, a big "X" appears on the radarscope, and the pilot is free to take over the controls.

We went out to the Suffolk County Air Force Base a while ago to watch the arrival of the first two of some fifty F-102 As that will eventually be roosting there. An amiable Air Force officer informed us that the planes would be landing a bit late. "They left Dayton a couple of minutes ago," he said. "You've time for a cup of coffee." He led us into the Officers' Club and, over coffee, introduced us to a number of substantial-looking middle-aged civilians, who, we learned, had assembled at the Base from a dozen neighboring communities. "The Air Force is concerned about the effect the noise of these new jets will have on all of us hereabouts," one of the civilians told us. "They want us to admire these new planes, not damn them. We understand that they are a lot noisier than the F-86s that are based here now, but that they take off a lot faster, so

"*Why, that's positively eerie!*"

the noise won't last so long. Speaking for myself, I don't give a straw for the racket provided I'm getting the best possible protection. There are worse things than noise."

A man beside him nodded, and announced cheerfully that he was seventy-three, had lived in Suffolk County all his life, and was of the opinion that anyone can get used to anything. "Take when cars first came out this way," he said. "Scared people half to death. Even the chickens and the ducks—they got so scared they stopped laying for a while. Pretty soon, we all got over it—chickens, ducks, and humans. Same with the first jets, six years ago. The sound sent the horses and cows galumphing to cover, but not for long. Myself, I don't even hear the jets any more, and I know it isn't just that my hearing's failing, because when the jets go through the sound barrier they set the dishes in the cupboard rattling and I do hear *that.* This is the first base along the Atlantic coast to be given the new jets, and I think Suffolk County should be mighty proud."



"Another time, Son. This is Brotherhood Week."

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Tiny white threads of exhaust were spotted high up in the sky, and everyone rushed for the door. A few minutes later, two extraordinary gray triangles landed on the airstrip, wheeled around, and came snorting up to the crowd. Colonel Fred G. Hook, commander of the 52nd Fighter Group, clambered down out of one of the planes, kissed his wife and child, and started shaking hands with a number of Air Force officers. Somebody asked him how the plane had handled on the journey east. "The sweetest plane I've ever flown," the Colonel said. "It's everything we need."

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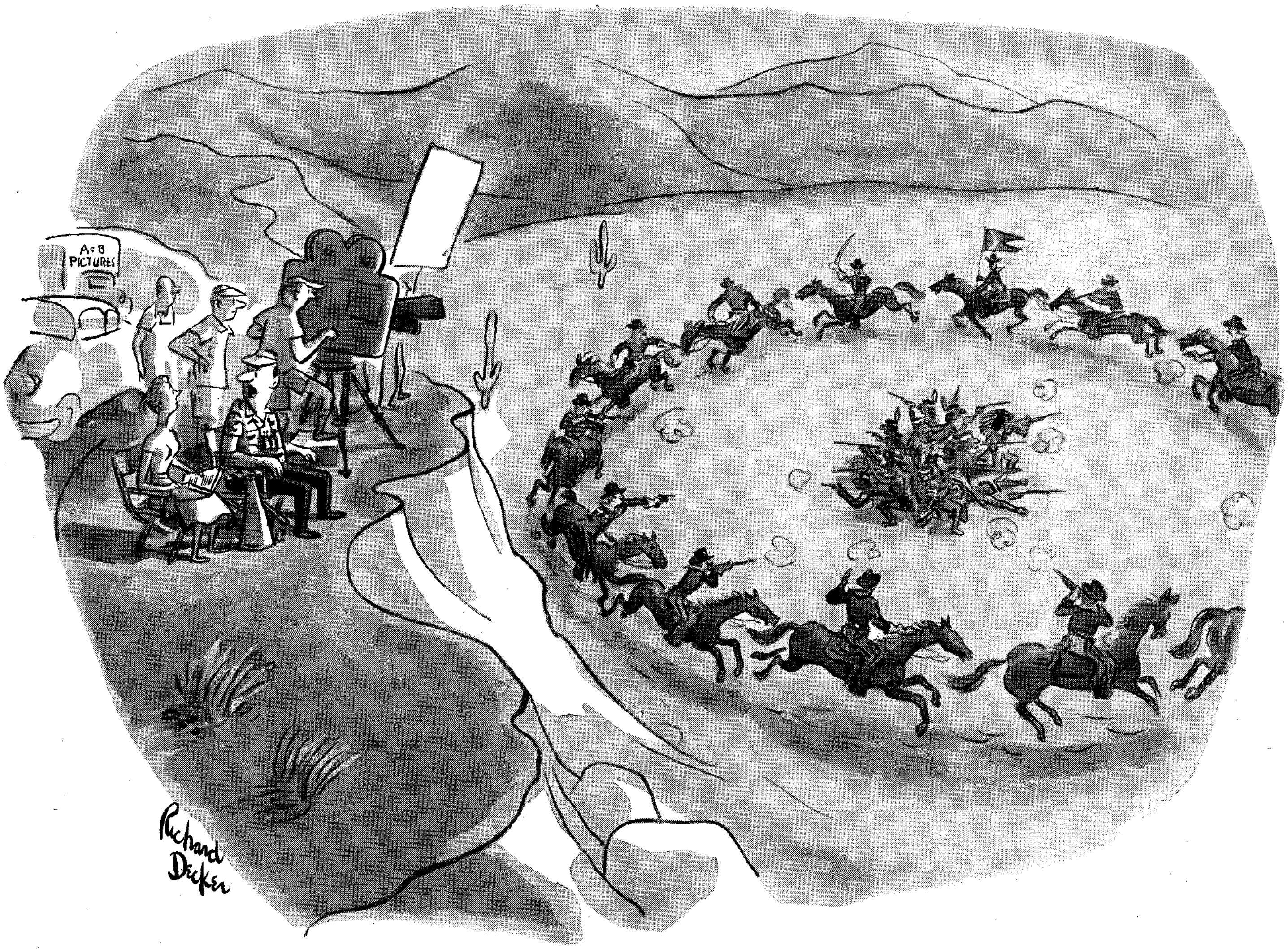
OVERHEARD at the Museum of Modern Art: "I'll bet this one was good before he got to messing around with it."

Great Audience

WE saw Madeleine Renaud and her husband and partner, Jean-Louis Barrault, in "Le Misanthrope" the other night and went backstage to visit them—not after the show but next morning, when we figured we might have them wholly to ourself. But no, a lady had got there ahead of us, and while both she and we were waiting to be admitted to the Barraults' dressing room, we struck up a conversation with her. Her name was Mrs. William B. Olmsted, Jr., and she had many interesting things to say on a subject theretofore unfamiliar to us—the American Library in Paris. We learned that the first performance the Renaud-Barrault Company gave here, last month, was a benefit for the Library; that the Library has branches all over France; and that every effort is made to keep them thoroughly American, a state that Mrs. Olmsted succinctly and patriotically defined as quiet, comfortable, and clean. "Our French patrons tell us they'd never realized that libraries could be so pleasant and books so accessible," Mrs. Olmsted said. "No doubt Europe is the cradle of our culture, but in my opinion people do not find cradles comfortable after the age of two, and it is only proper that certain changes should be made as time goes by. I fear that in France libraries are considered the private sanctuaries of librarians and scholars, while the ordinary reader is considered the natural enemy of books."

At that moment, Mme. Renaud opened the dressing-room door and invited Mrs. Olmsted and us in. With the unearthly speed of a wraith, M. Barrault appeared at his wife's side, shook hands, then darted off into a dusky corner of the room to change his shirt. Throughout our visit, we were struck by the contrast between the two superb actors—Mme. Renaud rarely moving but making every motion bear its weight of elegance, M. Barrault constantly moving, not at random but in a sort of mesmerizing dance. Mrs. Olmsted thanked them for their generosity to the Library, and Mme. Renaud, with a gesture and in a tone worthy of Molière, replied that it was nothing. M. Barrault added that, on the contrary, it had been a pleasure. We congratulated Mme. Renaud on her performance in the role of Célimène the previous evening, and she answered modestly that



"May I see the script again, Miss Dolan?"

• •

she was under the impression that she was playing the role a trifle better than she had played it two years before. "It is one of the hardest roles I know, and I believe the warm response of my American audience is responsible for my improvement," she said.

"I have seen you perform in Paris," said Mrs. Olmsted, accepting the compliment to her countrymen and turning it about, "and I find it difficult to believe that any audience could be more enthusiastic than the ones you have always enjoyed over there."

"You are extremely kind," said Mme. Renaud. "It happens with actors, however, that every audience is a new audience. A nuance understood and approved is responsible for the power, ease, and success of the very next line we utter. We know our parts, we have played them time and again for many years, but the moment there is a failure of response from the audience, we become mere lifeless puppets. Indeed, it is always wrong to say that an audience follows the actors with interest. It is the actors who follow the audience; the play is in its hands. If it were not ridiculous, it would be for us to applaud the audience and for the audience to acknowledge our applause. And I must say that American audiences play very well. We are so grateful to them for their admirable performances."

M. Barrault nodded vigorously. "What we actors must seek out and fix with every movement we make is reality," he said. "That reality is hiding in the air and cannot be captured unless the audience and the actors have been made one—have been linked at a particular point in time by a thousand invisible threads. I say reality, not realism; realism is a mere tickling, a most dangerous form of psychological abstraction, while reality is the whole, solid thing, a thing of dimensions. *C'est du pain complet, pas de la biscotte. Vous comprenez?*"

Mrs. Olmsted had a down-to-earth question to put to M. Barrault before she left: In M. Barrault's opinion, did Molière's misanthrope really hate his fellow-creatures? M. Barrault shook his head and danced away. "No, no, he loved people too well," he said. "That was why he couldn't stand them as they were."

Processed

INTO the Ladies' Annex of the Harvard Club, one evening last week, there came an elegantly arrayed couple who approached the attendant of the place and requested permission to use an elevator in the men's division, usually barred to ladies, in order to reach a private dining room. The attendant said that she'd have to ask someone in the male wing about that, and picked up a telephone.

When she had finished outlining the problem, a loud voice boomed through the earpiece, "Is she young or old?"

"Medium," said the attendant nervously.

"Let her pass," said the boomer.

The lady was furious, but she didn't walk out of the club.

HOW TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF DARWIN

OR, THE DARKER SIDE OF LEPIDOPTEROLOGY

HERESY is an old story, and difference of opinion makes horse races, but I wonder whether the science editor of *Time* realized what a brickbat he was throwing—or, at any rate, relaying—when, noting in a recent issue that Dr. Frederick Urquhart, a Toronto zoologist, has been tagging monarch butterflies in order to check up on their migratory habits, he also wrote:

> That winter [1955] Dr. Urquhart migrated south himself and found another reason why so few of his tagged butterflies were being reported. Ordinarily, birds do not eat Monarchs, and naturalists have assumed that they taste bad. Dr. Urquhart tried Monarchs and found that they have hardly any taste, resembling dry toast. So he was not surprised to find that birds eat labeled Monarchs without hesitation. The bit of white paper seems to spoil a natural color pattern that keeps birds away.

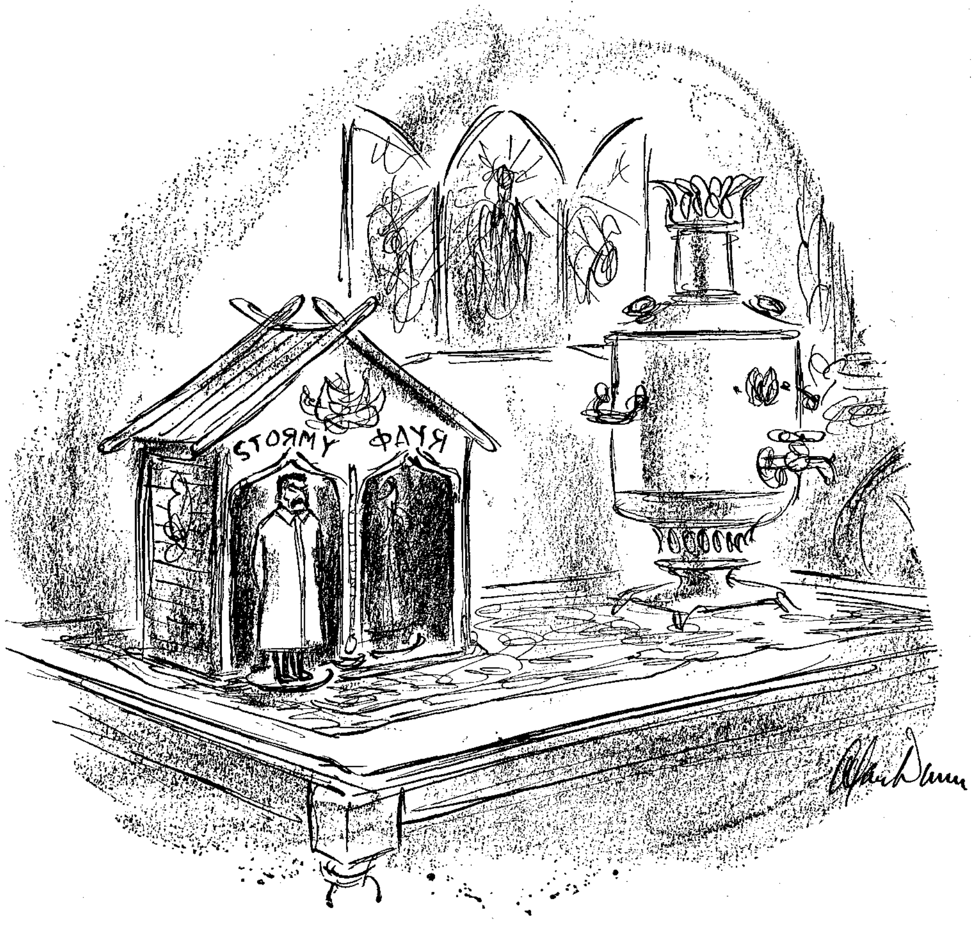
Dry toast! Not surprised! If monarchs don't taste bad, and birds like to eat them, one of the chief supports of a cardinal lepidopterological tenet, that of protective mimicry, comes tumbling down; the lie is given to a long line of eminent entomologists, many of them no longer here to defend themselves; suspicion is directed at a prior, seminal group of scientists even more eminent, *none* of whom—since I have in mind Charles Darwin (1809-82), Alfred Russel Wallace (1823-1913), and Henry Walter Bates (1825-92)—are here to defend themselves; the theory of natural selection is given a poke; my whole childhood was based on a misapprehension; and the viceroy butterfly (*Basilarchia archippus*), long esteemed for its sagacity, is left looking like a fool.

So am I, for that matter, and so is Miss Duckett, the English governess of my early childhood, who started me out collecting butterflies when I was five, and advised me that the monarch (*Danais plexippus*) has a bad taste, which makes it unpalatable to birds. She went on to say that the viceroy, which is terribly tasty, deliberately imitates the monarch as a protection against its own yumminess, the chief difference between them being a curved black bar on the viceroy's lower wing—a mark scarcely distinguishable when the insect is in flight. This piece of information, with which I have transfixed dinner partners for more than thirty years, has been borne out in nearly every book I have read that deals with butterflies, from "Our Insect Friends and Foes," by Belle S. Cragin, published in 1899 ("They [monarchs] have a disagreeable odour, and birds will not touch them"), to "A Field Guide to the Butterflies of North America, East of the Great Plains," by Alexander B. Klots, published in 1951 ("The Viceroy departs radically from the colors of its relatives to 'mimic' the Monarch. Thereby it presumably gains protection, for the distasteful Monarch is seldom attacked by predators"). I don't know who Miss Cragin is, or was, but, if I may introduce a maudlin note, my copy of her book is inscribed, in my childish handwriting, "From Grannie, 1916, My Best Insect Book," and as for Dr. Klots, he is a C.C.N.Y. professor, a Museum of Natural History research associate, and president of the Lepidopterists' Society.

If Urquhart is right, and Duckett and the rest wrong, both *plexippus* and *archippus* are left up in the air; taxonomy teeters. For if the monarch's safety from birds is due to "a natural color pattern," with no associated repellence, so is the viceroy's, and who is to say whether the viceroy is imitating the monarch or the monarch the viceroy? Butterflies can't talk, so I propose to come to the defense of the viceroy's ingenuity. How can Urquhart assume that just because a plateful of monarchs tastes like dry toast to him it would taste that way to a bird? Who does he think he is—a scarlet tanager? How does he feel about earthworms? In any case, this natural-color-pattern trial balloon is patent bosh; birds love to eat the regal fritillary, which is reddish-brown and black, like the monarch and the viceroy. If the monarch really tastes like Melba toast, and the viceroy (for the sake of argument, let us grant that the monarch has priority of coloration) is imitating it for no good reason, the viceroy is simply an idiotic copycat.

But much more than the viceroy's, and Miss Duckett's, reputation is at stake. Several butterflies other than the monarch, as well as a number of moths, have for decades been described as tasting bad, while others, gastronomically O.K., have been credited with imitating them for reasons of protection. Must we now jettison the former as being harmless cocktail snacks, requiring only a paper label to make them recognizably palatable (like Victor Borge's Vibo Farms Rock Cornish hens, which certain restaurants identify with metal tabs), and indict the latter as mere popinjays? Must we question the findings of the redoubtable Bates? In his "Contributions to an Insect Fauna of the Amazon Valley," a paper read before the Linnean Society, in London, in 1861, he observed:

> The most interesting part of the Heliconiidae is the mimetic analogies of which they seem to be the objects. . . . Many of



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ANTIQUES
CONVERSATION PIECE

> the species are mimicked by members of widely distant groups, e.g. Papilio and Leptalis . . . Dioptis, Pericopis. . . . The Heliconiidae . . . show themselves to be a favoured family. . . . There is some cause to believe that they are unpalatable to insectivorous animals. . . . Some species are more successful in the battle of life than others, and . . . it is an advantage to others . . . to be deceptively similar to them. . . . Leptalis Lysinoe is a species of great rarity, and therefore liable to complete extinction. It seems fair to conclude that, as the [family] which it mimics are certainly spared by the swarms of insectivorous birds which daily sweep through their abodes, the Leptalis . . . escapes destruction by wearing [their] livery.

Must we retroactively reprimand Darwin for giving the nod to Bates? In his "Origin of Species," he says:

> I allude to the wonderful manner in which certain butterflies imitate, as first described by Mr. Bates, other and quite distinct species. . . . We are next led to inquire what reason can be assigned for certain butterflies and moths so often assuming the dress of another and quite distinct form; why, to the perplexity of naturalists, has nature condescended to the tricks of the stage? Mr. Bates has, no doubt, hit on the true explanation. The mocked forms . . . must habitually escape destruction to a large extent . . . and a large amount of evidence has now been collected, showing that they are distasteful to birds. . . . The mocking forms, on the other hand . . . must suffer habitually from some danger. . . . Now if a member of one of these . . . groups were to assume a dress so like that of a well-protected species that it continually deceived the practised eyes of an entomologist, it would often deceive predaceous birds and insects, and thus often escape destruction.

And what of Wallace, co-father with Darwin of the theory of natural selection, who in his "Mimicry and Other Protective Resemblances Among Animals," first published in 1867, also backs up Bates?

> It is among butterflies [he writes] that instances of mimicry are most numerous and most striking. . . . There is in South America an extensive family . . . the Heliconiidae, which are . . . conspicuous, and could certainly be caught by insectivorous birds. . . . They are not so persecuted. . . . These beautiful insects possess . . . a strong pungent semi-aromatic or medicinal odour. . . . Here we have probably the cause of their immunity from attack. . . . It is evident that any other butterfly of a group which birds were accustomed to devour would be almost equally well protected by closely resembling a Heliconian externally, as if it acquired also the disagreeable odour. . . . Now, this hypothetical case is exactly realized in South America. Among the white butterflies . . . is a genus of rather small size (Leptalis), some species of which are white like their allies, while the larger number exactly resemble the Heliconiidae in the form and colouring of the wings.

What a parallel to the monarch and the viceroy! And, in making a monkey out of Bates, Darwin, and Wallace, what a distasteful North American neighbor Professor Urquhart is proving himself! For, as he darn well knows, the South American heliconians are cousins of our Southern zebra butterfly, and are imitated by the Amazon Valley's *Dioptis* moth, a brother under the scales of *Phryganidia californica*, a California moth; the *Pericopidae* moths, which occur in Arizona and Florida; and *Leptalis*, now called *Dismorphia*, whose family, the *Pieridae*, are widely represented here by cabbages, whites, mustard whites, sulphurs, orange tips, and yellows. In taking a crack at *Leptalis's* and *Dioptis's* and *Pericopis's* century-old reputation for resourcefulness (for if the monarch tastes O.K. and the viceroy is a ninny, why shouldn't the same thing apply to the *Heliconiidae* and their mimics?), the Toronto iconoclast and his handmaiden, *Time*, are not only jeopardizing the Good Neighbor policy but smearing a whole cloud of patriotic North American butterflies and moths as fools by association.

PERSONALLY, I don't care for smear tactics, and I'm not happy about what Urquhart and *Time* have done to smirch the memory of that grand old man of American entomology, the late W. J. Holland, whom France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, and Russia delighted to honor with Orders galore. "To my good wife and my two bonny boys, the companions of my leisure hours and my vacation rambles, I dedicate this book without asking their permission," he wrote, in 1898, in "The Butterfly Book," a classic still in print. I don't like to think that his two bonny boys, if they are still in the land of the living, may now wish that the following words *hadn't* been dedicated to them:

> One of the most singular and interesting facts in the animal kingdom is what has been styled mimicry. . . . Some butterflies, for instance, resemble dried leaves, and as they are seated upon the twigs of trees they wholly elude the eye. . . . Other butterflies . . . closely approximate in form and color species, which birds . . . will not attack because of the disagreeable juices which their bodies contain. . . . A good illustration of this fact is found in the case of the Viceroy, which . . . has assumed almost the exact color and markings of . . . *Danais plexippus*, which is distasteful to birds . . . being by nature provided with . . . acrid secretions . . . probably due to the character of the plants upon which the caterpillars feed.

Could Holland and Wallace, in their rambles on six continents, have gone astray in the matter of acrid secretions and pungent medicinal odors? Or is Urquhart, perchance, immune to them? Might the Canadian, perchance, have taken a drink the night before he swallowed those monarchs? *Everything* tastes like dry toast when you have a hangover. Or did he, perchance, toast his captives before he downed them? I'll bet that's it. He's probably high up in the councils of the new Toronto branch of the Wine and Food Society, and knows how to live. I suppose the next thing to go will be the dried-leaf butterfly; our northern gourmet will have it served sitting on dried toast, as exposed as an

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anchovy at a Lucullus Circle dinner. It's a mess.

Well, let's try and clear it up. Here are a few more pro-viceroy exhibits, boiled down to their essentials and accompanied, wherever possible, by character references:

> It is believed that the resemblance of these two species [guess which] is not merely accidental, but is a result of the law of natural selection. The butterflies of the family to which the monarch belongs . . . are exempt from the attacks of birds. It is supposed that this exemption is due to the possession by these butterflies of a disagreeable odor. . . . It can be seen that these birds will naturally leave undisturbed any other butterflies that resemble the ill-smelling ones.—*"How to Know the Butterflies," by John Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock.*

The late Professor Comstock and his wife, a fellow-naturalist who assisted him professionally during the fifty-two years of their married life, were both on the Cornell faculty. If *Lycaena shasta comstocki*, the Yosemite blue (a variety of *Lycaena shasta*, the Shasta blue), and *Polites comstocki*, a skipper, weren't named after old Comstock, I'll eat my cyanide jar.

> Among insects having no known protective mechanism, there are some that share the protection of those that do by looking almost exactly like them. Thus there are . . . edible butterflies that have the appearance of distasteful species. Among our fauna the best example of the latter type is the viceroy.—*"A Textbook of Entomology," by Herbert H. Ross.*

Professor Ross is on the faculty of the University of Illinois and enjoys the title of Systematic Entomologist on the Illinois Natural History Survey. Nobody's fool.

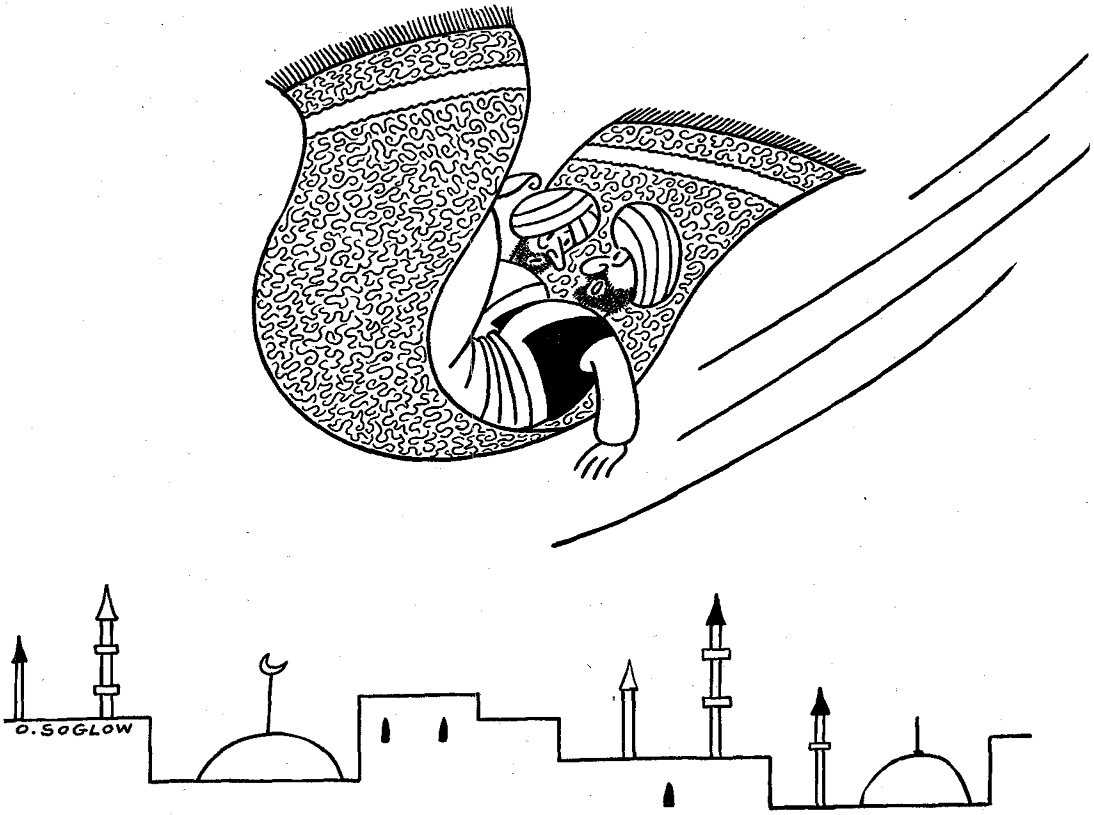
> The monarch . . . is shunned by birds, a nauseating fluid excreted by its body making it unpalatable. So well have birds learned to avoid it that the viceroy, another butterfly that lacks the disagreeable fluid but has wings that mimic the pattern of the monarch, sails through the air immune from attack as well.—*"Grassroot Jungles," by Edwin Way Teale.*

Teale is a recognized authority on both birds and insects, as is amply attested by his past presidencies of the Baldwin Bird Club and the Brooklyn Entomological Society. He once revised the insect-study program of the Boy Scouts of America. He is a Republican.

> Our colorful friend, the Viceroy, copies the Monarch to perfection. Now, the Monarch happens to be a very distasteful creature to a bird because of its acrid blood; but a Viceroy makes a delightful tidbit. The bird, because of wider experience with the Monarch, usually lets the similarly colored Viceroy severely alone.
>
> This theory was tested on a monkey, who was given a Monarch to eat; he threw it aside in disgust. Next he was given a Viceroy, and as promptly he cast it aside. Then another Viceroy was offered, this time with the wings pulled off. It was eaten with evident relish.—*"Strange Habits of Familiar Moths and Butterflies," by William Joseph Showalter, a chapter in "Our Insect Friends and Foes and Spiders," published by the National Geographic Society.*

The late Dr. Showalter, who enjoyed a high post on the *National Geographic Magazine*, was once chairman of a commission to draft a statement on the relationship between religion and science for the United Lutheran Church in America.

Mimicry of distasteful insects is one of the ways of reducing vulnerability to pred-



"They just don't make them the way they used to."

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ators. The best-known example of mimicry in this part of the world is that of the monarch butterfly and the viceroy. Birds find the monarch most ill-tasting and they soon learn not to eat it. Since the viceroy closely resembles the monarch, the birds eschew it even though it is quite edible.—*"The Wonderful World of Insects," by Albro T. Gaul.*

Eschew, not chew.

SCIENCE is no joke, and I want to be fair. For all Dr. Showalter's churchly connections, I don't think his monkey test was any more conclusive than Dr. Urquhart's personal-palate test. Why didn't he feed his colorful friend, and his colorful friend's colorful friend, to a bird?

To go on being fair: Although the preponderance of lepidopterological thought is against Dr. Urquhart, and although he is, to the best of my knowledge, the first man to take a strong stand, by implication, against the viceroy, he *has* been preceded by a handful of wishy-washy writers who are on the fence. "The Viceroy, through natural selection, has become a close copy of the Monarch butterfly, of an entirely different genus," one of them, Mrs. Ellen Robertson-Miller, observes in her "Butterfly and Moth Book." "It . . . is a gay little masquerader. But does it wear the borrowed plumes of orange and black for a purpose? Possibly, if the 'wise men' are correct in their supposition that the Monarch is unpalatable and therefore immune from the birds."

What has the viceroy to be so damn gay about if it is masquerading to no purpose? It isn't as though it came from an unattractive family and were aping its aesthetic betters, like a young woman resorting to plastic surgery. Its genus, *Basilarchia*, consists of (apart from the viceroy) the banded purple, the red-spotted purple, the Florida admiral, and Weidemeyer's, Hulst's, and Lorquin's admirals—magnificent butterflies all, abounding in purples, reds, blues, blacks, and chocolate browns, and flashing white bands against dark backgrounds. The viceroy's borrowed plumes are no prettier than the ones it discarded; Mrs. Robertson-Miller makes it out as much of an idiot as Dr. Urquhart does.

IN closing, I want to come back to Miss Duckett and the children. Look at what two recent juveniles—"The Golden Treasury of Natural History," by Bertha Morris Parker, and "All About Moths and Butterflies," by Robert S. Lemmon—have to say about the matter in hand. "The viceroy is good food to many birds, while the monarch has an unpleasant taste because of an acid it produces," says Miss Parker. "By looking like the bad-tasting monarch, the viceroy escapes many an enemy." And Mr. Lemmon writes, "An adult viceroy . . . resembles a small monarch butterfly so closely that it could easily be mistaken for one. . . . But anything that has once bitten into a monarch is likely to leave the viceroy alone for fear of getting into the same sort of taste trouble that it did with the monarch."

Dr. Urquhart has bitten into a monarch and is likely to bite into a viceroy any day now. If the Canadian predator's taste buds are as authoritative, ornithologically and lepidopterologically, as he and that *Time* edator seem to think, the Parker and Lemmon books should be taken off the market, including the Museum of Natural History's Book Shop, and revised. We don't want the next generation growing up in the error of the last three or four.

However, it's my considered opinion that those tagged butterflies were destroyed—*not* eaten up—by reactionary, fundamentalist birds who are opposed to the theory of natural selection and will stop at nothing, and that *Time's* tendentious, pro-Urquhart stand reflects a Time, Inc., scheme to clean up the pre-U, or non-U, monarch as part of the general deodorant picture, with the innocent viceroy as victim. It is significant that the January 7th issue of *Life* (just one week after its sister publication launched its campaign to make *plexippus* palatable) shows a full-page photograph, in color, of a pygmy possum casting "a greedy eye at a monarch . . . which it later caught and ate." I'll wager that this possum's appetite for monarchs is exceptional among insectivorous animals, just as the common Eastern chipmunk exceptionally nibbles away at the destroying-angel mushroom, a highly poisonous fungus, and survives. I am indebted for the information that it does so to Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Great Chain of Life," just out. The destroying angel's scientific name is *Amanita verna*, and my attention was called to Dr. Krutch's reference to it by a friend of mine whose wife's name is Verna.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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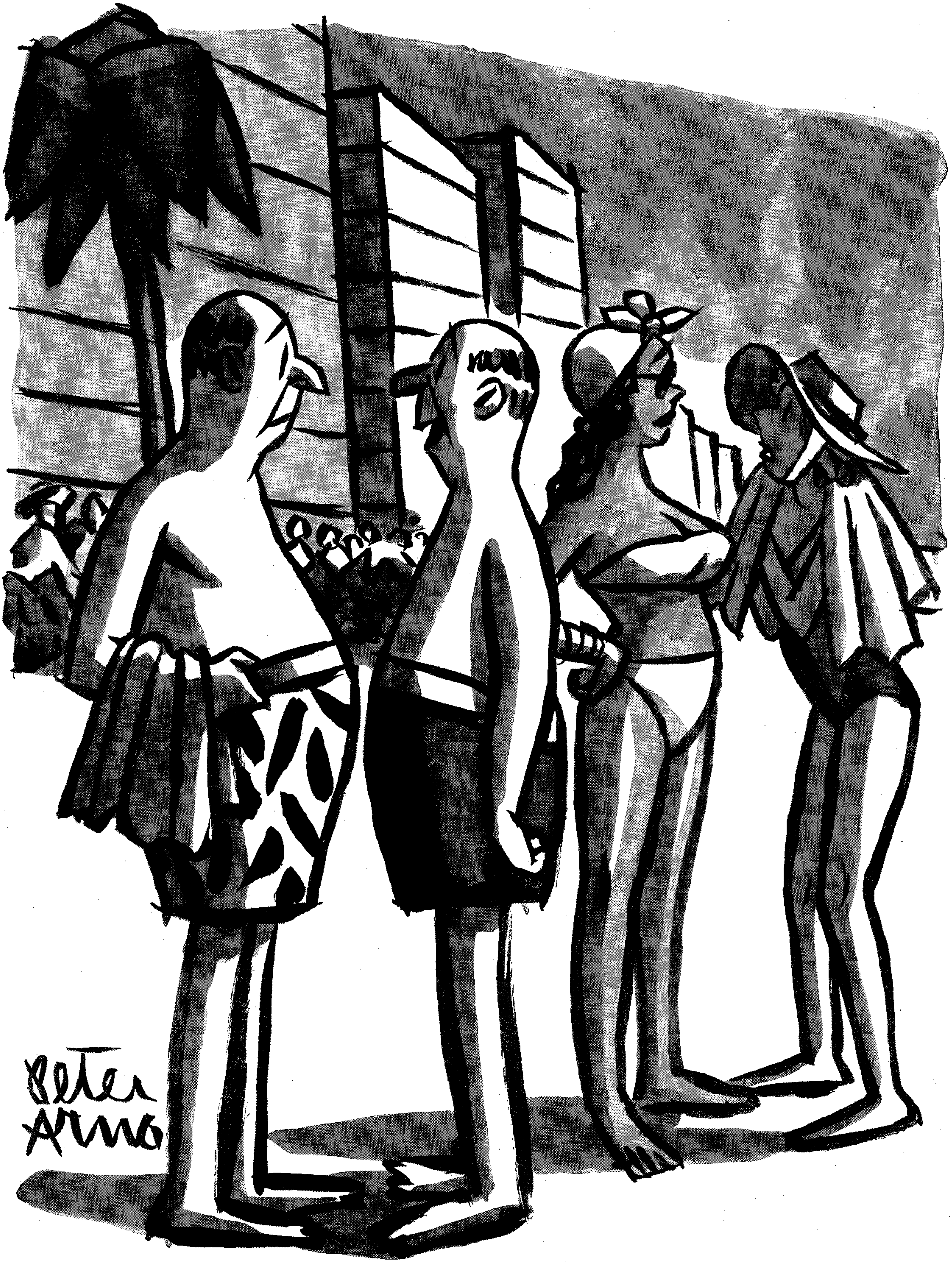
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Don Mankiewicz, quoted in Variety*]

In fact, it's the undistinguished from which the distinguished is distinguished.

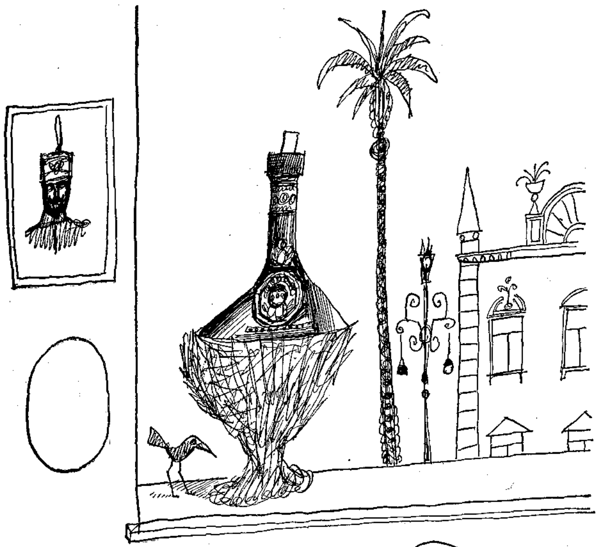


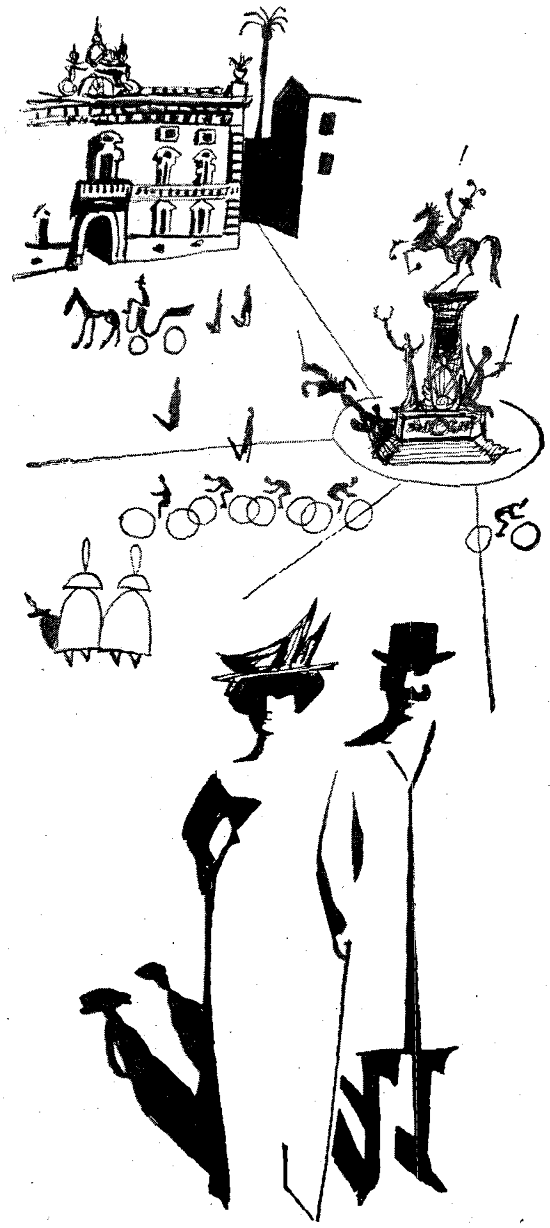
"You sure know how to pick 'em. Mine keeps peeling all over the place."

RECOLLECTIONS FROM AN ENGLISH CHILDHOOD~ITALY, 1900~1910

TERESA

Teresa, the cook, was biscuit-coloured,
As if straight out of her own oven.
Her kitchen, a neat nest of Mediterranean splendours,
Flashed with fresh anchovies and fresh sardines in blue and silver;
There were mounds of tomatoes, baskets of eggs,
And even an octopus, its tentacles still fluttering,
Hidden out of sight, unless one knew where to look,
Behind the pudding bowls of sugared cherries and candied apricots,
Under the hanging bunches of dried herbs.
There she stood, firmly, with a cook's weight visible in her stance,
Laughing with white teeth but always busy,
Against the sizzle and hiss of oil in frying pans
That supplied a perpetual music for her activities,
While outside, through windows high in the walls,
The leaves of tall palm trees
Could be seen to shiver and clash together
In a sudden, dry, salt wind
From the wine-tinted and Homeric sea.

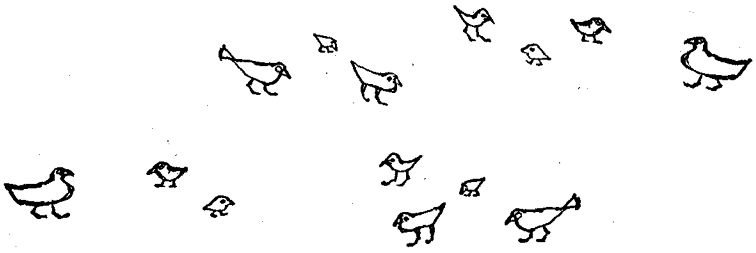




MAJOR CAMERON AND MISS CAIRNS

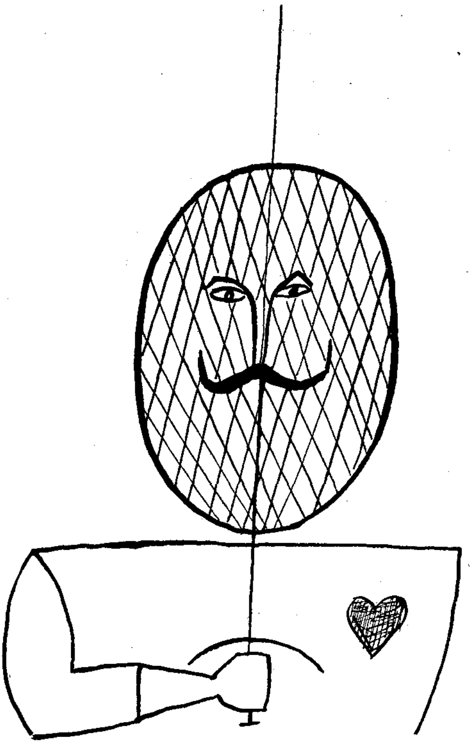
Every day, in spring and summer,
Grey-haired Major Cameron and Miss Cairns
Would walk together through the glow of sunset
To the edge of the dark wood,
Adding in each other's company
To the brittle fortifications of joy and contentment
They had erected during three decades
Against eventual merging with the dust.

In the winter, before going out,
Major Cameron would fling a tartan rug round his shoulders,
Then would stride jauntily
To meet his friend;
Together, they would walk
Through the narrow afternoon streets
Full of bicycle bells and shadows;
Miss Cairns at his side
Would glance up at him with pride
Apparent in every line of her face,
That always turned toward him like a flower to the sun.



IL CAPITANO, THE FENCING MASTER

The sun
Lunging with his hot blades through high windows
Caused the hall to smell of fencing
(That chivalric art, surviving as a means to health,
Has an odour, definite, to be remembered—what is it?—
Of leather and steel, well-cleaned and oiled,
And of a polished wood floor);
The air rang with rhythmic cries—"*Uno! Due! Tre! Uno! Due! Tre!*"—
Until with a gesture of despair
The Capitano flung aside his foil,
Lifted his steel-gauze visor
To expose in their full-trained and trellised splendour
His Vittorio-Emanuele moustachios,
All that was left to him—except one royal photograph—
Of the heroic era of the Risorgimento
(Its memory smothered on the Italian Riviera
Under a torrent of papery carnations, pink and mauve);
Then he would cut in half a Toscano
—a rugged, rank cigar—
Light it, puff it, and say between, or through, smoke rings
To his English pupil,
"For de English is not de fence.
It would be better for you to learn to box de box,"
While, as if to underline his words,
Through the open door
An aloe could be seen, steel-coloured in the sun, growing its
own trophies, crossing its own blades.



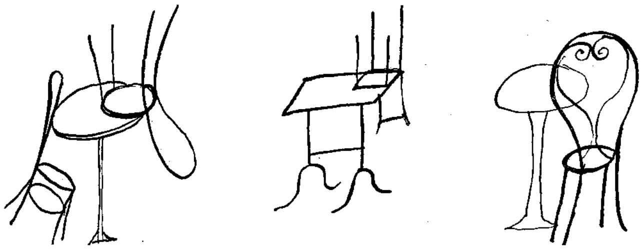
Pasticceria
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA
STEINBERG

SPRING COMES TO THE LENDING LIBRARY

The Lending Library smells of glue and ink,
Of mothballs and hot indiarubber;
Into the reading room drifts conversation.
There, in the depths of his chair,
Each silent occupant stirs faintly, sighs,
Touched by some essay written fifty years before
In magazines, extinct elsewhere—
"Pig-Sticking in the Himalayas"
Or "With Bow and Arrow Through Fiji"—
And sensitized, too, by the glow of the streets outside.

It is spring in the Lending Library, it is spring.
It is spring in the streets outside; dogs prance
And strain at the leash;
In the ancient stone doorways,
Cats curl complacent bodies
Into question marks.
In the windows of the English Tearooms,
Rapacious foreign ladies devour hot buttered scones,
While in the café opposite
English ladies are plying fans
And eating ices.

—OSBERT SITWELL



THE OTHER TIMES

CAN anybody honestly like having a high-school civics teacher for an uncle? I doubt it. Especially not a young girl who is popular and good-looking and who is going to make her début someday at the Mero Country Club. Nevertheless, that's who the civics teacher was at Westside High School when we were growing up in Mero. He was the brother of Letitia Ramsey's father, and he had all the failings you would expect of a high-school civics teacher and baseball coach. In the classroom he was a laughingstock for the way he butchered the king's English, and out of school he was known to be a hard drinker and general hell-raiser. But the worst part of it was that he was a bachelor and that the Ramseys had to have him for dinner practically every Sunday.

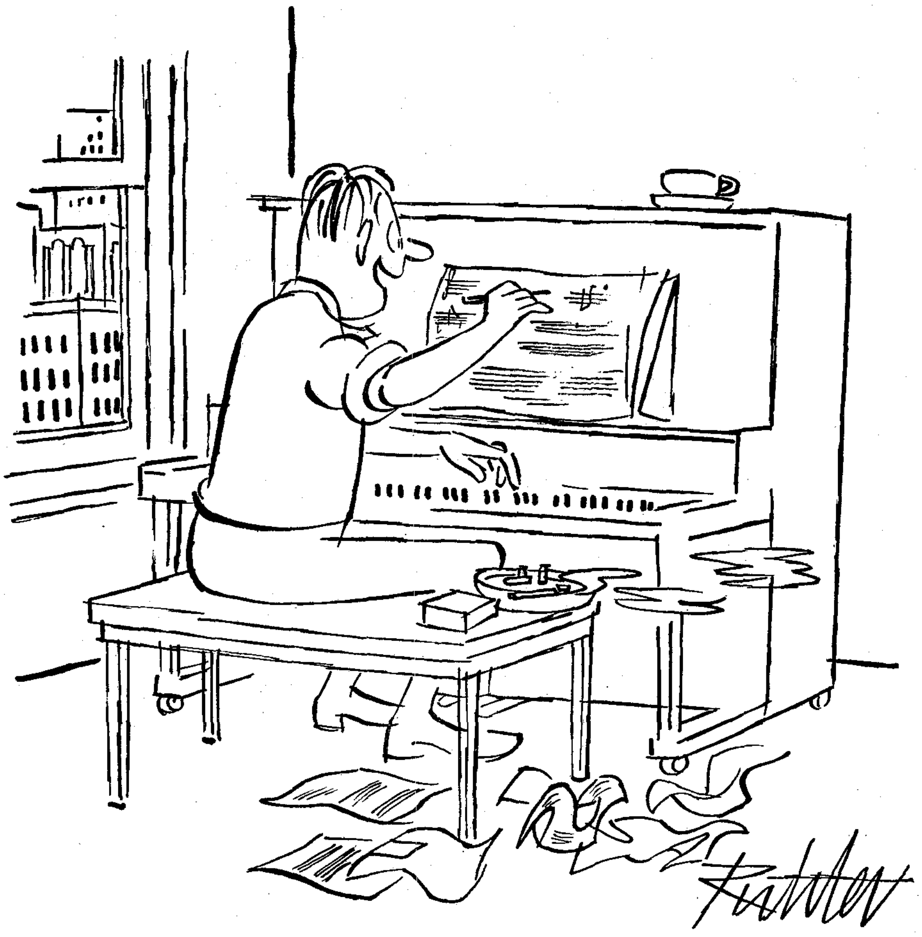
If you had a Sunday-afternoon date with Letitia, there the civics teacher would be, out on the front lawn, playing catch with one of Letitia's narrow-eyed little brothers. Somehow, what disturbed *me* about this particular spectacle when I was having Sunday dates with Letitia was the uncle's and the little brother's concentration on the ball and the kind of real fondness they seemed to feel for the thing. When either of them held it in his hand for a minute, he seemed to be wanting to make a pet of it. When it went back and forth between them, smacking in their gloves, they seemed to hear it saying, Yours, mine, yours, mine, as though nobody else had ever thrown or caught a baseball. But of course that's not the point. The point is that it was hard to think of Letitia's having this Lou Ramsey for an uncle. And I used to watch her face when we were leaving her house on a Sunday afternoon to see if she would show anything. But not Letitia!

It may not seem fair to dwell on this unfortunate uncle of a girl like Letitia Ramsey, but it was through him that I got a clearer idea of what she was like, and the whole Ramsey family, too. They were very well-bred people, and just as well-to-do, even in the depression. Mr. Ramsey, like my own father, was from the country, but, also like my father, he was from one of the finest country families in the state. And Mrs. Ramsey and my mother had gone through Farleigh Institute together, which was an old-fashioned school where they studied Latin so long that it made a difference in the way they spoke English all the rest of their lives.

Anyway, though I didn't take Latin, fortunately I didn't take civics, either (since I was hoping to go to college if the depression eased up), and fortunately I didn't go out for the baseball team. This made it not too hard for me to pretend not to notice who Letitia's uncle was. Also, since Letitia didn't go to the high school but went to Miss Jordan's, a school that has more or less replaced Farleigh Institute in Mero, it could have been as easy for her to pretend not to notice as it was for me.

It could have been, except that Letitia didn't want it that way. When she and I went across the lawn to my father's car on those Sunday afternoons and her uncle and one of her little brothers were carrying on with that baseball, she would call out something like "Have fun, you two!" or "Come see us this week, Uncle Louis!" And her voice never sounded sweeter than it did then. After we were in the car, if I hadn't thought of something else to talk about she would sometimes begin a long spiel like "I always forget you don't really know my uncle. I wish you did. You probably know how mad he is about sports. That's why my little brothers adore him. And he's just as shy as they are. Look at him and Charlie there. When I'm dressed up like this to go out on a date, he and the boys won't even look at me."

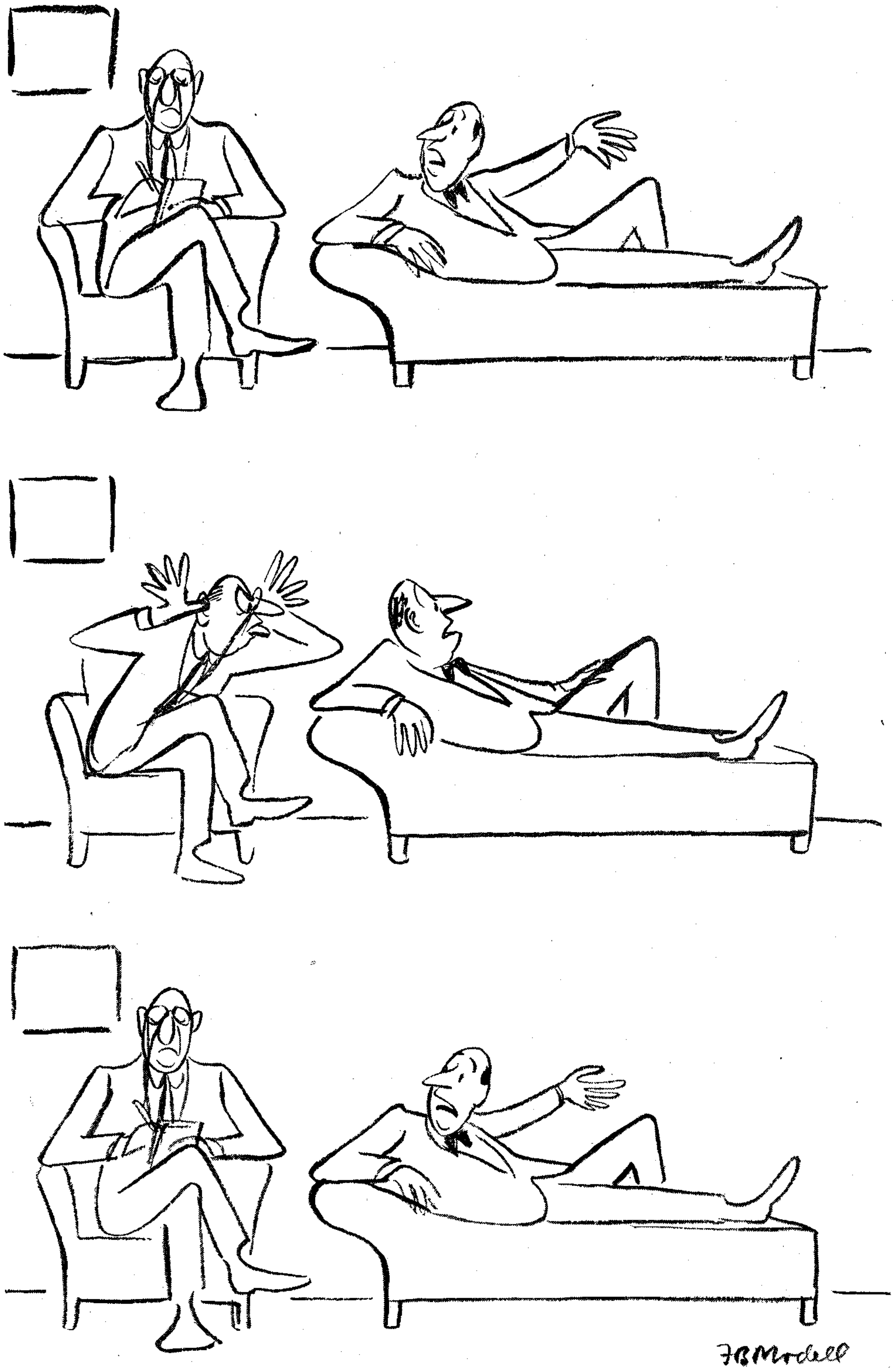
THE truth is I felt that Letitia Ramsey was just as smart as she could be—not in school, necessarily, but in the way she handled subjects like undesirable relatives. I think she was very unusual in this. There was one of her friends, named Nancy O'Connor, who had a grandmother that had once run a fruit stand at the old curb market, up on the North Side. The grandmother lived with the O'Connors and was a right funny sort of person, if you know what I mean, and Nancy was forever apologizing for her. Naturally, her apologizing did nothing but make you uncomfortable. Also, there was Trudie Hauser, whose brother Horst was a good friend of mine. The Hausers lived out in the German section of town, where my mother hadn't usually gone to parties in her day, and they still lived in the kind of castlelike house that the first one of the Hausers to get rich had built. Poor Trudie and poor Horst! Usually, they had not one but three or four peculiar relatives living with them.



"The satellite in the sky
Knows the reason why . . ."

And they had German servants, to whom their parents were apt to speak in German, right before you, and make Trudie and Horst, who were both very blond, blush like everything, the way blonds are apt to do. Then there was also a girl named Maria Thomas. She had a much older brother who was a moron—a real one—and if he passed through the room, or even came in and sat down, she would simply pretend that he wasn't there, that he didn't even exist.

This isn't to say, of course, that all the girls in Mero had something like that in their families. Lots of the girls—and lots of the boys, too—had families like mine, with nobody in particular to be ashamed of. Nor is it to say that the girls who did have something of this kind weren't just as popular as the others and didn't have you to their houses to parties just as often. Nancy O'Connor's family, for instance, lived in a most beautiful Spanish-style house, with beamed ceilings and orange-colored tile floors downstairs, and with a huge walled-in sort of lawn out in the back, where Nancy gave a big party every June. But, I must admit, at those parties you always felt that everybody was having more fun than Nancy, all because of the old grandmother. The peculiar old woman never came out into the light of the Japanese lanterns at the party, or anywhere near the tennis court, where the dancing was. She kept always in the shadows, close to the walls that enclosed the lawn. And someone said that Nancy said this was because her grandmother was afraid we would steal the green fruit off the trees she had trained to grow like vines up the walls.



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Whether or not Nancy had a good time, her June party was always one of the loveliest events of the year in Mero. Even though it was the depression, we had many fine and really lovely parties, and Nancy O'Connor's was usually the most wonderful. It was there, at one of them, two nights after we had graduated from high school, that Horst Hauser and Bob Southard and I made up our minds to do a thing that we had been considering for some time and that a lot of boys like us must have done at one time or another. We had been seniors that year, you understand, and in Mero boys are apt to go pretty wild during their senior year in high school. That is the time when you get to know a city as you will never have a chance to again if you come from the kind of people that I do. I have lived away from Mero quite a long while now, mostly in places which are not too different from it but about which I never kid myself into thinking I know very much. Yet, like a lot of other men, I carry in my head, even today, a sort of detailed map of the city where I first learned to drive a car and first learned to make dates with girls who were not strictly of the kind I was brought up to date. And I don't mean nice girls like Nancy and Trudie, whose parents were different from mine but who were themselves very nice girls indeed. Mero being only a middle-sized city—that is, without a big-league baseball team, yet with almost a quarter of a million big-league fans—and being not thoroughly Middle Western and yet not thoroughly Southern either, the most definitely complimentary thing I usually find to say about it is that it was a good place to grow up in. By which I don't mean that it is a good place to come *from*, or anything smart like that.

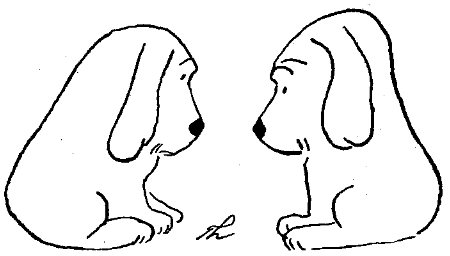
For I like Mero. And I remember everything I ever knew about it. Sometimes, when I go back there for a visit, I can direct people who didn't grow up there to a street, or a section of town, or even to some place out in the country nearby that they wouldn't have guessed I had any knowledge of. And whenever I am there nowadays, the only change I notice and the only thing that gives me a sad feeling is that the whole city is so much more painted up and prosperous-looking than it used to be during the depression. And in connection with this there is something I cannot help feeling is true and cannot help saying. My father, who came from a country town thirty-five miles east of Mero, used to tell us how sad it made him to see the run-down condition of the house where he was born, out there in the country. But my feeling is that there is something even more depressing about going back to Mero today and finding the house where I lived till I was grown—and the whole city, too—looking in much better shape than it did when I called it home. There are moments when I almost wish I could buy up the whole town and let it run down just a little.

Of course, that's an entirely selfish feeling, and I realize it. But it shows what wonderful times we had—decent good times, and others not so decent. And it shows that while we were having those fine times we knew exactly what everything around us was like. We didn't like money's being so tight and didn't like it that everything, from the schoolhouse to the country club, was a little shabby and run-down. We boys certainly *minded* wearing our fathers' cut-down dinner jackets, and the girls certainly *minded* wearing their older sisters' hand-me-down evening dresses; although we knew that our party clothes looked all right, we knew, too, that our older brothers and sisters, five years before, wouldn't have put up with them for five minutes. We didn't like any of this a bit, and yet it was *ours* and the worriers amongst us worried even then about how it was all bound to change.

Of course, when the change came, it wasn't at all what anyone had expected. For it never occurred to us then that a war would come along and solve all the problems of the future for us, in one way or another. Instead, we heard so much talk of the depression that we thought that times were bound to get even worse than they had been, and that all the fun would go out of life as soon as we finished high school, or, at the latest, after college. If you were a worrier, as I was, it didn't seem possible that you would ever be able to make a living of the kind your father had always made. And I sat around some nights, when I ought to have been studying, wondering how people would treat me when I showed that I couldn't make the grade and began to go to pieces. It was on those nights that I used to think about Letitia Ramsey's uncle, whom I considered the most dismal failure of my acquaintance, and then think about how he was treated by Letitia. This became a thing of such interest to me that I was never afterward sure of my own innocence in the way matters developed the night of Nancy O'Connor's party.

I DON'T need to describe the kind of mischief the boys in my crowd were up to that year—that is, on nights when we weren't having movie dates or going to parties with the usual "nice girls" we had always known. Our mischief doesn't need going into here, and besides it is very old hat to anyone who grew up with the freedom boys have in places like Mero (especially at a time like the depression, when all the boys' private schools were closed down). Also, I suppose it goes without saying that we were pretty careful not to mix the one kind of wonderful time we were having with the other. To the girls we had known longest, we did make certain jokes and references they couldn't understand, or pretended they couldn't. We would kid each other, in front of them, about jams we had been in when they weren't along, without ever making any of it very clear. But that was as far as we went until, toward the end of the year, some of the girls got so they would beg us, or dare us, to take them with us some night to one of our "points of interest," which was how we referred to the juke joints and roadhouses we went to. We talked about the possibility of this off and on for several weeks. (Five years before, it wouldn't have taken our older brothers five minutes to decide to do such a thing.) And finally, on the night of Nancy O'Connor's party, Horst Hauser and Bob Southard and I decided that the time had come.

The three of us, with our dates, slipped away from the party in a group just after midnight, telling Nancy that we would be back in about an hour, which we knew we wouldn't. And we didn't tell her mother we were going at all. We crossed the lawn and went out through a gate in the back wall at one of the corners, just behind a sort



A TABLE FOR ONE

In a medium-priced restaurant where I go to die,
There is this little bob-tailed fly.

Let me order the filet of sole meunière,
Swishing his buckle he will be there
To buzz the fish
And deflower the dish.

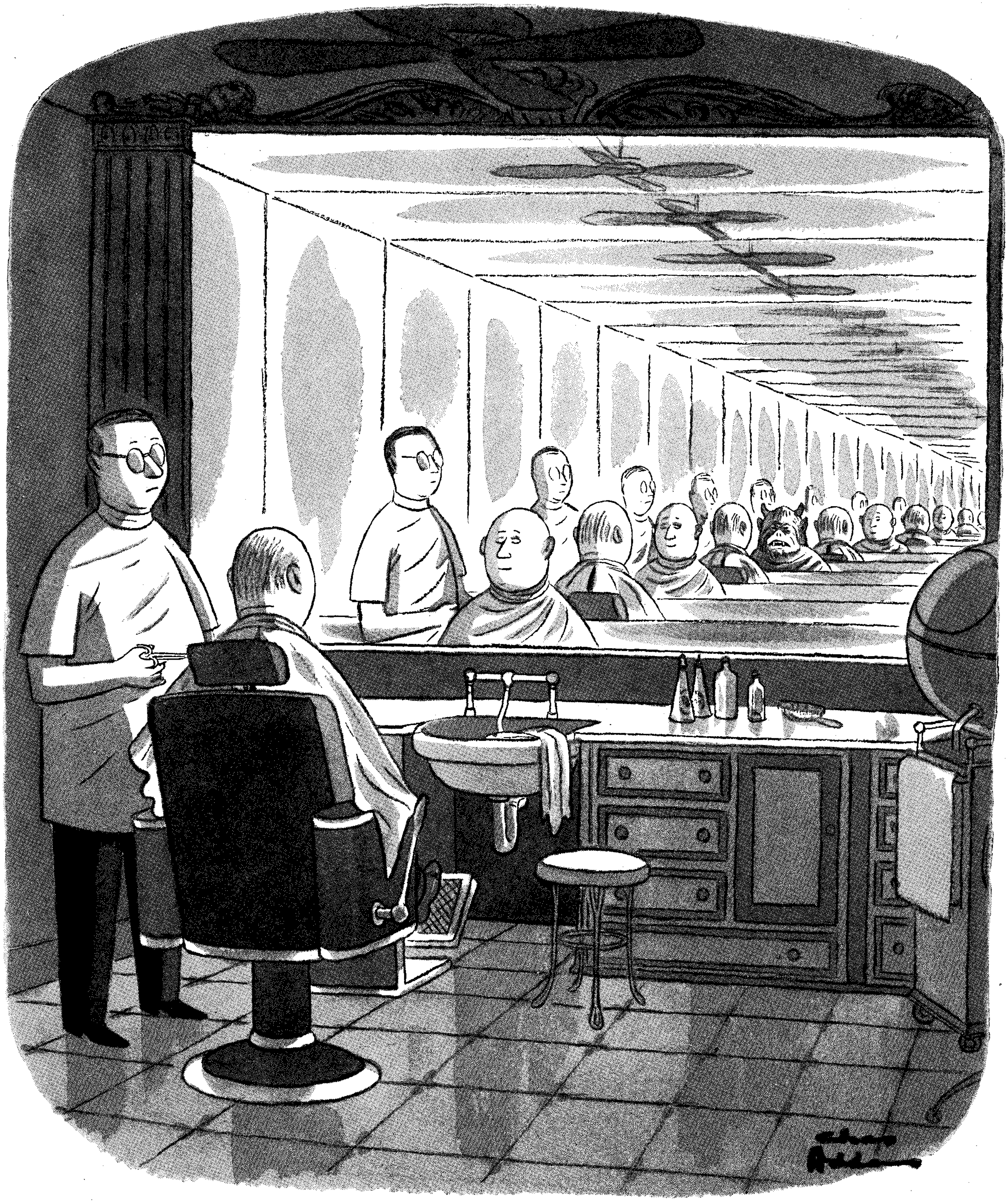
Or say I start with the onion soup:
He makes it his boast
That he can beat me to the partially submerged toast.
If I should get there first with a sprinkle of Parmesan,
He quickly possesses the cheese
On his hands and knees,
This little bob-tailed kid.

Suppose I sit late, lingering over the peach in wine,
I will hear his engines,
Watch the wingover, the approach, the swift incline,
Then, what is technically mine
Becomes his, and he likes it fine.

I do not know how he lost part of his tail—
In some flare-up in the kitchen I have no doubt,
Slashed in the act of coupling with his frail
By a mad waiter whose patience had run out.
All I know for sure is that my "table for one,"
Being within his reach,
Is a mere figure of speech.

—E. B. W.

• •



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of tool house that Nancy called "the dovecote." She had told us how to find the gate, and she told us also to watch out for her grandmother. And, sure enough, just as we were unlocking the gate, there came the old grandmother running along the side wall opposite us, and sticking close to it even when she made the turn at the other corner. She was wearing a long black dress, and at the distance from which we saw her I thought she might easily have been mistaken for a Catholic nun.

But we got the gate open and started through it and into the big vacant lot we had to cross to get to Horst Hauser's car. I held the gate for the other couples, and then for my own date. While I was doing this, I kept one eye on the old woman. But I also peered around the dovecote, and saw Nancy O'Connor leave the bright lights of the tennis court and head across the grass under the Japanese lanterns, walking fast in order to catch her grandmother before she reached us. And when I shut the gate after me, I could just imagine the hell the old woman was going to catch.

It wasn't very polite, leaving Nancy's party that way and making trouble in the family—for Nancy was sure to blame the old woman for our going, somehow—but the whole point is that the girl who happened to be my date that night and for whom I had stood there holding the gate was none other than Letitia Ramsey.

NOW, there is no use in my not saying right here that all through that spring Letitia's uncle, whom the high-school students generally spoke of as "the Ram," had been having the usual things said about him. And there is no use in my denying that by this time I knew those things were so. For we hadn't had our *other* wonderful times all winter long without running into the Ram at a number of our points of interest—him, along with a couple of his star athletes and his and their girl friends. In fact, I knew by this time that the rumors all of us had heard about him every year since we entered high school were true, and I knew, too, that it was the very athletes he coached and trained and disciplined from the day they first reported for practice, after junior high, that he ended by making his running mates when they were seniors.

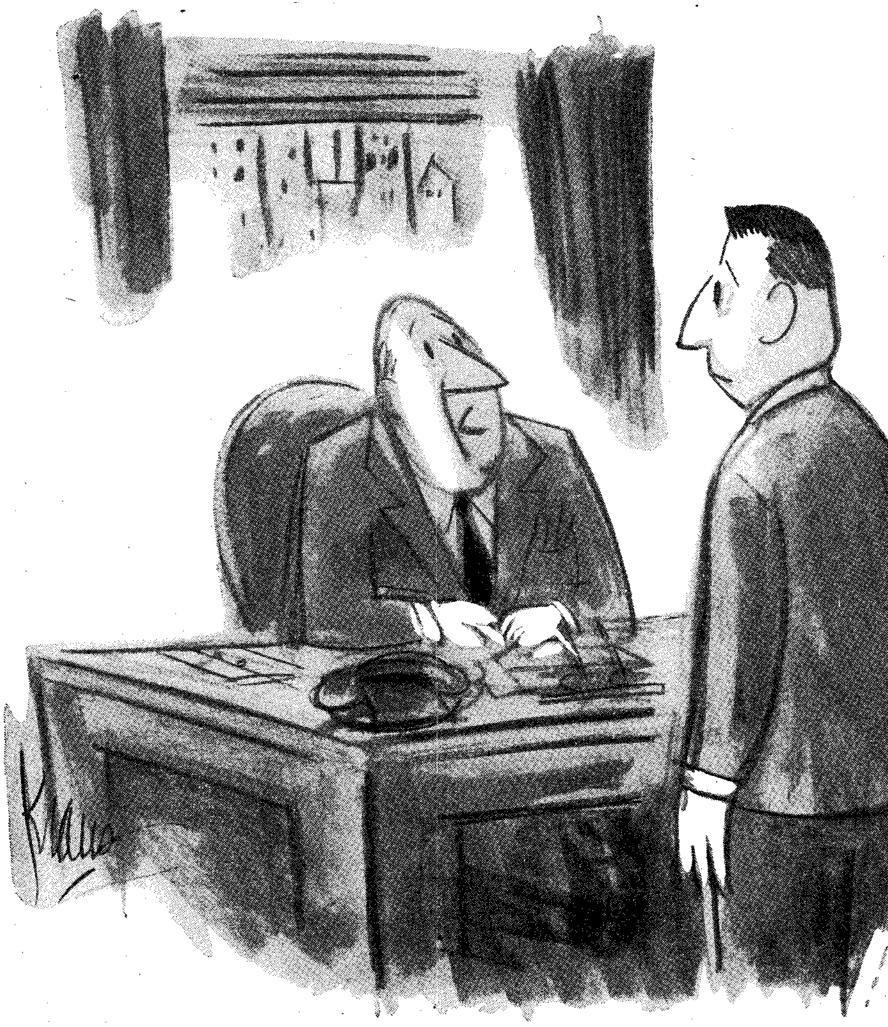
But all that sort of thing, in my opinion, is pretty much old hat to most people everywhere. The important thing to me is that when we decided to leave Nancy's wonderful party that night and take our dates with us out to a dine-and-dance joint called Aunt Martha's Tavern, something crossed my mind. And I am not sure that it wasn't something I hoped for instead of something I dreaded, as it should have been. It was that this Aunt Martha's Tavern was exactly where we were most likely to run into the Ram on a Saturday night, which this happened to be, with, of course, one of his girl friends and a couple of his athletes with their girl friends, too.

Well, it couldn't have been worse. We all climbed into Horst Hauser's car and drove out west of town to Aunt Martha's. It was the kind of place where you had to ring several times before they would come and let you in. And when we had rung the bell the second time and were standing outside under the light, with its private flock of bugs whirling around it, waiting there for Aunt Martha to have a look at us through some crack somewhere and decide if she would let us in, a rather upsetting thing happened to me. We were all standing on the stoop together, facing the big, barnlike batten door to the place. Letitia was standing right next to me, and I just thought to myself I would steal a quick glance at her while she wasn't noticing. I turned my head only the slightest bit, but I saw at once that *she* was already looking at *me*. When our eyes met, I felt for the first second or two that she didn't realize they *had* met, because she kept right on looking without changing her expression. I couldn't tell what the expression meant right away. Then it came over me that there was something this girl was expecting me to say—or, at least, hoping I would say. I said the first thing that popped into my mind: "They always make you wait like this." And Letitia Ramsey looked grateful, even for that.

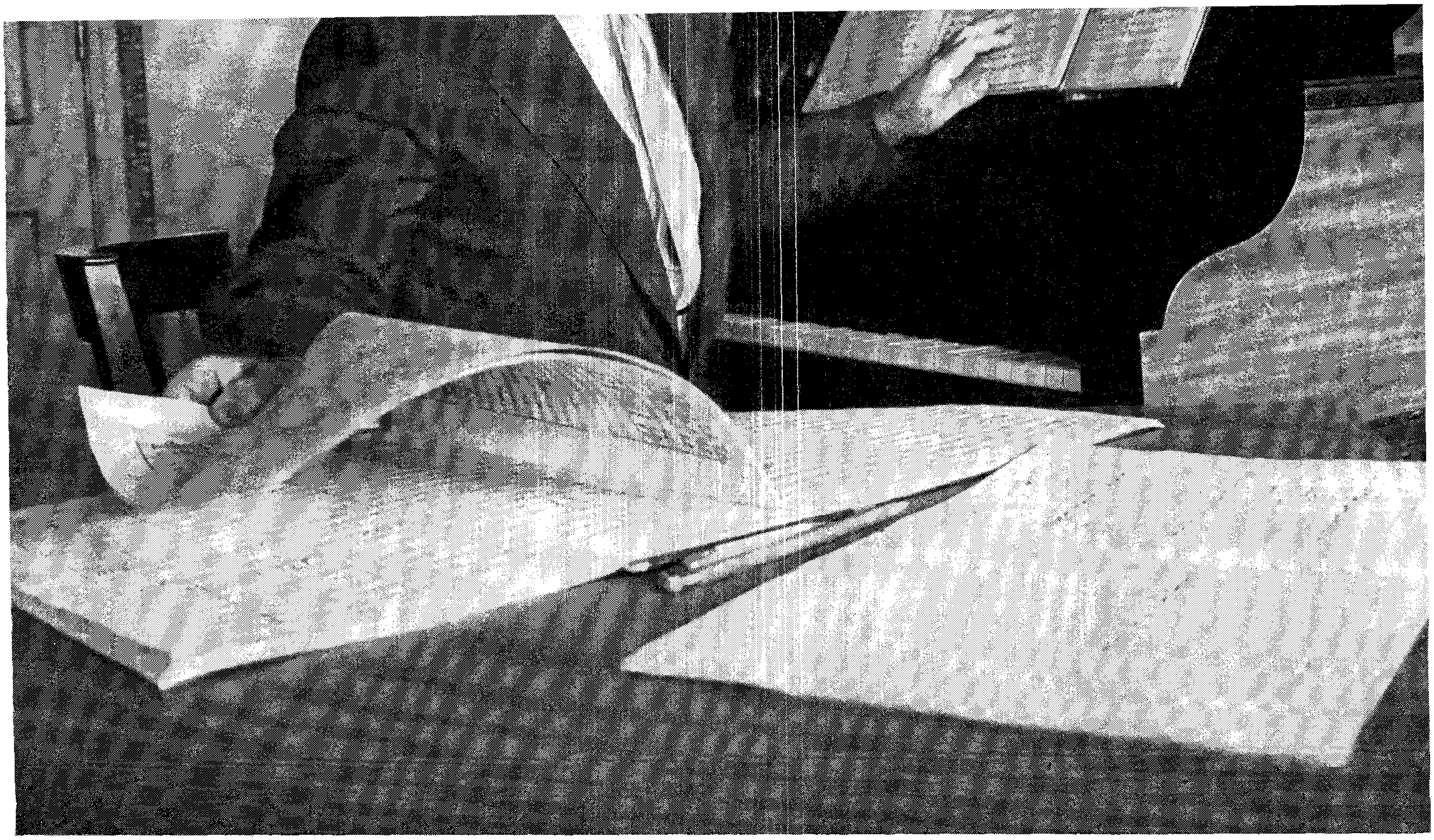
At last, the door was pulled open, though only just about six inches, and inside we saw the face of Aunt Martha's old husband. The old fellow gaped at the girls for a couple of seconds with a stupid grin on his face—he was a deaf-mute and a retired taxidermist—and then he threw the door wide open. We went inside—and, of course, there the Ram was, out on the floor dancing.

There weren't any lights on to speak of, except around the sides, in the booths, and the curtains to some of the booths were drawn. But even so, dark as it was, and with six or eight other couples swinging around on the dance floor, right off the bat I spotted the Ram. Maybe I only recognized him because he was doing the old-timy snake-hips dancing that he liked to do when he was high. I can't be sure. But I have the feeling that when we walked into that place that night, I would have seen the Ram just as plainly even if he had not been there—seen the freckled hand he pumped with when he danced, seen the white sharkskin suit, seen the head of sandy hair, a little thin on top but with the sweaty curls still thick along his temples and on the back of his neck.

Once we were inside, I glanced at Letitia again. And for some reason I noticed now that either before she left the party or in the car coming out here she had moved the gardenia corsage that I had sent her from the shoulder strap of her dress to the center of its



"To err is human, Jackson, but not as often as you err."



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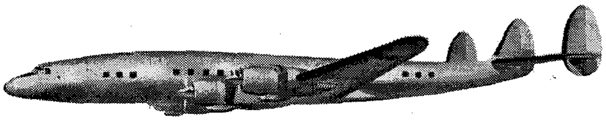

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low-cut neckline. When I saw this, I suddenly turned to Bob and Horst and said, "Let's not stay here."

Letitia and the other two girls smiled at each other. "I think he thinks we'll disgrace him," Letitia said after a moment.

I DON'T know when she first saw her uncle. It may have been when I did, right off the bat. It being Letitia, you couldn't tell. Or *I* couldn't. The one clue I had was that when the old deaf-mute made signs for us to follow him across the floor to an empty booth, I saw her throw her little powder-blue evening jacket, which was the same color as her dress, around her shoulders. It was a hot night, and before that she had only been carrying it over her arm.

Yet it wasn't necessarily her uncle's presence that caused Letitia to put the jacket around her bare shoulders. It could have been just the kind of place we were in. It could have been Martha's crazy-looking old husband, with his tufts of white hair sticking out in all directions. It seemed to me at the time that it might be only the sight of the old man's stuffed animal heads, which were hung all around the place. You didn't notice most of these with it so dark, but above the beer counter were the heads of three collie dogs, and as we went across the floor, the bubbly lights of the jukebox would now and again catch a gleam from the glass eyes of those collie dogs. Any other time in the world, it would have made me burst out laughing.

We went into our booth, which was a big one in a corner, and almost as soon as we sat down, I saw two of the Ram's athletes come out on the dance floor with their girls. The Ram had disappeared, and I didn't see him dancing again. But every so often the two athletes would come out and dance for the length of about half a record and then go back to their booth, pushing the curtains apart just enough to let themselves slip through. None of us said a word about seeing them out there. And, of course, nobody mentioned the Ram. I guess we were all pretty uncomfortable about it, because we made a lot of uncomfortable and silly conversation. All of us except Letitia. We joked and carried on in a very foolish way, trying to cover up. But everything we said or did seemed to make my toes curl under.

For instance: Bob pretended he was going to close the curtains to our booth, and there was a great scramble between him and his date over keeping them open. And all the while, across the way, the curtains to the Ram's booth were never opened wider than it took for one person to slip in or out.

Also: "Where in the world *are* we?" one of the girls asked. That we were way out in the country, of course, they knew, but *where*? And it had to be explained that Aunt Martha's Tavern was across the line in Clark County, about twelve miles due west of Mero, which meant we were only about three miles from Thompsonville. And Thompsonville, I knew, if some of the others didn't, was where Letitia's uncle and her father grew up. We were in an area that Letitia's Uncle Louis must have known pretty well for a long time.

And finally: There was the business about Aunt Martha. She came herself to take our orders. None of us was hungry, and the girls wouldn't even order Cokes. But she took us boys' orders for mixers, and while she was there, Horst Hauser tried to get her to sing "Temptation" for us. Martha wasn't so very old—you could tell it by her clear blue eyes—and nobody really called her Aunt Martha. But she must have weighed about three hundred pounds and she hadn't a tooth in her head. She wore her hair in what was almost a crew cut. And she was apt to be barefoot about half the time; she was barefoot that night. She wouldn't sing "Temptation" for us, but she talked to the girls and told them how pretty their dresses were and asked them their names—"Just your first names, I'm no good at last names," she said—so she would be sure to remember them next time they came. "You know," she said. "In case you come with some other fellows, and not these jelly beans." And she gave them a big wink.

We three boys pretended to look very hurt, and she said, "They know I'm a tease. These here boys are my honey babes." But she looked at us awfully close to make sure that we did know. And she hung around telling the girls how her old husband had built the tavern singlehanded, as a wedding present for her, and how, after practicing taxidermy "in many parts of the world and for over forty years," he had given it up and settled down in the country with her, and how generally sweet he was. "It mayn't seem likely to you girls," she said, her blue eyes getting a damp look, "but they can be just as fine and just as noble without a tongue in their head as with one." Then, from fear of being misunderstood, maybe, or

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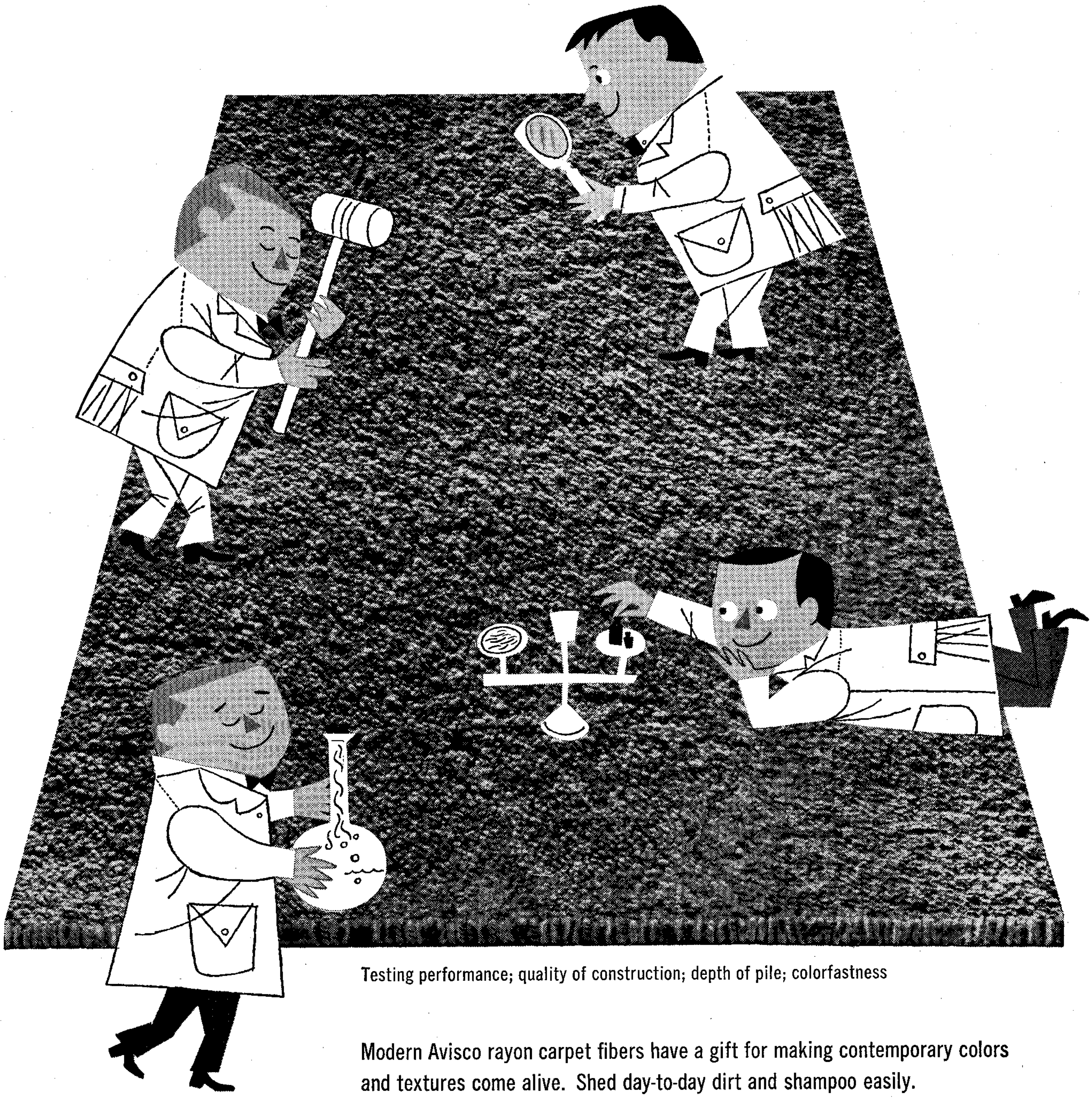

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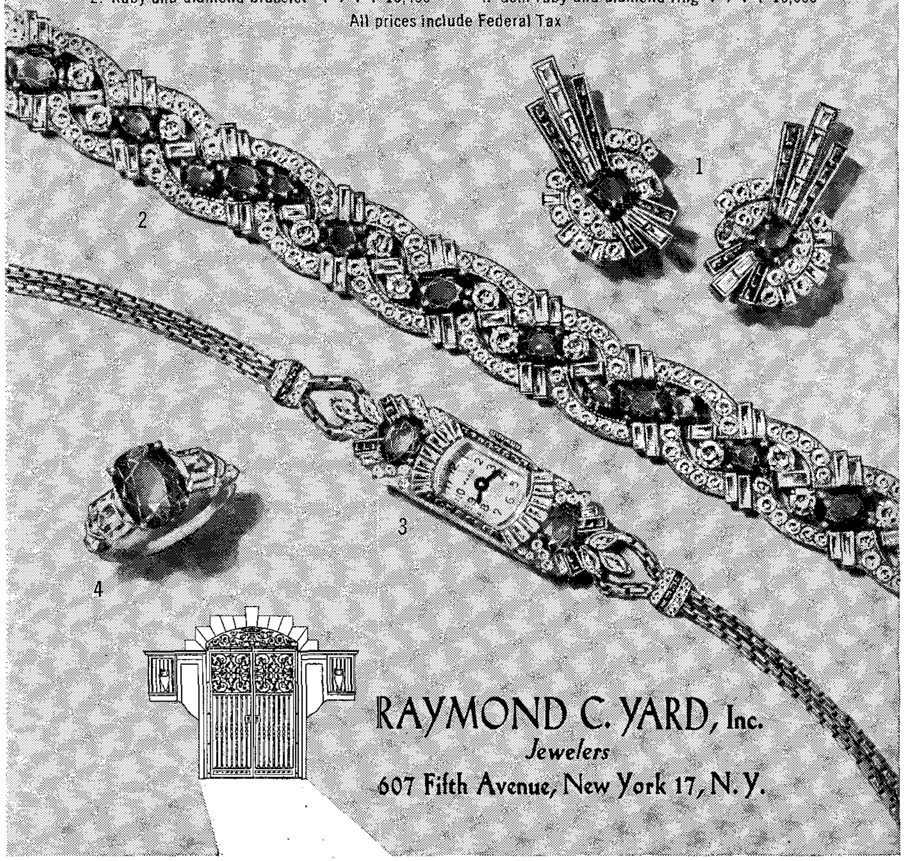

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not wanting to depress the customers, she added, "And just as much fun, honey babes!" She gave us boys a wink and went off in a fit of laughter.

When she had gone, we all agreed that Martha was a good soul and that the old deaf-mute was a lucky man. But we couldn't help trying to take her off. And I laughed with the others till, suddenly, it occurred to me that her accent and her little turns of speech sounded, on our lips, just like things the Ram was quoted as saying in his civics class. He said "territority" and "A-rab" and "how come" and "I'm done." I knew that Letitia's own father didn't say things like that; it only showed the kind of company Lou Ramsey had always kept, even as a boy in Clark County.

WELL, when Martha went for the mixers, it was time for Bob and Horst and me to flip a coin to see who was going outside and buy us a pint of whiskey at the back door, which was where you always had to buy it. Unfortunately, I was odd man, and so I began collecting the money from the other two. Letitia didn't understand about the whiskey, and we had to explain to her about local option and Clark County's being a dry county, and about bootleg's being cheaper than the legal whiskey in Mero. But while we explained, she didn't seem to listen. She only kept looking at me questioningly, and finally she squinted her eyes and said, "Are you sure you know how to buy it, and where?"

I went out the front door and around to the kitchen door, and bought the whiskey from Martha's husband, who had gone back there to meet me. I was glad for a breath of fresh air and to be away from the others for a few minutes. And yet I was eager to get back to them, too. I hurried toward the front, along the footpath between the parking lot and the side wall of the tavern—a dark wall of unpainted vertical planking. The night seemed even hotter and muggier now than it had earlier. The sky, all overcast, with no stars shining through anywhere, was like an old, washed-out gray sweater. On the far side of the parking lot, a few faint streaks of light caught my eye. I knew they came from Aunt Martha's tourist cabins, which were ranged along the edge of the woods over there. The night was so dark it was hard to tell much about the cars in the parking lot, but I could tell that they were mostly broken-down jalopies and that the lot looked more like a junk yard than any real parking lot. Everything I saw looked ugly and

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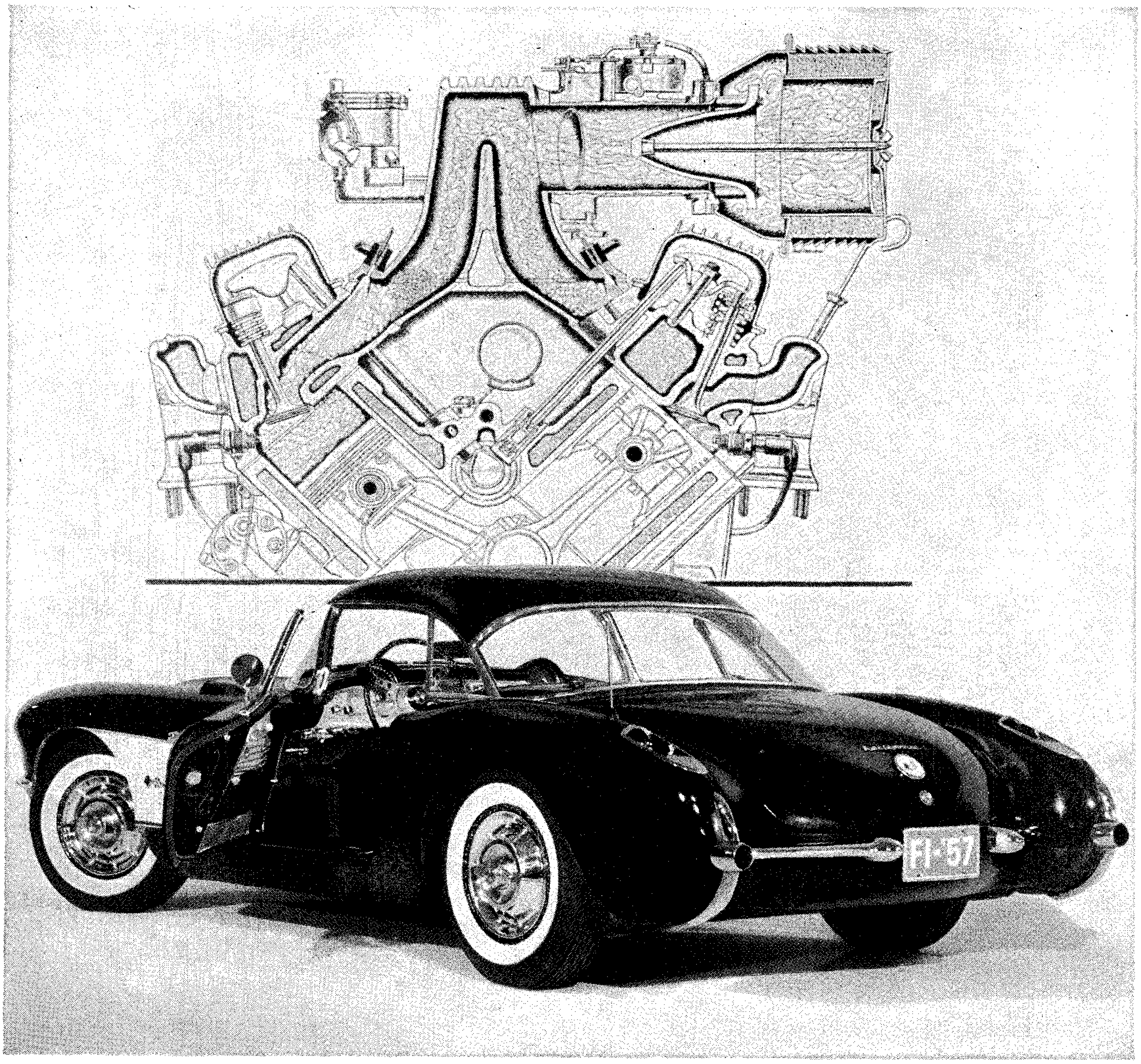

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raw and unreal to me, and when I came round to the front, where the one big light bulb above the entrance still flickered brightly in its swarm of bugs, I could see a field of waist-high corn directly across the road, and somehow it looked rawer and more unreal to me than anything else.

When I rang at the front door to be let in again, the old man had already come through the place. He opened up for me, grinning as though it were a big joke between us—his having got there as soon as I did. But I didn't want any of his dumb-show joking just then. He was making all kinds of silly signs with his hands, but I passed by him and went on back to our booth. And I was struck right away by how happy Letitia looked when she saw me. She didn't seem to be concerned about her uncle at all, which, of course, was what I was watching to see. I was glad, and yet it didn't ease my mind a bit. What were you to make of such a girl? Ever since we got there, I had been watching her in a way that I felt guilty about, because I knew it was more curiosity than sympathy. And I was certain now that she had been watching me, for some kind of sign. I couldn't have been more uncomfortable. It was strange. She was such a marvellously pretty girl, really!—with her pale-yellow hair and her almond eyes, with her firm little mouth that you couldn't help looking at when she opened it a little and smiled, no matter how much respect you had for her, and no matter what else you had on your mind. I kept looking at her, and I tried not to seem too self-conscious when I drew the pint of whiskey out of the pocket of my linen jacket and put it on the table.

But I did feel self-conscious about it, and even more so because she continued to sit there just as casually as though we were having a milk shake somewhere after the show and were settling down to enjoy ourselves for the rest of the evening. When I first came back, she had looked at me as though I were a hero because I had gone around to the back door to buy a pint of bootleg whiskey and had got back alive, and now she commenced puttering around with the glasses and the mixers with a happy, helpful attitude. Bob and Horst and their two dates were still jabbering away as much as before, but Letitia made me feel now that they weren't there at all. She had set the three tumblers in front of me, and so I worked away at opening the pint bottle and then began pouring drinks for us three boys. I wasn't sure how much we ought to

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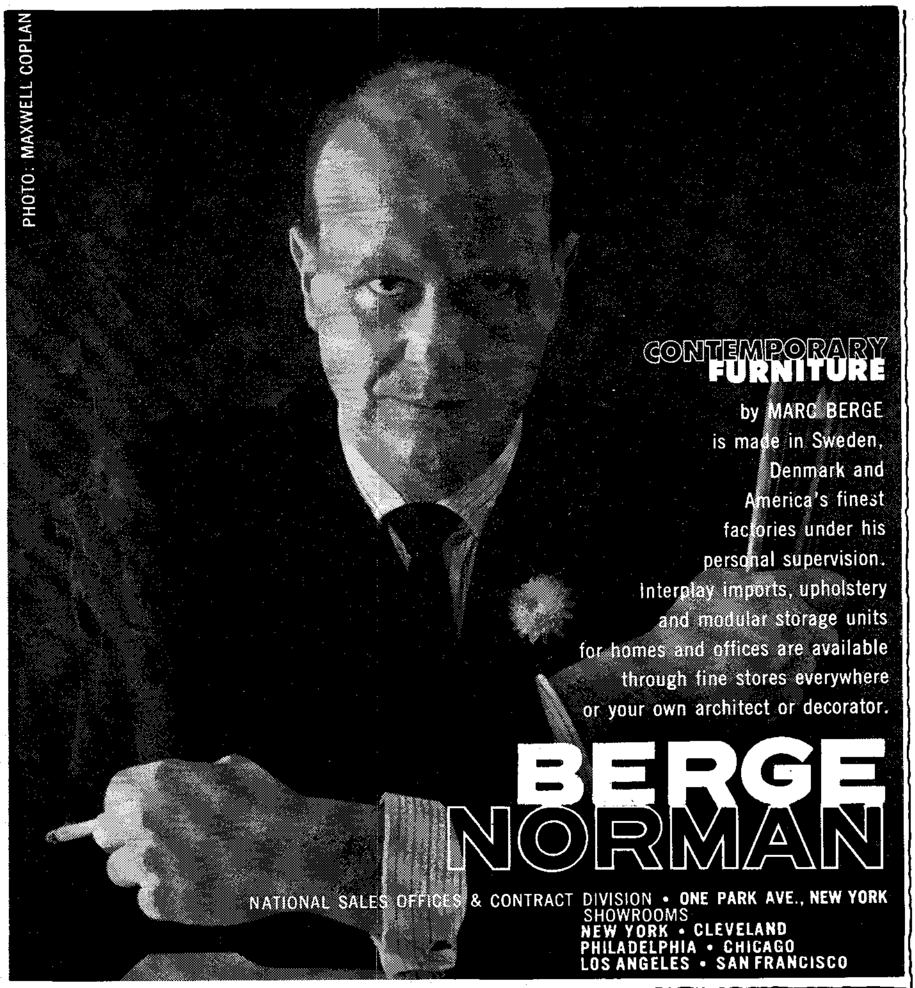
have right at first, and I decided I had got too much in two of the glasses. I tried to pour some back into the bottle, and made such a mess of it that I cursed under my breath. During this time, the jukebox was playing away, of course, but I do think I was half aware of some other noise somewhere, though it didn't really sink in. It didn't even sink in when Letitia put her hand on my sleeve, or when I looked up at her and saw her looking at me very much as she had outside the door a while before. The others still went on talking, and after a second Letitia drew away her hand. She began fidgeting with her gardenias, and she wasn't looking at me any more. For a moment, I wondered if she hadn't really expected us to have the drinks. But it wasn't that, and now I saw that she had tilted her head to one side to get a better view of something across the floor. I cut my eyes around and saw that the curtains to the Ram's booth had been pulled apart and that there he was, in plain view, with his girl and his star pitcher and outfielder and their two girls. I thought to myself, She's just now realized that they're all here together. Then I took another look over there, wondering why in hell they hadn't kept those curtains drawn, and I saw that something very unusual was up.

This all happened in an instant, of course—much quicker than I can tell it. The Ram was getting up very slowly from his seat and seemed to be giving some kind of orders to his pitcher and his outfielder. His own girl was still sitting at the table, and she stayed there, but the two other girls were climbing on top of the table. Pretty soon, they had opened the little high window above their booth—there was one above each of the booths—and you could see that the next thing they were going to do was to try to climb out that window. I guess they did climb out, and it wasn't long before people in some of the other booths were doing the same thing.

After a minute or so, there was nobody left on the dance floor, and all of a sudden someone unplugged the jukebox. Without the music, we could hear the knocking on the doors of the tourist cabins, and I began to notice lights flashing outside the little window above our booth. I knew now there was a raid on the cabins, but I didn't want to be the first to mention the existence of those cabins to the girls. And though I was sure enough of it, I just couldn't make myself admit that the raid would be happening to the tavern, too, in about three minutes.

I saw the Ram leave his booth, and



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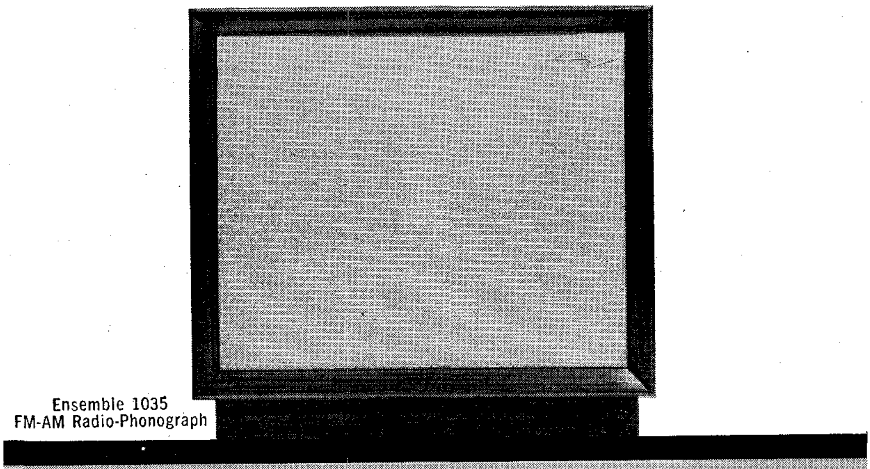

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he seemed to be starting in the direction of ours. Letitia looked relieved now, and actually leaned forward across the table as though she were trying to catch his eye. Both Bob Southard and I got up and started out to meet him, but he held out a stiff arm, motioning us back, and he went off toward the beer counter without ever looking at Letitia.

When Bob and I turned back toward our booth, Horst and the girls were standing up, saying nothing. But Letitia gave me a comforting smile and she opened her mouth to say something that she never did say. I can almost believe she had been about to tell me how shy her uncle was, and to ask if I noticed how he wouldn't look at her when she was dressed up this way.

But now the Ram was headed back toward us with Martha, and Martha had slipped on some brown loafers. There was loud banging now on the front and back doors of the tavern, but apparently she and her husband weren't set to open up yet; I guessed the old man hadn't finished hiding the whiskey. By now, anybody who was going to get away had to chance it through the windows. We could hear people dropping on the ground outside those little high windows, and hear some of them grunting when they landed.

As soon as the Ram and Martha got near us, he said, "We're going to put you out of sight somewhere. They won't want to take too many in. They just want their quota."

Martha wasn't ruffled a bit. I suppose she could see we were, though. She looked at the girls and said, "Chickabiddies, I wouldn't have had this happen for nothing in this world."

The Ram glanced back at his own booth, to make sure that his athletes were still there—and maybe his girl friend. They hadn't moved a muscle. They just sat there very tense, watching the Ram. You would have thought they were in the bull pen waiting for a signal from him to come in and pitch. But they never got one. The Ram said to Martha, "Just anywhere you stick her and the rest of them is all right, but upstairs in your parlor would be mighty nice." From the way he said it, you would have thought he was speaking to one of the old lady teachers at Westside.

"You know I ain't about to hide nobody upstairs," she said firmly but politely. "Not even for you, honey baby."

"Then put them in the powder room yonder," he said.

"If they'll fit, that's fine," she said. She led the way and we followed.

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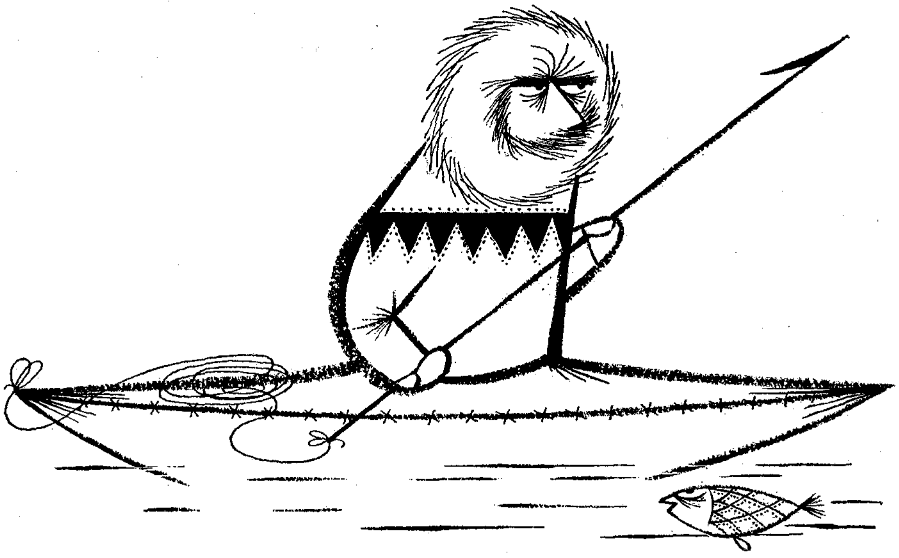

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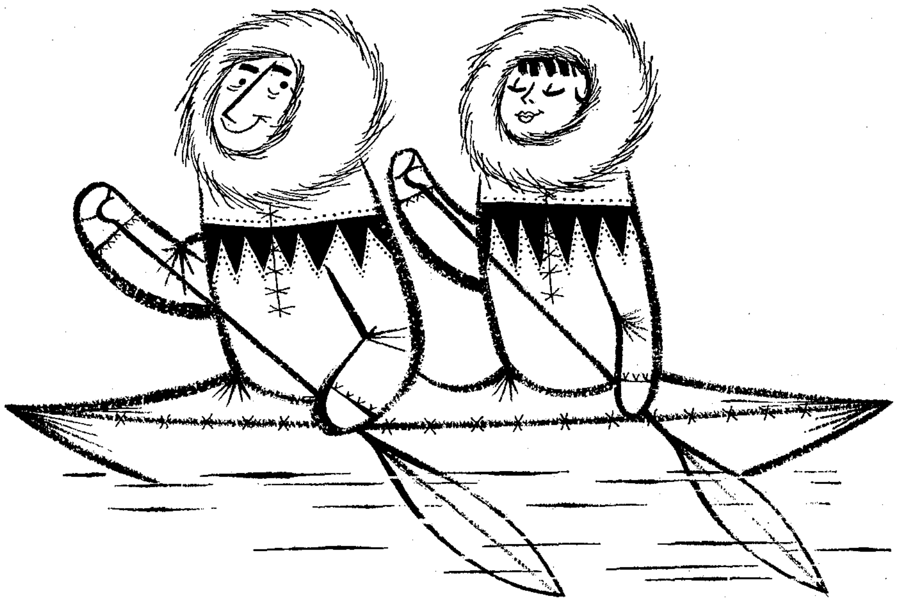

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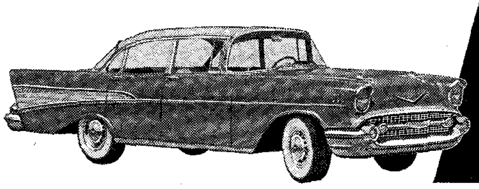

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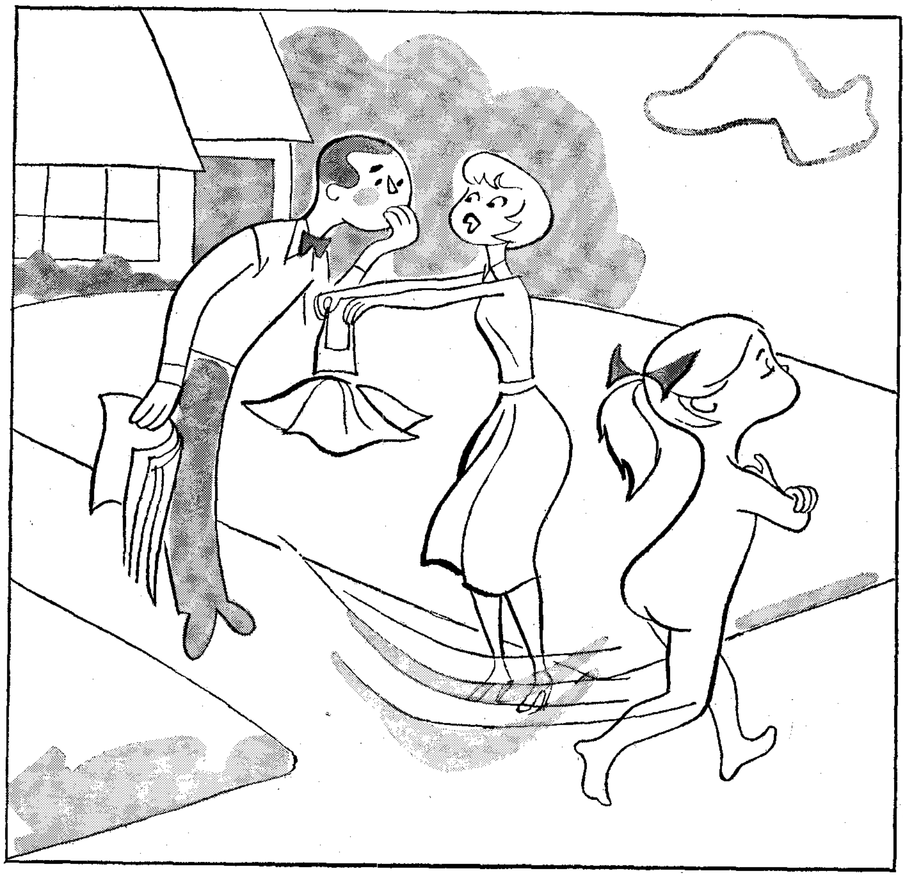

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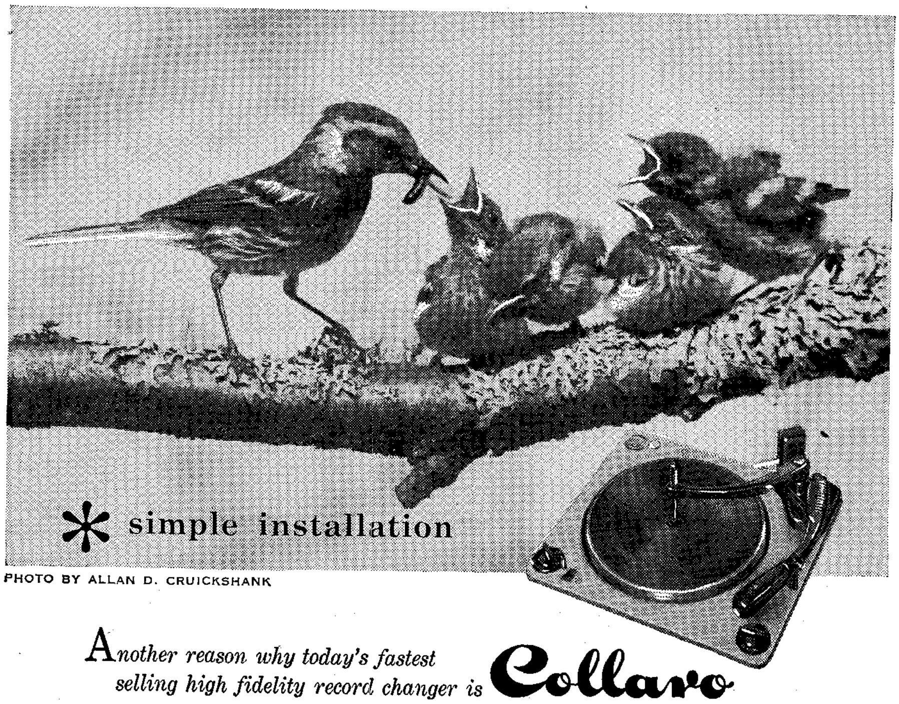

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er—just a little closet, with "SHE" painted on the door and a toilet inside, and not even one of the little high windows. Martha made sure the key was in the lock, inside, and told us to turn off the light and lock ourselves in. We had to squeeze to get in, and one of us would have stood on the toilet except there wasn't a lid. While we were crowding in, the banging on the doors kept getting louder, and Martha's husband ambled up and stood watching us with his mouth hanging open. Martha looked around at him and burst out laughing. "He *can't hear it thunder*, bless his heart," she said. And the old fellow laughed, too.

The Ram said, "Get them inside, please, Ma'am. They'll *have* to fit."

But Martha only laughed at him. "You'd better git yourself *out*side if you expect to git," she said.

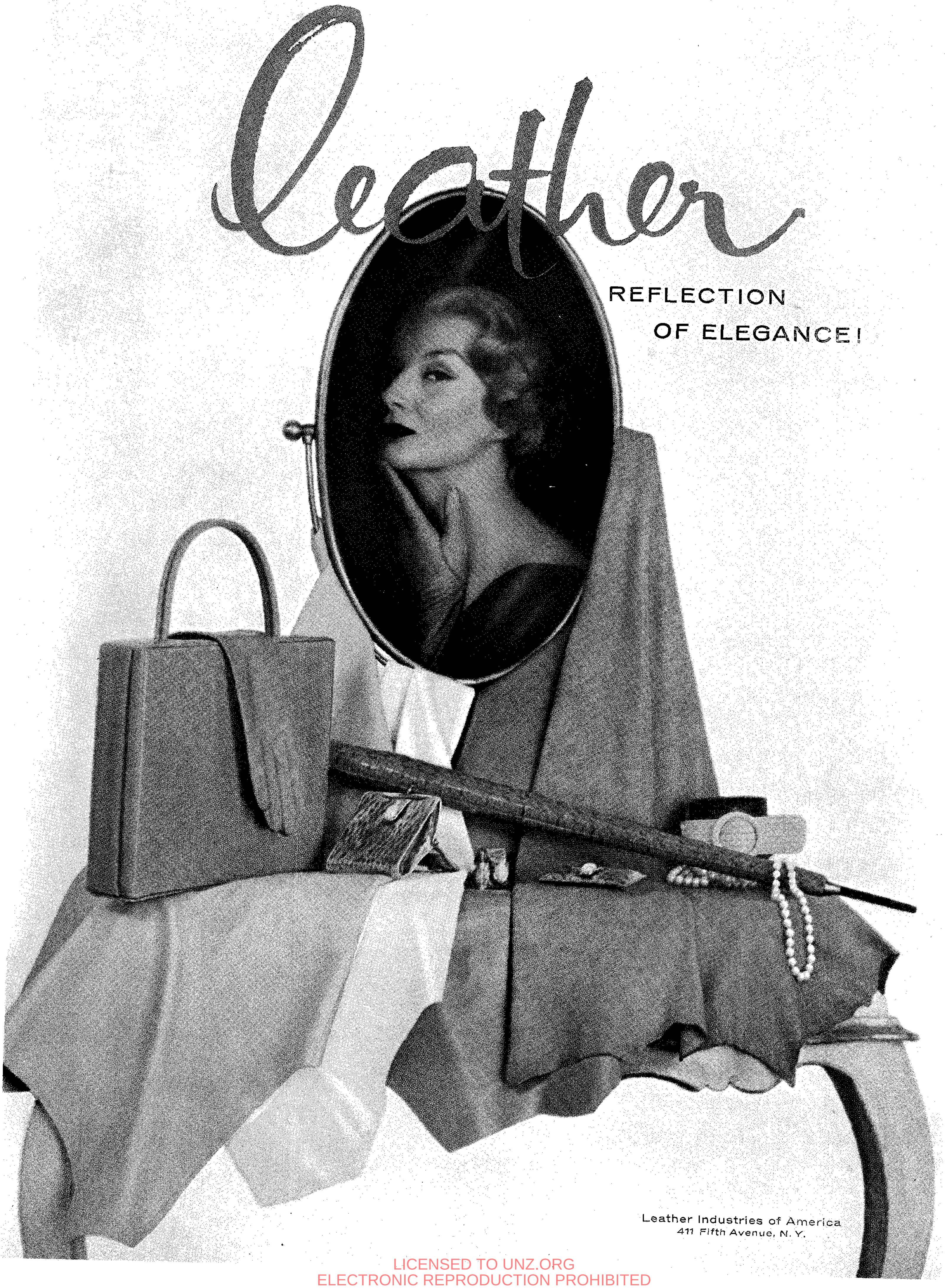
"I don't expect to git," he said.

"What'sa matter?"

He looked back over his shoulder at the room, where there were only eight or ten people left, most of them staggering around in the shadows, looking for a window that wasn't so high. "They'll have to have their quota of customers," he said, "or they might make a search."

"Well, it's your funeral you're planning, not mine," Martha said, and she winked at nobody in particular. Then her little blue eyes suddenly darted another look at her husband. "O.K.," she said, "and I better take a quick gander to see he left out their quota of whiskeytake." With that, she slipped her feet out of her shoes again and padded along behind the counter and into the kitchen, with the old man following her. The banging on the doors couldn't get any louder, but they could have knocked the doors down by this time if they had really been as eager as they made it sound. And we would long since have been locked inside the toilet except that while the Ram and Martha were having their final words, Letitia had put one foot over the sill again and was waiting to say something to her uncle.

"Uncle Louis," she began very solemnly. The Ram's face turned as red as a beet. Not just his face but the top of his head, too, where his sandy hair had got so thin. And, from the quick way he jerked his head around and fixed his eyes on the front door, it seemed as if he hadn't heard the banging over there till now. The truth was he *didn't* want to look at Letitia. But of course he had to, and it couldn't wait. So he sticks out that square chin, narrows his eyes under those blond eye-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brows of his, and gives Letitia the meanest, impatientest look in the world. But it was nothing. The thing that was something was not the expression on *his* face but the one on hers. I won't ever forget it, though I certainly can't describe it. It made me think she was going to thank him from the bottom of her heart or else say how sorry she was about everything, or even ask him if something couldn't be done about hiding those poor athletes of his. I thought most likely it would be something about the athletes, since their being there with him was bound to make a scandal if it got into the newspapers. But in a way what she said was better than any of that. She said, "I don't have any money with me, Uncle Louis. Do you think I ought to have some money?"

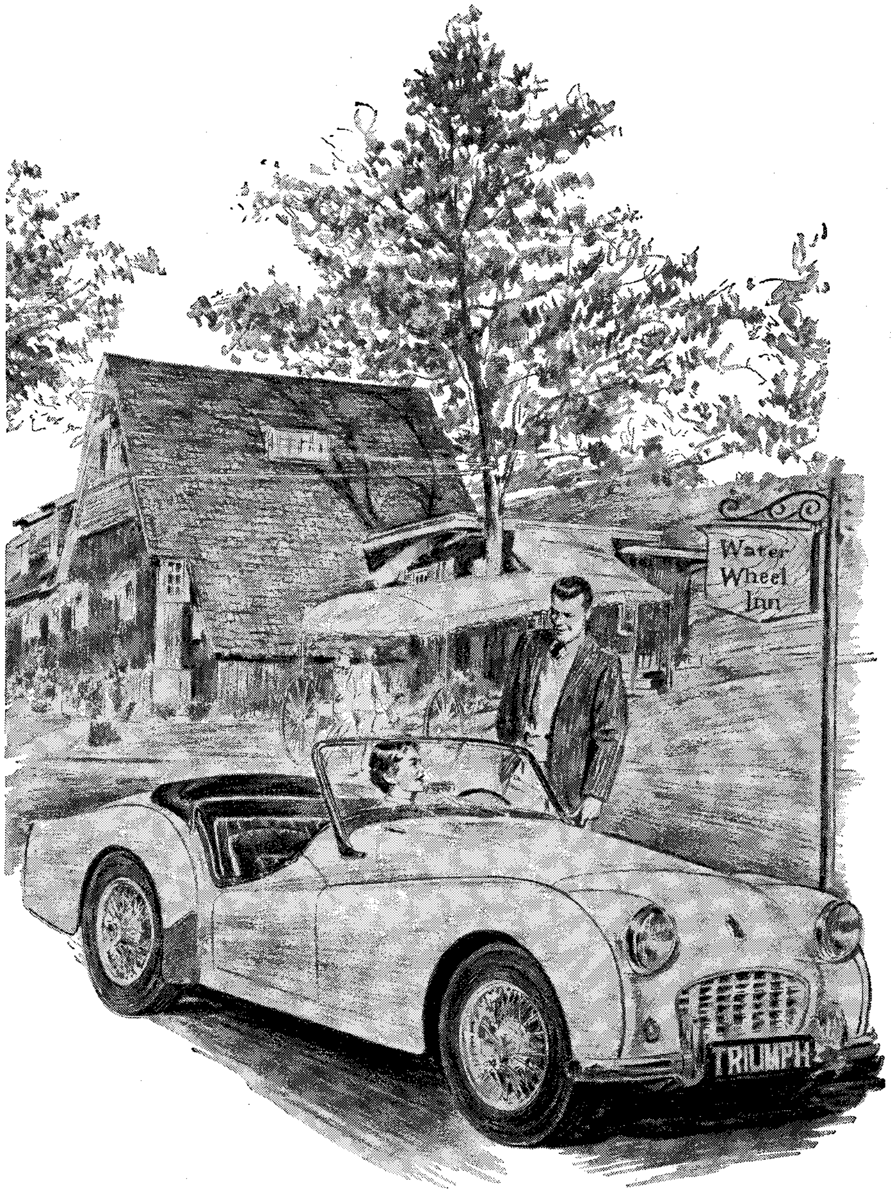
"*Good* girl!" he practically shouted. And the guy actually smiled—the very best, friendliest kind of a smile. He reached down in his pocket and pulled out a couple of five-dollar bills. Letitia took them and stuffed them in the pocket of her jacket. "Good girl," he said again, not quite so loud. He was smiling, and seemed nearly bursting with pride because Letitia had thought of something important that he had overlooked.

"It's going to be all right, isn't it?" she said then.

"Why, sure it is," he said. It was as though the whole raid was something that was happening just to them and concerned nobody else. And now she gave him that look again, and what it showed, and what it had shown before, was nothing on earth but the beautiful confidence she had in him—all because he was an uncle of hers, I suppose.

"Good night, darling," she said. She stepped back into the toilet with the rest of us, and it was every bit as exciting to see as if she had been stepping into a lifeboat and leaving him on a sinking ship. My guess, too, is that when the Ram watched her pulling the door to, he wished he *was* about to go down on a real ship, instead of about to be arrested and taken off with his girl friend and his two athletes to the jail in Thompsonville, the town where he grew up, and then to have it all in the Mero papers and finally lose his job as civics teacher and baseball coach at Westside High. For that, of course, is the way it turned out.

Somebody locked the door and we stood in there in the dark, and then we heard Martha come back and put on her shoes and go to open the front door. But we couldn't hear everything, be-



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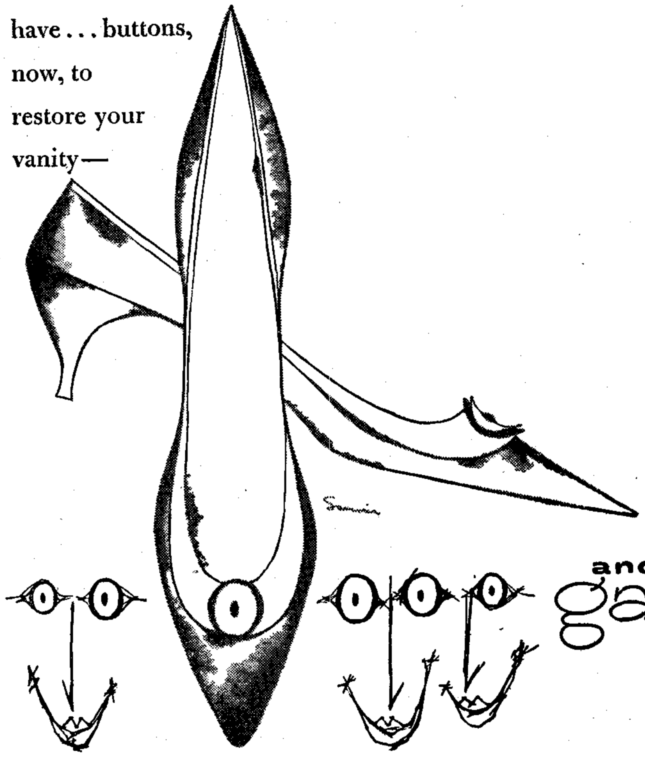

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cause at the first sound of the deputies' voices the two other girls began to shake all over and whimper like little sick animals. Bob and Horst managed to hush them up pretty much, however, and before long I heard a man's voice say, "Well, Lou, haven't *you* played hell?" The man sounded surprised and pleased. "This is too bad, Lou," he said. It was a mean, little-town voice, and you could hear the grudge in it against anybody who had got away even as far as Mero and amounted to even as little as the Ram did. Or that was how I felt it sounded. "That wouldn't be some of your champs over there, would it, Lou?"

Letitia didn't make a sound. She just shivered once, as though a rabbit had run over her grave, or as though, in the awful stink and heat of that airless toilet, she was really cold. It was black as pitch in there, but I was pressed up against Letitia and I felt that shiver go over her. And then, right afterward, I could tell how easily she breathed, how relaxed she was. I wanted to put my arms around her, but I didn't dare—not in a place like that. I didn't dare even think about it twice.

ONCE our door was shut, we never heard the Ram's voice again.

In a very few minutes, the sheriff's men seemed to have got everybody out of the tavern except Martha and her husband. The two girls had stopped all their whimpering and teeth-chattering now, and we heard one of the men—the sheriff himself, I took it—talking to Martha while the others were carrying away whatever whiskey had been left out for them to find.

"Kind of sad about Lou Ramsey," he said, with a little snicker.

"I don't know him," Martha said, cutting things short. "I don't know any of them by their last names. That's your business, not mine."

The man didn't answer for a minute, but when he did, he sounded as though she had hurt his feelings. "You ought to be fair, Mrs. Mayberry," he said, "and not go blaming me for taking in them that just stands around waiting for it." I thought I could tell now that they were both sitting on stools at the counter.

"I don't mind, if he don't mind," she said. "It's his funeral, not mine." And now it sounded as though it was the Ram she was mad at, even more than the man she was talking to.

After a minute, he said, "I never been so hot as tonight."

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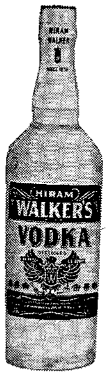
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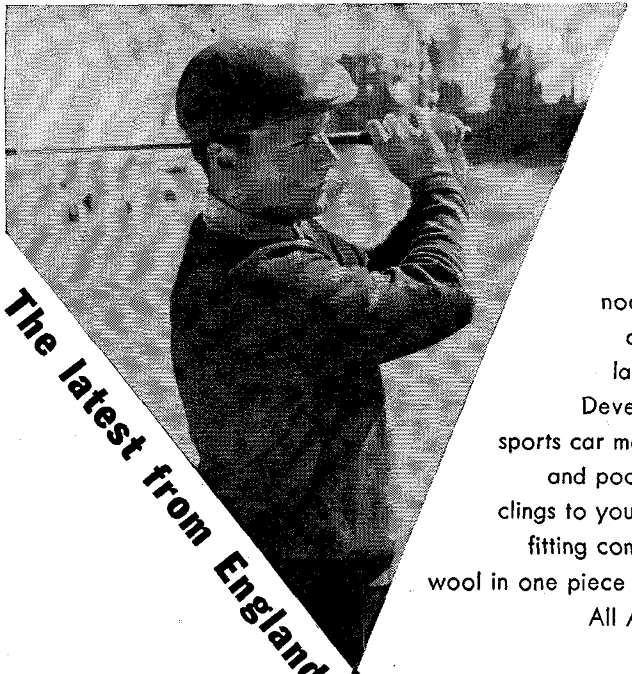

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she said, and slapped her hand down on the counter.

"There's not nobody else around?" he asked her suddenly.

"What are you asking me that for, honey baby?" she said. "You got as many as your little jail will 'most hold."

We heard him laugh, and then neither of them said anything more for a minute. The other men seemed to have made their last trips to the kitchen and back now, and I heard the man with Martha get down off his stool at the counter.

"Well'm," he said, "which one of you cares to make the ride this time?"

"Whichever one you favors," she said.

"You know me," he said. "How's them kids?" And for a second I was just sure he meant us. But then he said, "How you manage to keep 'em quiet enough up there? You put cotton in their ears?" Martha didn't answer him, and finally he said, "What'sa matter with you tonight, Mrs. Mayberry?"

"You wouldn't kid me about something like my kids, would you, Sheriff?" she asked, in a hard voice.

"Like what?"

"Like saying nobody's never told you they was born just as deaf as their daddy, yonder."

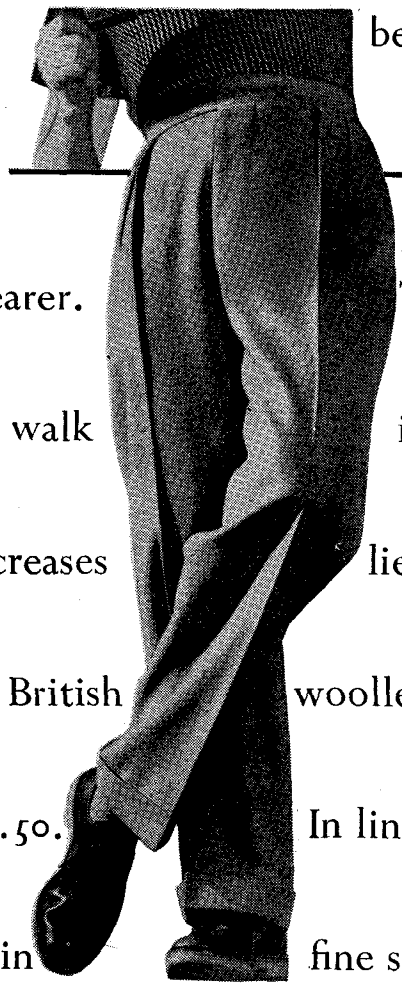
"You don't say, Mrs. Mayberry," he said, sounding out of breath. "Nobody ever told me that, I swear to God. Why, I've seen them two towheads playing around out there in the lot, but nobody said to me they was deaf."

"Can't hear it thunder," she said, and all at once she laughed. Then she let out a long moan, and next thing she was crying.

"Mrs. Mayberry," the sheriff said, "I am sure sorry."

"No," she said, and she stopped crying just as quick as she had begun. "When somebody says they're sorry about it, I say no, it's a blessing. My kids ain't never going to hear the jukebox play all night, and no banging on doors, neither. It's a blessing, I say, all they won't hear, though it's a responsibility to me. But I won't be sitting up wondering where they are, the way you'll likely be doing with your young'uns, Sheriff. It's a blessing the good Lord sends to some people. It's wrong, but it's *something*. It's *something* I got which most people ain't. Till the day they die, they'll be just as true to me as the old man there."

Just then, one of the sheriff's men called him from outside to say they'd better get going, and I couldn't help being glad for the sheriff's sake. "Hell,"



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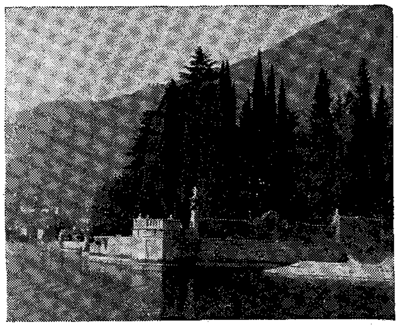

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he said to Martha, "it's too bad, but one of you has to come with me."

I was glad for us, too, because we were about to smother in there and be sick at our stomachs besides. The sheriff went on out then, taking one of the Mayberrys along. Everything was quiet after that, except for the motor of the sheriff's truck starting up. At first, we couldn't even tell for certain whether it was Martha or the old man who had gone with the sheriff. We waited a couple of minutes, and then, from the way the floor was creaking overhead, we knew it was Martha who had stayed. In the excitement, and after her outburst, she had forgotten all about us and had gone tiptoeing upstairs to see about her little deaf children.

All at once, Bob Southard said, "Let's get out of here," and he turned the key. We burst out onto the dance floor, and the first thing my eyes hit on was Martha's two brown loafers on the pine floor at the end of the counter. They were the first thing I saw, and about the only thing for a minute or so, for we stood there nearly blinded by the bright lights, which the sheriff's men had turned on everywhere and which Martha hadn't bothered to turn out.

It was awful seeing everything lit up that way—not just the mess the place was in, which wasn't so bad considering that there had been a raid, but just seeing the place at all in that light. Those stuffed animal heads of the old man's stared at you from everywhere you could turn—dogs, horses, foxes, bulls, even bobcats and some bears, and one lone zebra—leaning out from the walls, so that their glass eyes were shining right down at you. We got out of there just as quick as we could.

The front door was standing wide open. We didn't stop to pull it to after us. We went outside and around the corner toward the parking lot, and when we showed ourselves there, it was the signal for about twenty or thirty people to begin coming out of the woods, where they had been hiding. Some of them came running out, and others kind of wandered out, and at least one came crawling on his hands and knees. With the sky still that nasty gray, we couldn't have seen them at first except for the broad shafts of light that came from the open doorways of the cabins. It was a creepy sight, and the sounds these people made were creepy, too. As they came out of the woods, some of them were arguing, some of them laughing and kidding in a hateful way, and here and there a woman was crying and complaining, as though maybe she had got hurt jumping down from one of those high little windows.

We knew that as soon as they climbed into their old jalopies, there would be a terrific hassel to get out of that parking lot, and so we made a dash for Horst's sedan and all piled into it without caring who sat where or who was whose date. And we were out of that lot and tearing down the road before we even heard a single other motor get started.

All the way to Mero, and then driving around to take everybody home, we just kept quiet except to talk every now and then about Martha and her old husband's children, about how unfair and terrible it seemed for them to be born deaf, and how unfair and terrible it was to bring up children in a place like that. Even then, it seemed to me unnatural for us not to be mentioning what had happened earlier. But I suppose we were thankful at least to have the other thing to talk about. I was sitting in the back seat, and Letitia was sitting up in the front. I watched her shaking her head or nodding now and then when someone else was talking. There was certainly nothing special I could say to her from the back seat. But when we finally got to her house and I took her up to her door, I did make myself say, "We certainly owe your uncle a lot, Letitia."

"Yes, poor darling," she said. "But it's a good thing he was there, isn't it?" That's all she said. The marvellous thing, I thought, was that she didn't seem to hold anything against me.

I WAS away from Mero most of that summer. The first of July, I went down to New Orleans with a friend of mine named Bickford Harris, and he and I got jobs on a freight boat and worked our way over to England and back. We got back on the fourteenth of September, which was only about a week before I had to leave for college. I had seen Letitia at several other parties before we went off to New Orleans, and had called her on the telephone to say goodbye. I sent her a postcard from New Orleans and I sent her three postcards from England. I didn't write her a letter for the same reason that I only telephoned her, instead of asking her for a date or going by to see her, before we left. I didn't want her to think I was trying to make something out of our happening to be put together that night, and didn't want her to think it meant anything special to me. But when we got back in September, I did ask

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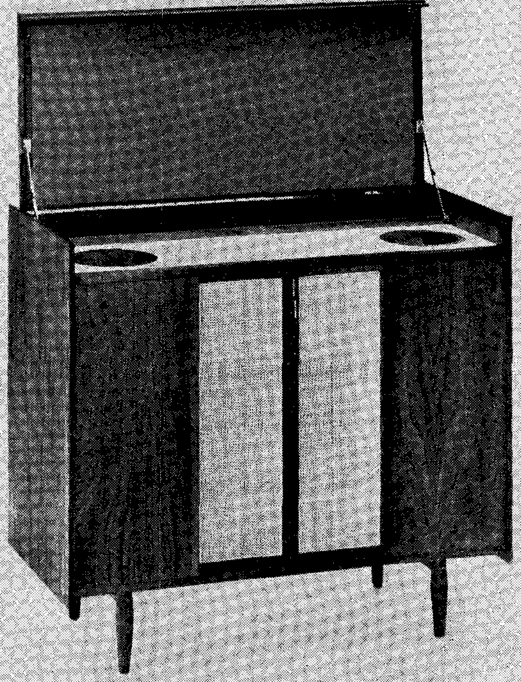

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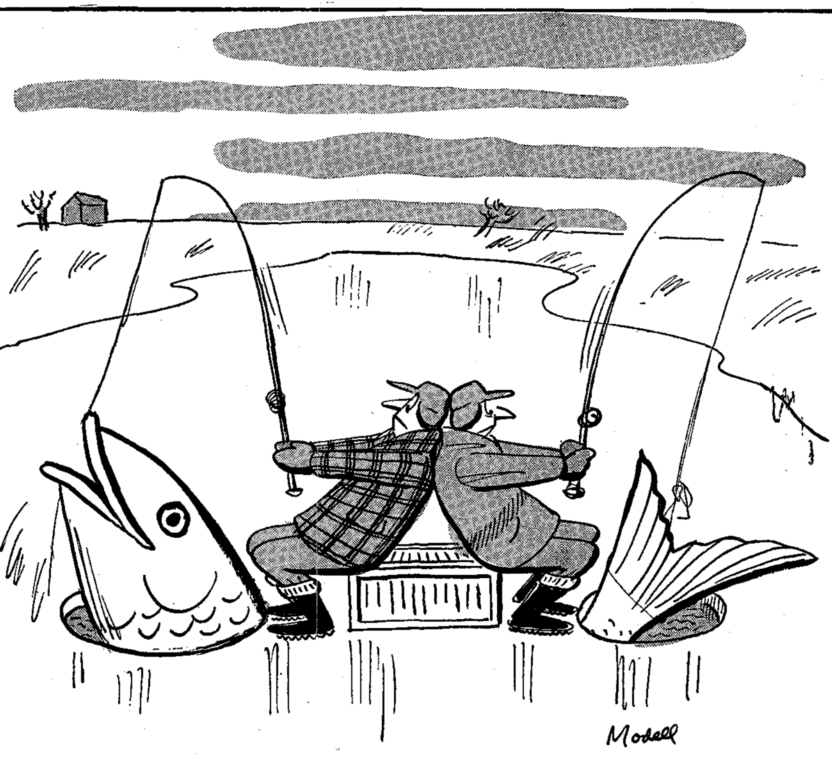

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her for a date, and she gave it to me.

And, of course, Letitia hadn't changed a bit—or only a very little bit. I could tell she hadn't, even when I talked with her on the telephone to make the date. She said she loved my postcards, but that's all she said about them, and it was plain they hadn't made any real impression on her. She told me that she was going to be leaving within a couple of weeks, to go to a finishing school in Washington, D.C., and the next summer she was going to Europe herself, before making her début in the fall. She talked to me about all these plans on the telephone, and I knew that when a girl in Mero begins talking about her plans to make her début, she already has her mind on meeting older guys. That's the "very little bit" I mean she had changed. But she did give me the date—on a Monday night, it was. I was awfully glad about it, yet the minute I walked into her house, I began wishing I had left well enough alone.

For right off the bat I heard her uncle's voice. He was back in the dining room, where they were all still sitting around the table. And I had to go in there and tell them how I'd liked working on a freight boat and how I'd liked England. I also had to shake hands all around, even with the Ram, who was already standing up when I came in, crossly hurrying Letitia's three little brothers to get through with their dinner. When I shook his hand, I could tell from the way he looked at me that he didn't know he had ever seen me before. And suddenly I said to myself, "Why, all he knows about me is that I'm not a Ramsey and I'm not a baseball player."

Most of the time I was in the room, he was still hurrying Letitia's little brothers, under his breath, to finish their dinner. Everyone else had finished, and he was waiting to take her brothers somewhere afterward. I knew what he had been doing since June, when he found out he wouldn't be teaching at the high school in the fall. He had landed a soft daytime job with one of the lumber companies in Mero, which had hired him so that it would have him to manage the company's baseball team. As we were going out through the living room, I heard his voice getting louder and very cross again with the boys, the way it had sounded when I came in. Letitia heard it, too, and only laughed to herself. Outside, when we were walking across the lawn toward my car, she explained that her uncle was taking her little brothers to a night baseball game, in the commercial league, and

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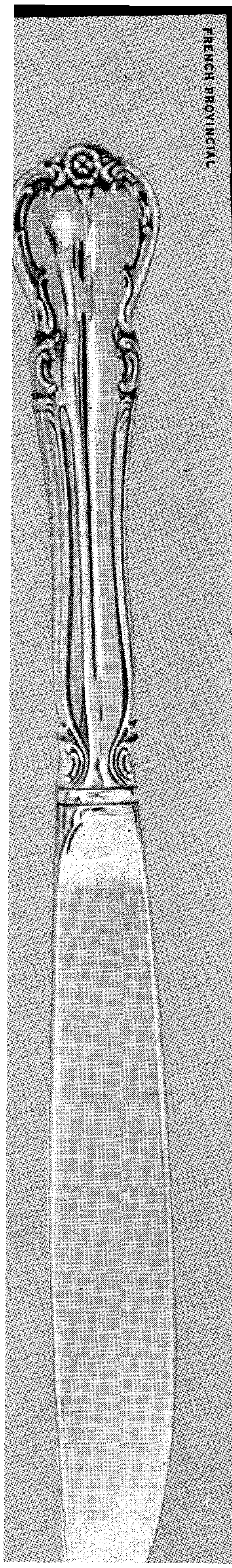

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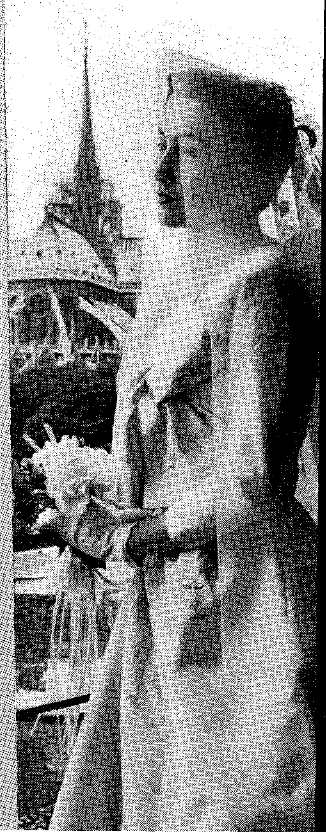

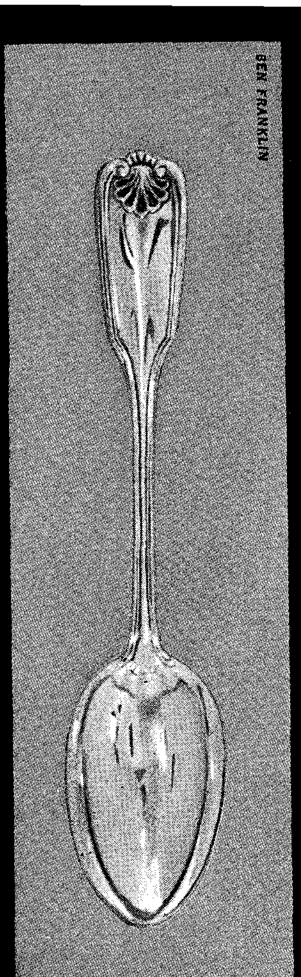

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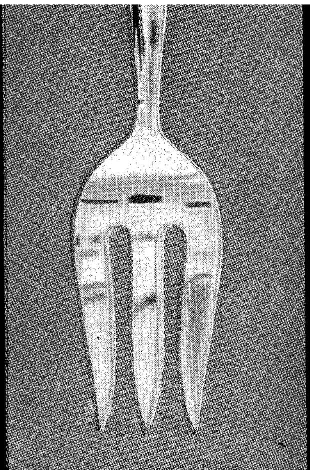
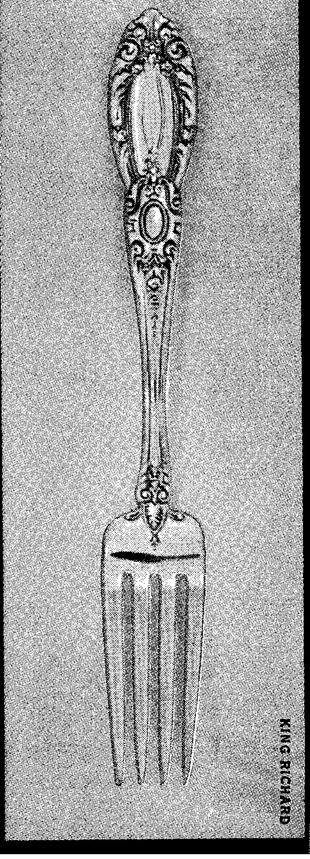


Note the difference in bowls, tines and blades, from one pattern to another. This tip-to-toe design is an important and traditional Towle Touch.



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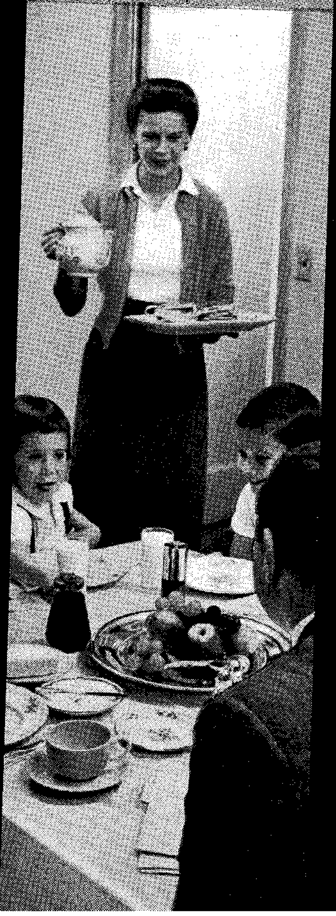

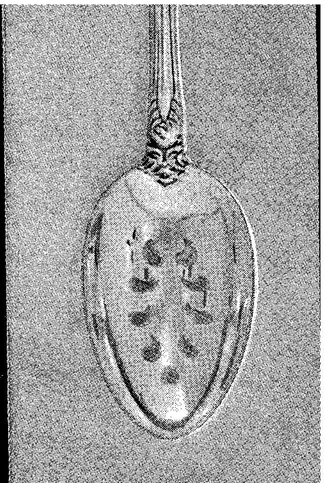

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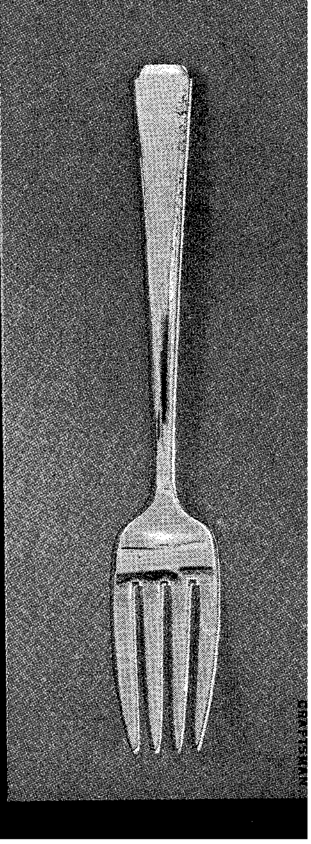

"We enjoyed the s.s. UNITED STATES enormously," say Colonel and Mrs. Leon Mandel. "The service and cuisine were both excellent and one complements the other magnificently." Colonel Mandel is Chairman of the Board of Mandel Brothers Department Store in Chicago.

Mr. Gary Cooper, in Europe for the filming of "Love in the Afternoon," sees Mrs. Cooper and daughter Maria off on the s.s. UNITED STATES. Each stateroom has individual climate-control.

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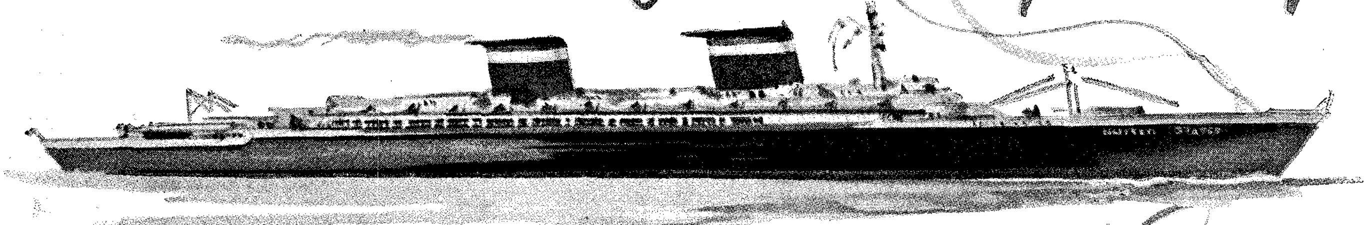

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s.s. America Popular luxury liner—offers extra hours of leisure at sea. Sails from New York Mar. 16, Apr. 6, Apr. 26, May 18, June 7, and regularly thereafter. 5½ days to Cobh, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. *First Class $295 up; Cabin $200 up; Tourist $165 up.*

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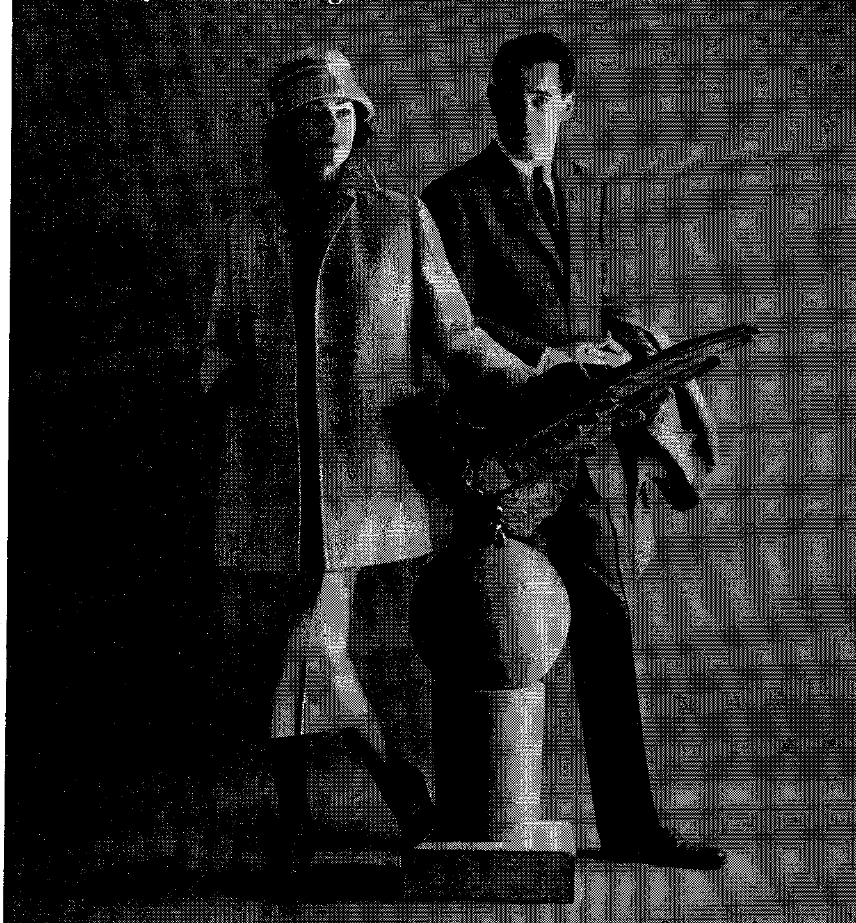
that there was nothing in the world they loved better.

Letitia and I had a nice time that night, I suppose. It was just like other dates we'd had. We ran into some people at the movie, and we all went for a snack somewhere afterward. The thing is I don't pretend that I ever did get to know Letitia Ramsey awfully well. As I have said, it was only by chance that she and I were put together for Nancy O'Connor's dance that year. We simply ran with the same crowd, and in our crowd the boys all knew that they would be going to college (or hoped so), and the girls that they would be going off to finishing school, up East or in Virginia, for a year or two and then be making their débuts, and so we tended not to get too serious about each other. It wasn't a good idea, that's all, because it could break up your plans and your family's. The most that usually happened was some terrific crushes and, naturally, some pretty heavy necking that went along with the crushes. But there was never even anything like that between Letitia and me. I never felt that I knew her half as well as I did several of her friends that I had even fewer dates with.

Still, I do know certain things from that evening at Aunt Martha's Tavern. I know how Letitia looked at an uncle who never had—and never has yet—amounted to anything. And I know now that while I watched her looking at him, I was really wishing that I knew how to make a girl like her look at me that trusting way, instead of the way she had been looking at me earlier. It almost made me wish that I was one of the big, common fellows at Westside High who slipped off and got married to one of the public-school girls in their class and then told the teachers and the principal about it, like a big joke, after they'd got their diplomas on graduation night. But the point is I *didn't* know how to make a girl like her look at me that way. And the question is why *didn't* I know how?

Usually, I tell myself that I didn't because I was such a worrier and that I wouldn't have been such a worrier if there hadn't been a depression, or if I had known a war was going to come along and solve everything. But I'm not sure. Once, during the war, I told this to a guy who, being older than I am, didn't grow up during the depression and who didn't come from the kind of people that I do. He only laughed at me and said he wanted to hear more about those other good times we were having that year. I pointed out that those other



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good times weren't the point and that a girl like Letitia Ramsey was something else again. "Yeah," he said, looking rather unfriendly. "That's how all you guys like to talk."

But the worst part, really, is what it's like when you see someone like Letitia nowadays. She may be married to a guy whose family money is in downtown real estate and who has never had a doubt in his life, or maybe to some guy working on commission and drinking himself to death. It doesn't matter which. If it is a girl like Letitia who's married to him, he's part of her family now, and all men outside her family are jokes to her. And she and this fellow will have three or four half-grown children, whom nobody can believe she is really the mother of, since she looks so young. Well, the worst part is when you are back home visiting and meet her at a dinner party, and she tells you before the whole table how she was once on the verge of being head over heels in love with you and you wouldn't give her a tumble. It's always said as a big joke, of course, and everyone laughs. But she goes on and on about it, as though it was really something that had been worrying her. And the more everybody laughs, the more she makes of it and strings it out. And, of course, what it shows, more than any number of half-grown children could ever do, is how old she is getting to be. She says that you always seemed to have your mind on other things and that she doesn't know yet whether it was higher things or lower things. Everyone keeps on laughing until, finally, she pretends to look very serious and says that it is all right for them to laugh but that it wasn't funny at the time. Her kidding, of course, is a big success, and it's all right. But all I ever want to say—and don't ever say—is that as far as I am concerned, it isn't one bit funnier now than it was then.

—PETER TAYLOR

•

What is it like to be a midget, 35 years old and three feet tall, with a five-year-old daughter who already towers almost two feet taller than you?—*Press release from Guild Films Company.*

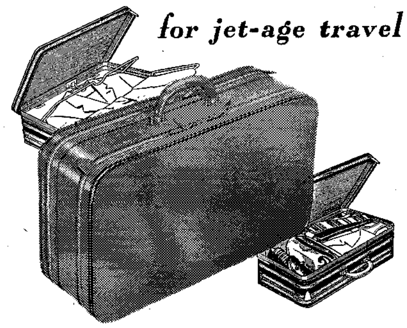
For that matter, what is it like to be five years old and five feet tall?

•

WE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD DEPT.
(LIFE OF THE SPIRIT DIVISION)

[*From a list of books published during a recent week*]

Stefansson: THE FAT OF THE LAND (enlarged edition of NOT BY BREAD ALONE)



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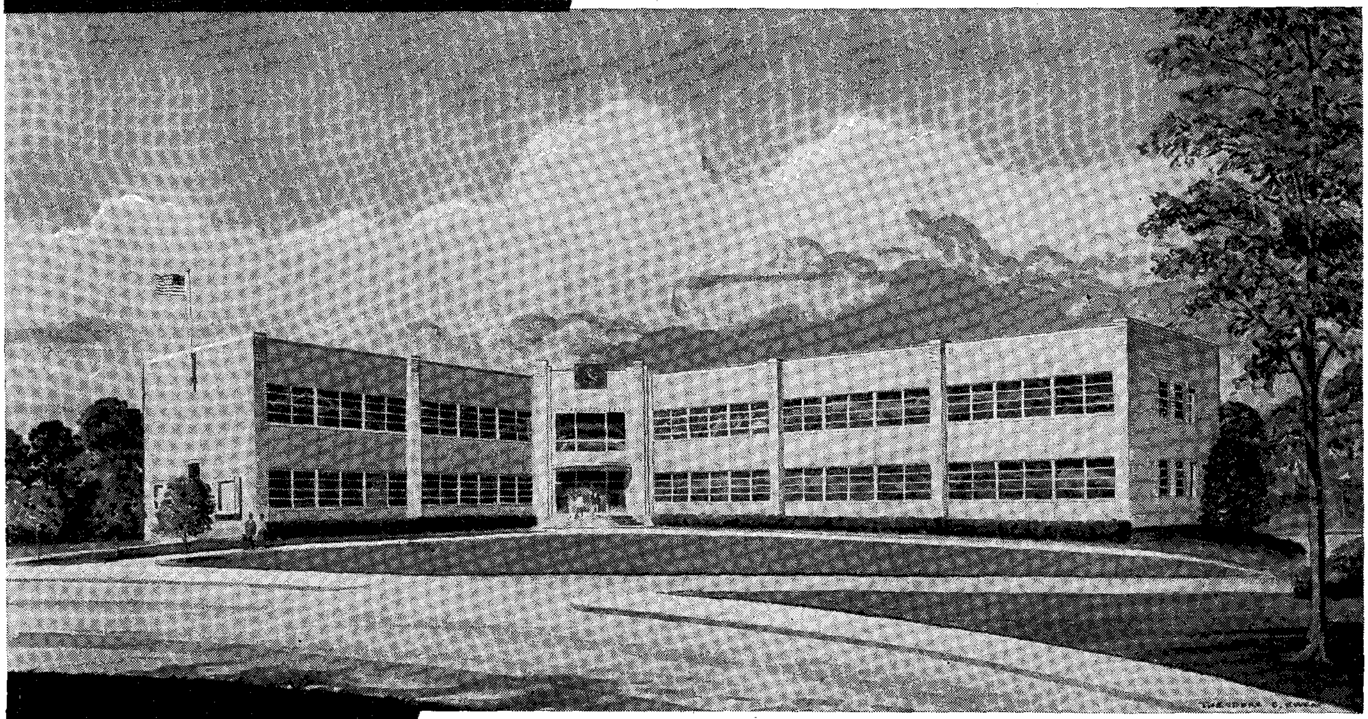

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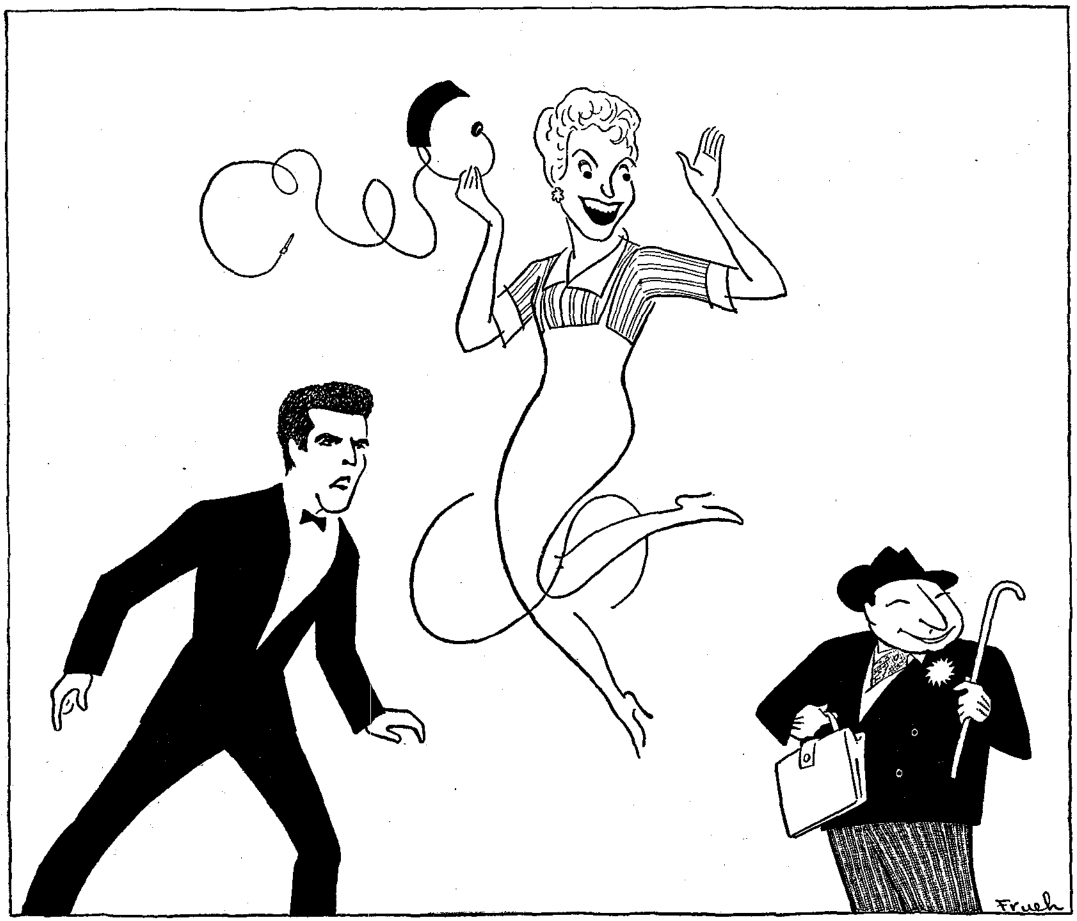
THE THEATRE

LOW JINKS IN WESTPORT

ALMOST every other line in “The Tunnel of Love,” Joseph Fields’ and Peter De Vries’ adaptation of a novel by Mr. De Vries, is a gag, and usually a reasonably skillful one; the plot, which is concerned with sexual misbehavior in the artistic colony in Westport, Connecticut, is, I suppose, sufficiently ingenious; and the performances, especially that given by Tom Ewell in the leading role, are professional and attractive. In spite of these virtues, however, I found the entertainment at the Royale only mildly and intermittently diverting. My principal objection, I think, is that the jokes, though abundant and pointed, are almost wholly lacking in the style and urbanity, the extra precision and felicity of expression, that raise humor to the much different and far more difficult level of wit. The characters in “The Tunnel of Love” are accomplished funnymen; they are not, God help me, the sort of conversationalists I would deliberately subject myself to in life, and after the first half hour or so they have their serious drawbacks in the theatre, too.

My second complaint has to do with my inability to grasp the authors’ exact intention. Apparently, we are asked to contemplate an abnormally sophisticated community, where casual adulteries are barely worth a quip at cocktail time. Actually, however, the society disclosed is naïve beyond any in my experience, preoccupied with sex to a degree that would be astonishing in the inhabitants of a college dormitory, and given to discussing it with nervous hilarity, not unmixed with horror, to the exclusion of nearly every other topic in the world. This attitude has its comic aspects (an arch-seducer, whose campaigns have laid waste most of the adjacent countryside, is quite touching in his boyish pride and innocent singleness of purpose), but I felt some doubt as to whether Mr. De Vries and Mr. Fields meant to expose Westport as a suburb of Gomorrah or to satirize it as a retreat for delayed adolescents. I was left, in any case, with little wish to live there. My final criticism of “The Tunnel of Love” can be set down very briefly. In spite of the generally literate quality of the dialogue, the play is not, I’m afraid, a notably fastidious one.

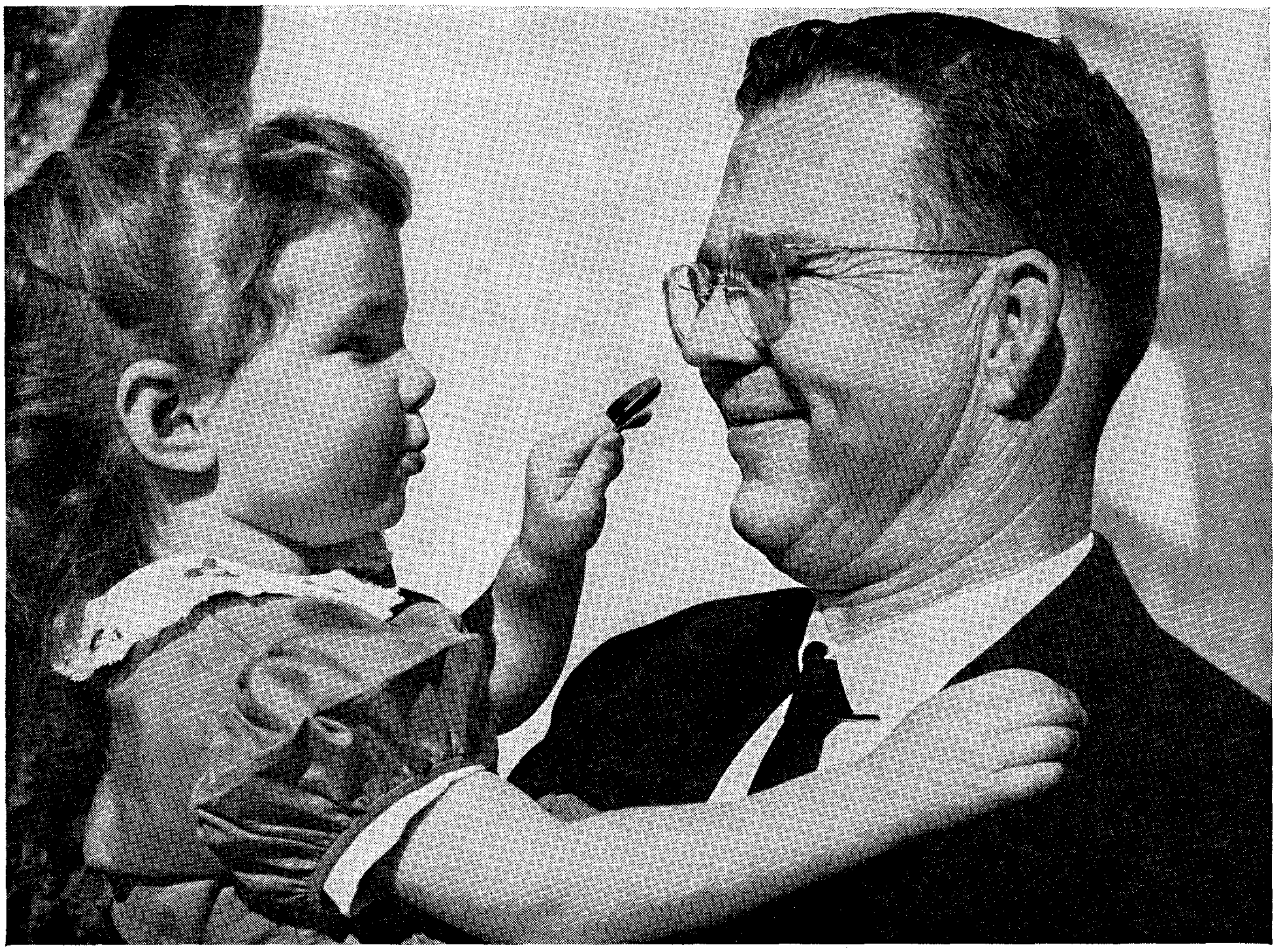
Mr. Ewell is cast as a man who, failing to achieve fatherhood at home, achieves it abroad, with the lively coöperation of a lady from an adoption agency. His dilemma, like the one he faced in “The Seven Year Itch,” is, of course, the impossible one of concealing his extramural activities from his wife, and the terrible anxiety and even more dreadful gaiety that the practice of this deception causes him to display are wonderful to watch. The other members of the cast are Nancy Olson, who plays his wife with enormous charm; Darren McGavin, as a kind of Westport Frank Harris; Elisabeth Fraser, as his perpetually pregnant mate; and Sylvia Daneel and Elizabeth Wilson, as a pair of social workers with conflicting ideas about their professional duties. Ralph Alswang’s setting makes Westport look a good deal more cheerful than it sounds, and Mr. Fields’ direction is commendably brisk.



“BELLS ARE RINGING”

The bouncy blonde here is Judy Holliday, who works for a telephone-answering service in the musical at the Shubert. Her clean-cut companion is Sydney Chaplin, and the little man with the accessories is Eddie Lawrence.

INSOFAR as it can be classified at all, “Holiday for Lovers,” by Ronald Alexander, might be described as an oblique form of travel advertising. The central characters, a



Warren Buell

His child—like yours—came into the world owing $1,625

"You know how you always want your children to have it a little better than you did? It's a normal and natural desire.

"Yet I wonder, sometimes, if we aren't short-changing the generations coming up when I see how we're running the national 'store.'

"Back in 1915 our national debt amounted to $11.84 per person. Today your child comes into the world owing $1,625.

"Private debt is ballooning, too—from 154 to nearly 450 billions since 1945.

"What about inflation? Measured by what a dollar bought in 1945, a 1956 dollar was worth only 67 cents.

"Our annual tax bill is something, too. Today, one out of every four days you work goes for taxes.

"Sure we have to pay for wars we've fought. And America's responsibilities as a world citizen are very expensive.

"And in spite of all I've said, we're all living better than ever.

"But part of this increased standard of living is being bought on the installment plan. The average American family today owes 13.6% of its annual income for things it has bought on credit—compared to 6.8% in 1948.

"So it seems to me that all of us might be doing those future generations a real service by taking a long and careful look down the road we're traveling."

* * *

Warren Buell's concern for the future begins at home: he has two daughters.

As a United States citizen and a Supervisor of Economics for Union Oil, he has a right to be concerned about the future.

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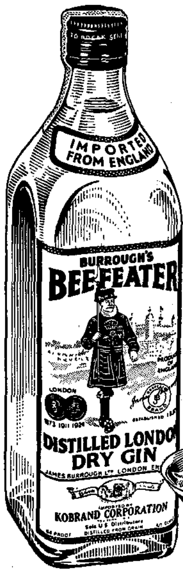

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BEEFEATER GIN
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94 Proof, Distilled from Grain

Minnesota businessman and his wife, take a trip to Europe, and the effect on them is on the whole extremely beneficial, teaching them to appreciate celebrated ruins and picturesque scenery, developing in them a reluctant tolerance for persons who make their living by playing the piano or painting abstract pictures, improving their command of languages to such an extent that they can order a cup of coffee in practically any tongue, and even bringing them closer to one another and to their two daughters, in a final scene as sticky as Major's Cement. Mr. Alexander's approach to his theme is dauntlessly provincial, recalling in spirit, if not precisely in execution, Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad," and the fact that his play succeeded in getting produced, in a New York theatre and at a time in history when the quaintness of European ways is regarded as a somewhat debatable topic for humor, is a formidable mystery. There are hundreds and hundreds of little jokes in "Holiday for Lovers," but only one that lifted me even momentarily from my horrid gloom. This is entrusted to a blustering fellow-tourist who frequently finds his wife something of a trial. "She is the kind of dame," he remarks, "that when you say, 'Good morning,' all she can say is 'My God, do you have to start all that again?' " It shines like a star, but I suspect it's not enough.

The actors who have been trapped in this grim charade include Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews, and if their assignments don't permit them to arouse much merriment, their courageous poise in the face of obvious disaster stirred me to deep pity and admiration. John Robert Lloyd's four sets, representing hotel rooms in New York, Paris, Seville, and Rome, are, I should say, repellent beyond the strict requirements of art, and Shepard Traube's direction, which, among other things, condones some remarkably slipshod diction even among the theoretically cultivated members of the company, is not much help, either.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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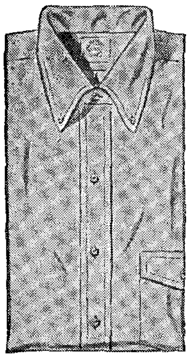
8. NOTICE OF CHANGE TO AR 670-5

a. The following notice of change to AR 670-5, 20 Sep 56, subj: "Uniform and Insignia—Male Personnel," recently distributed, has been received.

"That portion of paragraph 73b which reads 'Feature of shirt is square *buttons*' should read 'Feature of shirt is square *bottoms*.' "—*Bulletin, Headquarters, Fort Jackson, S.C.*

We liked it better the other way.

THE J. PRESS SHIRT



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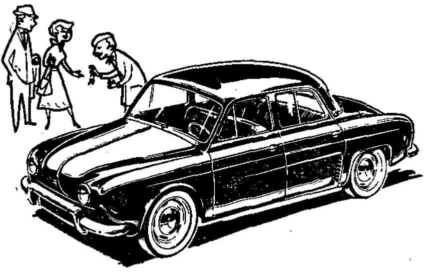

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THE MAMMOTH

The hulking mammoth steering
through the clearing

treads heavy-footed, tall;
the green wood's all

aglitter, flecks of sunlight
gleam, lying bright

as minted gold or glass
along the grass

the mammoth stalks. He moves
as it behooves

a wintry beast undone
with northward sun,

beset by too much spring—
huge, lumbering,

and slow. Wearing strangeness
and his winter dress,

a woeful, alien beast,
he eyes with priest-

sad look in either eye
the burning sky,

the altered earth, and sees
through snow-filled trees

the icecap continent
of his intent.

And so the mammoth goes,
clumsy with woes,

shaggy, northward in search
of icebound birch

and pine, the glacial earth
that shaped his birth.

And if the mammoth chose
the polar snows,

and sank in gleaming mud
that glassed his blood

and froze his stride to stone,
crystal, alone,

or laid his hairy flank
against a bank

of sedgeless ice, and slept,
at least he kept

a faith learned at the knees
of ancient trees,

and found an icy range
beyond all change.

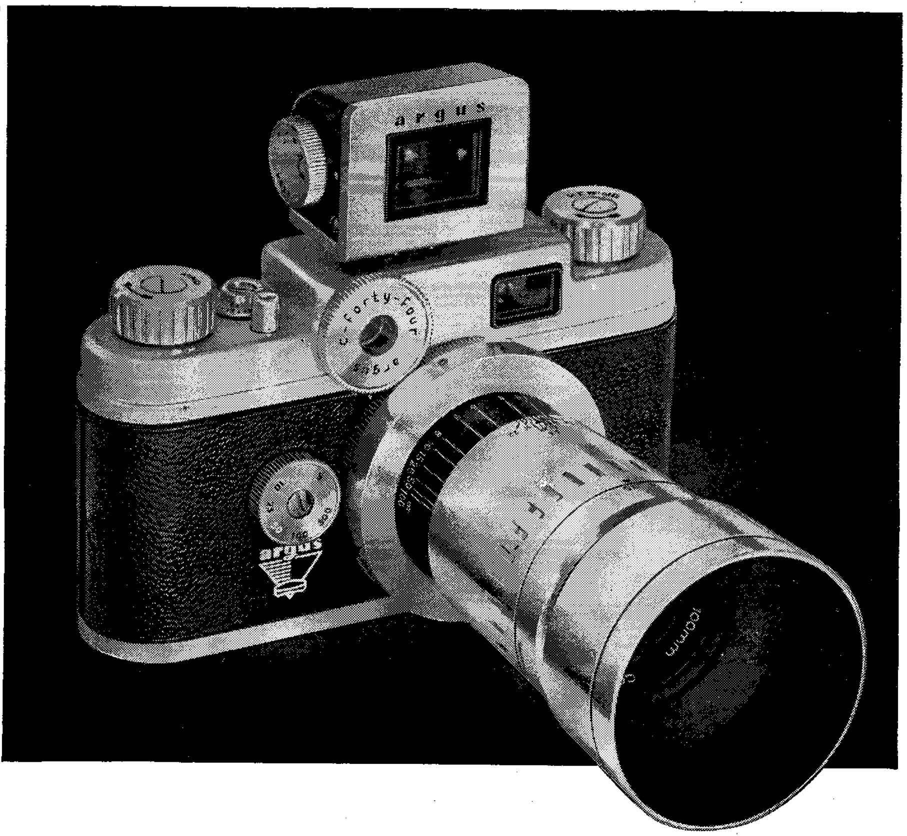
And if the bright-green wood
the mammoth stood

strange in, once, remains, know
all green woods go:

the moving ice will descend
again to end

our lands of green and sun.
All deaths are one.

—Robert A. Wallace



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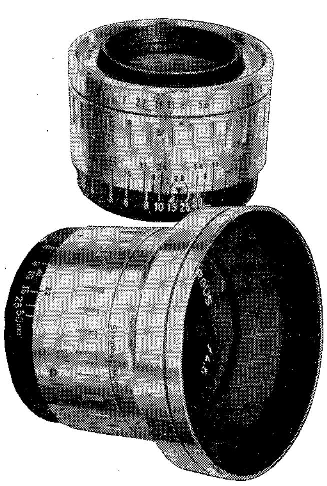

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THE RACE TRACK

Back to Bowie

THE opening of Jamaica is still a long way off, so I went down to Maryland early last week for the opening of Bowie, and it was certainly a pleasure to watch horses run again. The sun shone brightly, the racing was spirited, and the finishes were close—especially the finish of the Abraham Lincoln Stakes, which Weeper's Boy, a 20-to-1 shot or thereabouts, won by inches from Kinda Smart and Mr. Turf. What more could one ask?

The reason Bowie was off to such an early start—the earliest ever for a Maryland racecourse—is that Don Lillis, its president, prefers to avoid competition from other tracks and is willing to take a chance on the weather. Of course, a blizzard could hold up racing, and so could a sharp cold spell after a heavy rain, since horses can't gallop on frozen ground, but I'd say that he has made a good gamble. In any case, Bowie's patrons won't have to wrap themselves up in newspapers to keep warm, as I've sometimes seen racegoers do, for blower-type heaters have been installed in the grandstand and the clubhouse, and the floor of the grandstand has been resurfaced with an asphalt compound that retains warmth. Well, the Bowie meeting will continue through March 30th, and so far so good: more than twelve thousand enthusiasts came out for the opening, which was nice going, and on Saturday eighteen thousand turned up, and bet almost a million and a quarter in the tote, which wasn't bad, either.

THE obvious excuse to make for Bold Ruler, who was beaten by Gen. Duke in the Everglades Stakes at Hialeah last Saturday, is that he worked out too fast a few mornings before; as horsemen put it, he left his race on the track. It's something that has happened to many other topnotchers—so many that if I were to start giving examples I could go on for days. In his workout, Bold Ruler went a mile in 1:35. This is extraordinary time—the clockers were flabbergasted, and no wonder, for not many horses have made it in a race, let alone in a trial—and there's no telling how much the effort took out of him. Also, it has been pointed out that in the Everglades Bold Ruler carried twelve pounds more than Gen. Duke, but then they met at exactly these weights in the Bahamas Stakes last month and Bold Ruler won by four and a half lengths. Of course, the Bahamas was at seven furlongs and the Everglades at a mile and a furlong.

In any event, the Everglades was an exciting race, and I was sitting on the edge of my chair as I watched it on television. For more than three-quarters of the way, Bold Ruler seemed to be merely galloping, and he looked the winner even when Gen. Duke made his first challenge, in the stretch. Then, in the last half furlong, Bold Ruler weakened, and that was that. I am a pushover for horses trained by Jim Fitzsimmons, including Bold Ruler, and instead of hastening to put the colt down as no more than a brilliant miler (he is that, to be sure; he ran the first mile of the Everglades in $1:34\frac{3}{5}$), I'm giving him another chance in the Flamingo Stakes a week from Saturday. As for Gen. Duke, it is a little too early to assess his true quality, but he has clearly been getting better and better, and the fact that Hartack chose to ride him last Saturday, rather than Iron Liege, the other Calumet Farm entry, who finished third, suggests that he is well fancied by his stable. The Flamingo should be a good test for him, since in that one he won't have any advantage in the weights.

SO many of the better horses have dropped out of the Santa Anita Handicap that one guess about the big race in California this weekend is bound to be as bad as another. The Widener at Hialeah is a much easier proposition. I'm looking no farther than Summer Tan.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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Well, Trotsky said "Food is a weapon." Who knows? Maybe liquor is.

•

Even though this gentleman's first name is Claude, he is not to be confused with the Chilean pianist. This fanciful, well-written work shows him to be a composer worth nothing.—*Saturday Review.*

So much for Claude.

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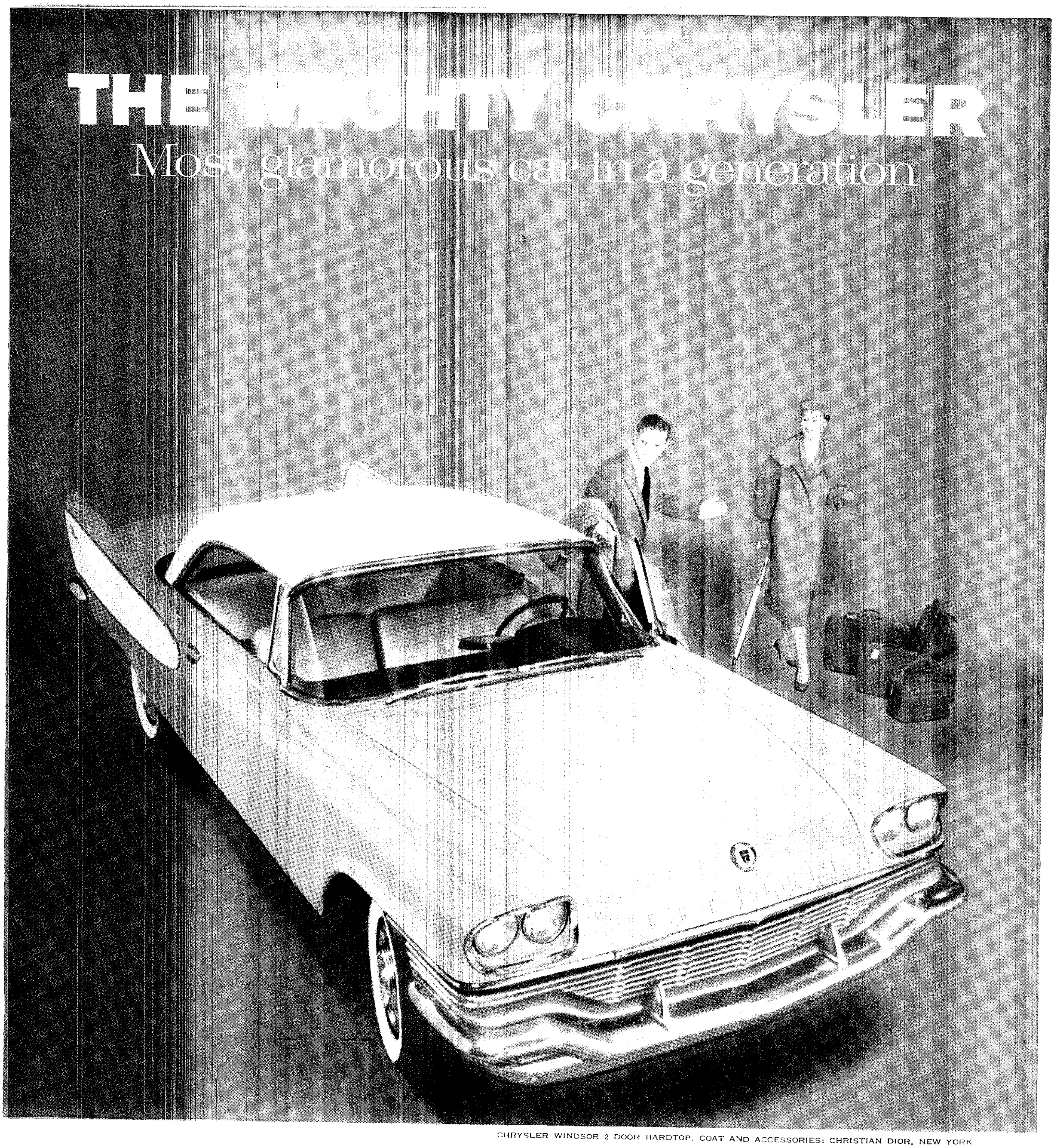

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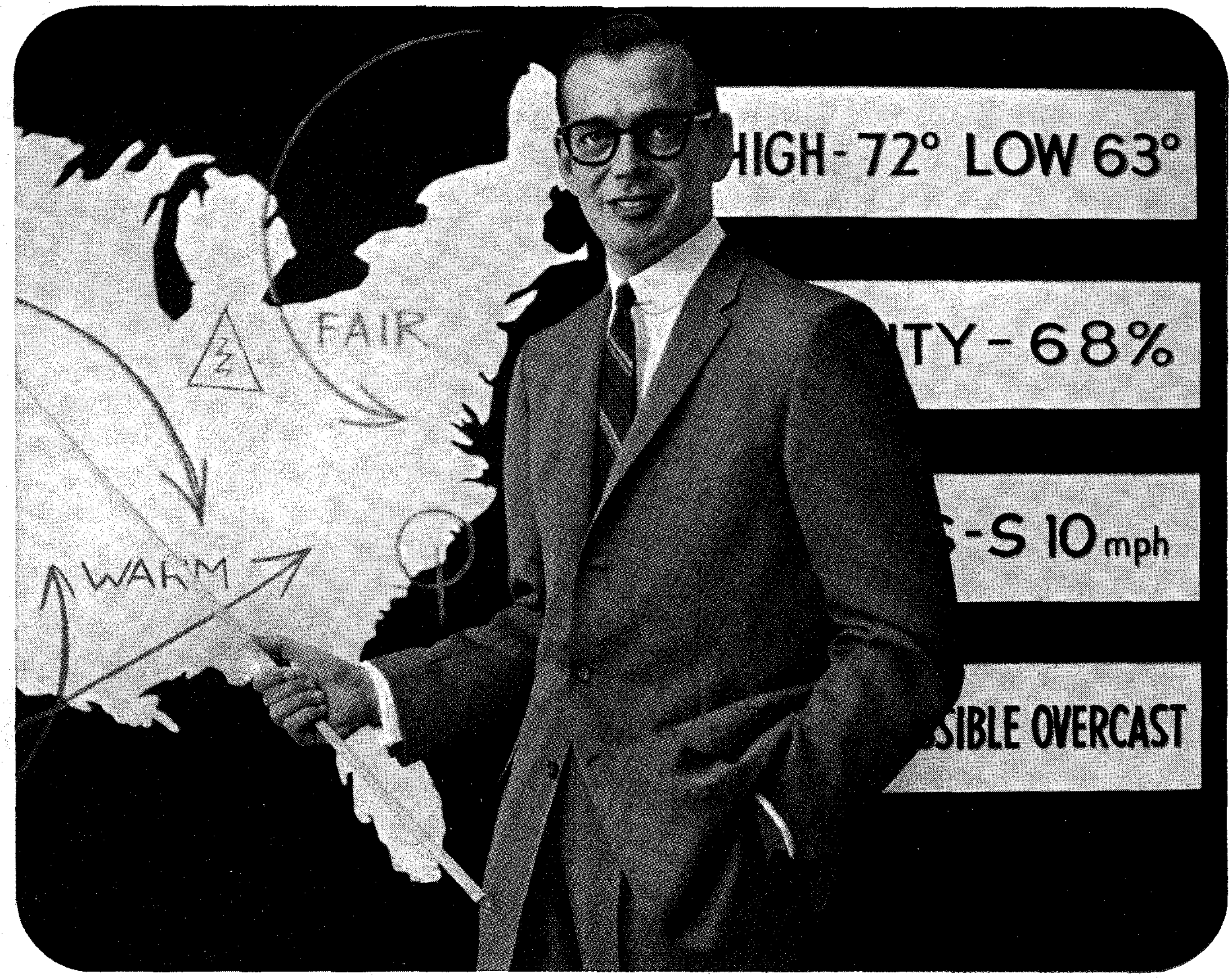

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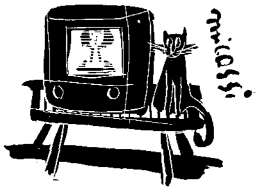
PORTRAIT OF A NUN

IT was Holy Year, 1925, and I was on my way to Rome. Although I am a Catholic, I was not making a very serious pilgrimage; I simply wanted to visit the city. I had stopped over in Vienna to see my aunt, who had been a nun for fifty years in the Convent of the Holy Blood. As I walked blithely down the Ringstrasse, en route to the convent, with the sun of a May morning shining through the blossoming chestnut trees, I thought of how much better off I was now than when I had lived in Europe. I was born in Munich, and spent my boyhood there. My parents died when I was a child, and shortly before the First World War, when I was about sixteen and almost penniless, I came to America. In New York, I held a variety of jobs, beginning as a waiter, and patiently saved my money, hoping for the time when I could afford a trip to my homeland. In Vienna, where a dollar went far, I was staying at the Grand Hotel, in a room that had not only a modern bath but a balcony.

After a while, I turned off the Ringstrasse onto a side street and started looking for the convent, which was No. 704. Presently I found it, a dreary old building standing among quaint little houses, which looked as they must have in Schubert's time. In the door of the convent were an iron ring and a little window, and there was a small bell to one side. Going up, I rang the bell. The little window opened, and a lay sister's head emerged. "What do you wish?" she asked.



I told her, and she withdrew, closing the window. A few minutes later, the door swung open slowly on creaking hinges. The lay sister showed me into a small, neat room with three straight chairs and an old oak table. On one of the clean white walls a crucifix hung. Below it, on the table, was a sky-blue vase of spring flowers. The recessed window had crisp white curtains, and a geranium pot on the sill. In a moment, a tall, stern-looking woman, who I assumed was the Mother Superior, walked into the room. "I bid you welcome," she said, without smiling. "Your aunt will be very glad to see you. She will be here shortly." Then she left me.

And then my aunt came. Her habit, with its severe coif, was worn and faded. Her rosary hung at her side, and its cross bounced at every step. I saw on one thin old hand the ring that signified her marriage to the Church. She embraced me warmly. "My little Gustl, my little Gustl," she said over and over. It was the pet name my mother had called me. I had not heard it in years. "I am so glad you came," she went on as she wiped away tears. "To think I have not seen you for so many years. I think so much about you and poor George—God rest his soul. I pray for him and for you daily." George was my father.

"Can you spend the day with me tomorrow, *Tante*?" I asked. "I am not here for very long, and I so hope you can."

"Yes." She beamed on me. "When you wrote you were coming, I saved all my work coupons. When we do so much work, we get an hour to do with as we like. I have been saving my coupons for a long time. How I have looked forward to your coming!"

"I'm so glad," I said. "Now, will you show me around your home—around the convent?"

"Of course."

We walked slowly through the halls and out into the garden behind the convent, where the nuns had built a grotto resembling that of Lourdes. I exclaimed at its beauty.

"Now come and see my workshop," *Tante* said. She took me back into the convent and through a labyrinth of corridors to the laundry. An old round black pot of a stove stood there, with four irons resting on top of it. My heart sank.

"Is this your work?" I demanded. "But you are seventy. That is not young. Why do they make you work so hard? It isn't right."

She smiled serenely. "No, Gustl, no. I want to work. As long as I do, I may have a cell of my own, my own place. Otherwise, if I did not work, they would send me to the Mother House for old nuns. There they sleep in a dormitory, and many of them snore. A lot of old women! I would not like that." She shook her head emphatically and, for a moment, seemed much younger. "I want my own room, so I shall stay here as long as I can. I am useful here. That is the great thing, to have work to do. My task is to iron all the altar cloths. It is an honor."

Leaving the laundry, we went to the chapel that was attached to the convent. The murals there, my aunt told me, had all been done by the sisters. "Did Moth-

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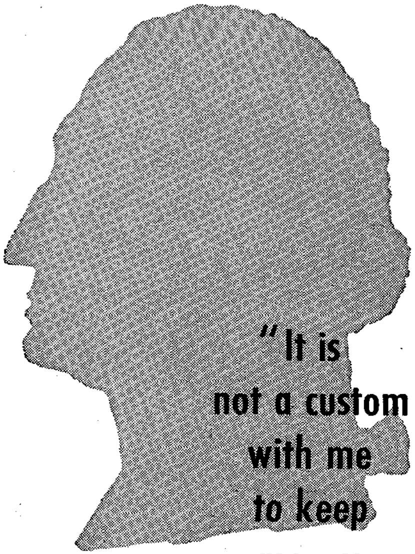

"It is not a custom with me to keep money to look at"

Those words from a letter that George Washington wrote to his brother-in-law in 1780 stand as one more example of his wisdom.

He knew what it took to maintain Mount Vernon and to provide for Martha in case anything happened to him.

But he also knew that his extra money could make more money if he invested it wisely—which certainly helps to explain why he lived and died a wealthy man.

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er Superior ask you for a gift for the chapel?" *Tante* asked.

"No," I said.

"She will tomorrow," *Tante* predicted. "She is always getting money to make the place bigger."

I did not comment. "We meet tomorrow," I reminded her presently, as I said goodbye. "I will call for you early."

My aunt had the whole day, from nine-thirty to five-thirty. I wondered how many hours of work that time represented. She met me at the door of the convent. There was a light in her face, and her step was sprightly. "It is enough that you come to see an old woman, Gustl," she said. "But to spend the day with you! What joy! It is beyond what I have dreamed of."

We walked along the street, under the chestnut trees, sniffing the sweet air. "First, we must go to Mass at St. Stephen's," *Tante* said.

"Oh, no," I protested. "Must we? We have so little time."

"It will not be long," she said gently. "Come."

In a few minutes, we entered St. Stephen's Cathedral, the famous church of the royal house of Austria, where all the emperors were crowned. "Only when the Emperor came did they open the front doors," my aunt said. "There was a special service then."

We knelt in one of the back pews, and my aunt prayed intently, as if for some special favor. The bell at the high altar rang faintly, and I knew the Mass was nearly over. At the cathedral door, my aunt sprinkled me with holy water from the font, as though I were the little boy of so many years ago. I crossed myself, and we went out again into the spring sunshine.

Joining the promenade up the Kärntnerstrasse, the Fifth Avenue of Vienna, we window-shopped for a long time, and reminisced of family matters, and toward noon we reached the Grand Hotel.

As we went inside, I suggested that we have lunch in the hotel dining room. My aunt's face clouded. "No, Gustl," she said sadly. "Times have changed. Since the war, a great many people do not approve of convents and monasteries, and we in religious orders must go carefully. It would be best to avoid such a thing."

So we went upstairs to my room. There I pushed open the French windows leading to the balcony, which overlooked the Ringstrasse.

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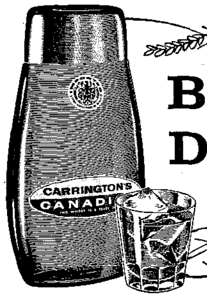

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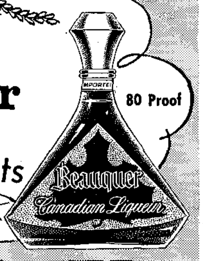

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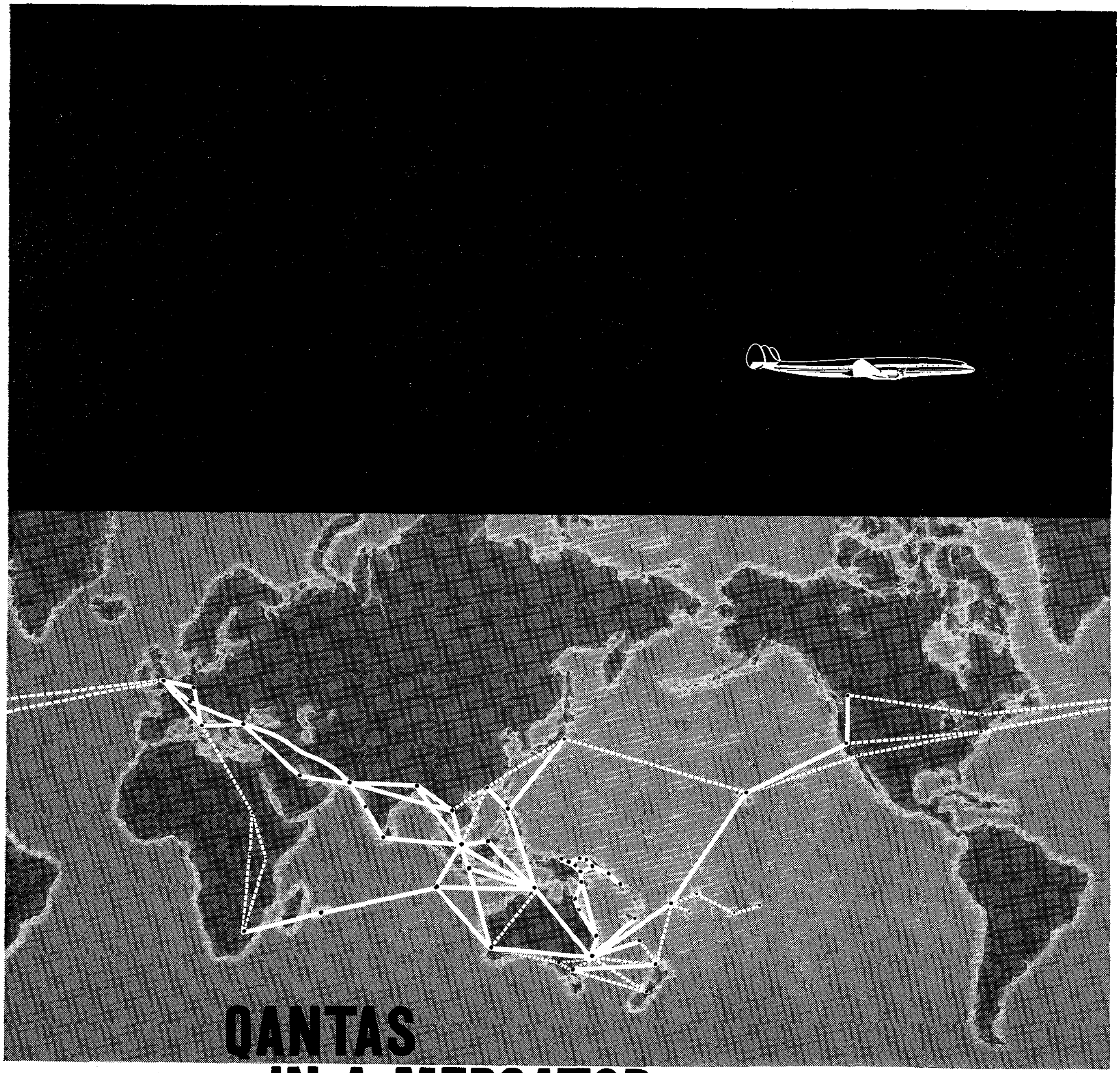

QANTAS IN A MERCATOR (OR GROSSLY UNFAIR) WORLD

The Mercator projection of the world is very popular. This does not make it right. Greenland, you will note, looks bigger than Australia where actually it is neither anywhere near as large nor nearly as stimulating.

Gerardus Mercator invented this map in 1559 so that navigators could determine true directions from one continent to another without having to stop and ask farmers. And in all fairness Mercator didn't really *know* about Australia, he only suspected its existence. He called it "Terra Incognita Australis," a condition we are trying very hard to rectify.

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(A PILFERPROOF FABLE)

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I said, and, picking up the telephone, I asked a clerk to have a luncheon menu sent up.

While we waited for it, I showed *Tante* the bathroom. "I have all the hot water I want," I said a little boastfully.

She looked at the shining faucets, the thick bath towels, the rich linen hand towels, without saying anything. Then she spoke. "Gustl, you have this on earth and you expect Heaven, too?"

"But you must have a bathroom at the convent," I replied, knowing very well that it would in no way resemble this one.

"There are thirty-five nuns and only six bathrooms," she said. "There is little chance for me. Hot water is scarce, and I feel that the younger nuns need it more than I. I wash in my own cell in a basin with a pitcher of water."

"Why not have a bath now?" I said.

She was aghast. "Now? Here?"

"Yes, of course. No one will disturb you."

"But I'm not supposed to take off my habit outside the convent," she said primly.

" 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' " I quoted.

A wistful look crept over my aunt's face. "I think I will," she decided suddenly.

"And I will stand guard at the door," I said gaily. "You are perfectly safe."

While she was bathing, a waiter came with the menu, and I ordered lunch. He left, and half an hour later my aunt emerged. Her cheeks were pink under her coif, and she smiled at me the way a very young baby smiles. "I am so grateful to you, my Gustl," she said. "And now I must say my prayers." She took out her prayer book, and again prayed intently, as if requesting a special favor from Heaven. I wondered idly what it could be.

As she finished, the waiter brought lunch on a little cart. He rolled the cart out onto the balcony and served us. We had *Wienerschnitzel*, *Kartoffel* salad, coffee, and the famous Sacher *Torte*. We ate slowly, looking at the chestnut blossoms and listening to the shouts of children, the clop-clop of horses' hoofs—the age-old music of a city.

"Tell me, *Tante*," I said, at last. "Isn't there anything you would like? I want to get something for you, several things. There must be something you want." She looked at me with troubled eyes. "What is it?" I persisted. "Surely there must be something."

She started to speak, and then quite evidently decided not to. Finally,

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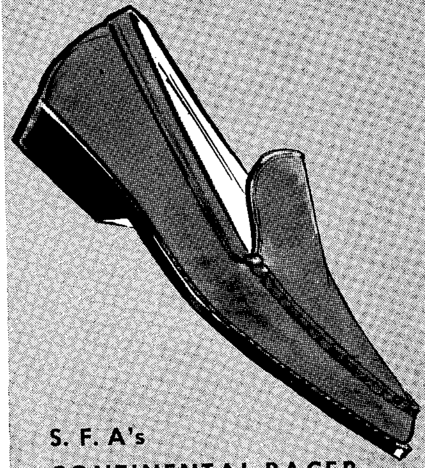

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though, she said, "Yes, there is something. I would like, so much, to have *Strumpfbandl* [garters] to hold up my stockings. The string does not do it so well. Besides, it cuts my legs."

I was appalled, but tried not to show it. "We'll get some the first thing," I promised. "And now for our shopping tour."

First, however, she took me to Schönbrunn, the Emperor's palace. "When I was a young nun, working in the hospital," she said as we stood outside, "I used to see him often. He would drive by in his carriage with the famous white horses. It is sad."

"Now, what shall I get you after the garters?" I said briskly, to divert her thoughts from the past. "You must tell me."

For a moment or two, she was silent. Then she said hesitantly, "Gustl, can you afford to give me certain things—even before I ask you?"

"Certainly," I told her. "I not only can do so, but I am very happy to do it. What would you like?"

"A habit," she said. "A new one. This"—she indicated the one she was wearing—"is twenty years old, and only the second I have had since entering the convent."

I was shocked. And, I thought, she must have worn the first habit even longer—thirty years. Was a new habit the special favor she wanted Heaven to grant her? Somehow, I didn't think so.

"It will be my last habit," my aunt went on calmly. "It will be my shroud. It will cost three thousand schillings." This was about forty-two dollars.

"You shall have it," I said. "But we're going to get the garters first."

"You cannot give me anything directly," she said. "When you go back with me to the convent, you will have to give it to Mother Superior. The money for the habit, that is."

"And the garters, too?" I asked, in mock dismay.

She nodded. "Yes. We can own nothing. I made a vow of poverty. Mother Superior then will give the garters to me and also see that the habit is bought."

"But there must be something else," I said. "Garters. A habit. That is not much. Something else, surely?"

Again she hesitated. Then, with a rush, she came out with it. "An electric iron! It would be so wonderful. I have heard of them but never have I had one. The ones I use in the laundry are heavy, clumsy. You saw them. They are so hard to handle."

So that was it. The special favor was

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1 As you know, akvavit, pronounced (ah-kwah-veet) should be taken neat, ice cold, and in one quick toss. With a shout of "Skaal!", pronounced Skoal.

2 If you don't have a nice glass of beer alongside you will find yourself either, A) twiddling with your watch chain while waiting for the other fellows to order another round or, B) *not* waiting for the other fellows, which may or may not be a good idea.

3 Beer tastes wonderful with Aalborg. Everybody says so.

4 Also, when you order a Danish Boilermaker, do it in a clear, resonant voice. Don't mutter. Everyone will look around and, if you are reasonably well groomed, immediately assume you to be a connoisseur. Social success and prestige lie in this direction. Your whole life may be different thereafter. If this happens, please write to us and tell us all the details.

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For those who still wish to drink akvavit as they would gin or vodka, the Aalborg Ice Cube Permit is now in its seventh printing. We will send you one if you insist.

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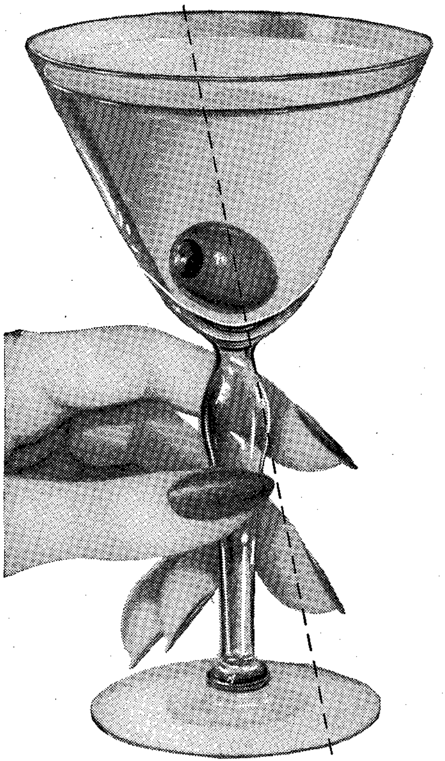

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an electric iron. And I could give it to her. For some reason, I was idiotically happy.

At a department store on a nearby street, we bought the iron. She lifted it. "Ah, it is so light!" she exclaimed. "Now it will be so easy to iron the fancy laces for the main altar." Over her protests I also bought, in addition to the garters, a little electric pot, so she might heat water in her cell. "No more, now, my little boy," she said. "No more. You will need money when you get to Rome."

We started for the convent. "To think you go to Rome," she said. "Ah, Gustl, Rome! How I have longed to go there. Always I have dreamed about it. But you will see Rome and the Holy Father."

I thought of my casual, worldly attitude toward the trip to Rome. By the time we arrived at the convent, clutching our parcels, I had resolved to do something about it.

The Mother Superior met us at the door, and I handed the parcels to her, with explanations. Then I gave her the money for *Tante's* new habit, and added a gift for the convent chapel. The Mother Superior's features relaxed into what I was sure was a rare smile. She thanked me formally and moved away.

There were tears in *Tante's* eyes as I kissed her goodbye. "My little Gustl," she murmured in my ear. "Goodbye. It is farewell for this earth, but I will meet you in Heaven. I will never cease to pray for you." She paused. "And thank you for everything, but most of all for the iron." She put her fingers into the font of holy water at the door. "The Lord's name be praised," she said as she blessed me.

There were tears in my eyes, too, as I bowed my head. Then I turned, and the door closed slowly behind me. I felt I had seen my aunt for the last time.

Two years later, when I was back in New York, I received a message from the convent saying she had died there in her sleep. I was fiercely glad that, perhaps because of the electric iron, release had come to her in her own little cell, and not in a dormitory full of snoring nuns.

—A. R. VON WEIDINGER

•

Three months after a Dallas meat-packing company began flavoring its wieners sales tripled, and honey its wiener sales tripled, rising to a total of 89,000 pounds a week.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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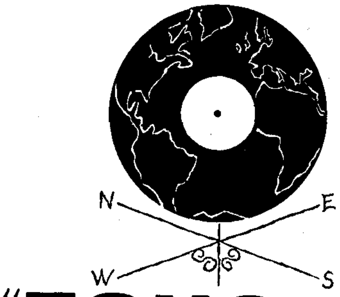

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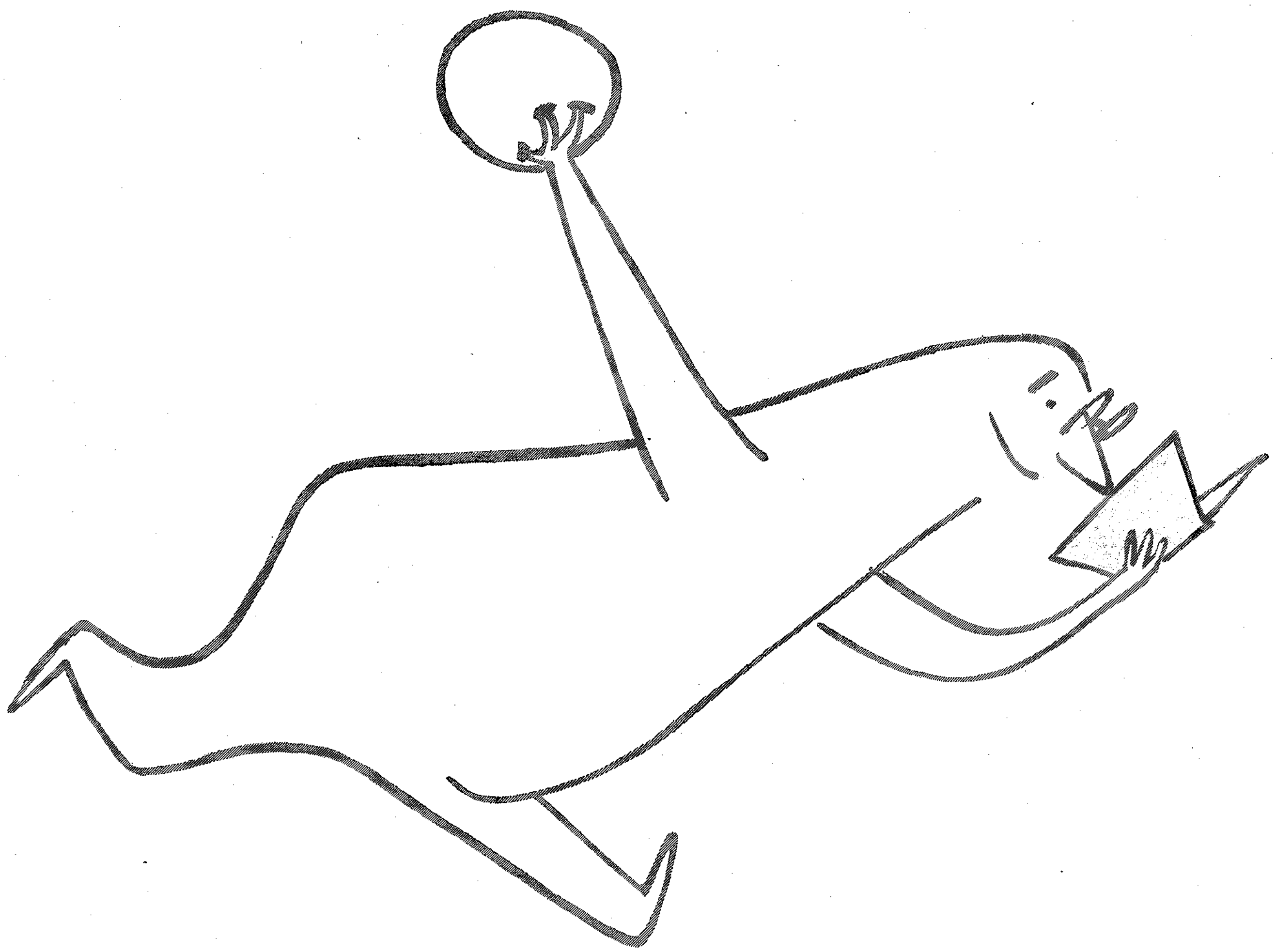

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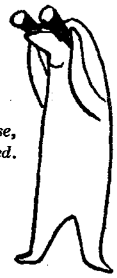

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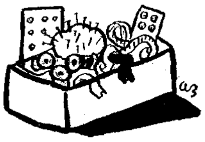
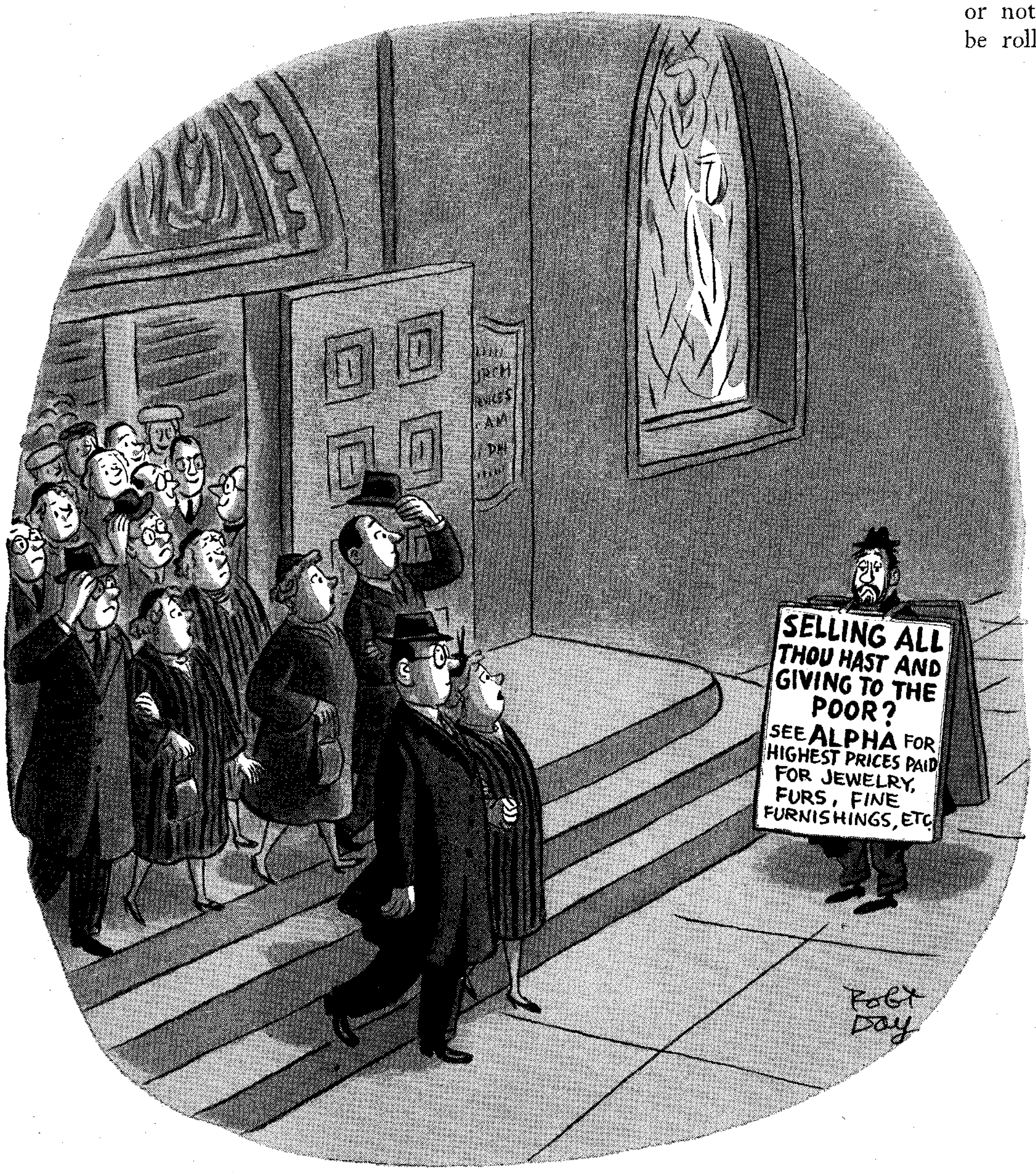
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



IT usually takes me only a quarter of a century to get my own way, so it is no more than just that this season's custom headgear appears to indicate a fairly general acceptance of my ancient and earnest belief that a tilted hat is much more becoming to mature women than a perched, balanced one. Everyone is talking about a "revival" of the twenties and the early thirties, when Chanel's suits, clean-cut but offhand, were dominant and hats were wide-eyed and looked as if they had been slammed back on the head in the most careless way. Lilly Daché is talking about the first hats she made for Rosalind Russell, who was then specializing in clever-career-girl roles in the movies, and for the beautiful hoyden Carole Lombard; Laddie Northridge is talking about those Garbo and Dietrich slouch felt hats. You're not supposed to wear slacks with his slouches, though, and he uses skirting felts, fine and stitched, to avoid any hint of stiffness or masculinity. Everything tilts, but the current offerings by our best milliners are not the severe, contrived "profile" hats that Frenchwomen have always adored, either. Rather, crowns hug the head and come well down on it; schoolgirl brims curl gently back high at one side and brush the cheekbone before sweeping low on the other side; soft, draped pillboxes and toques simultaneously nestle and slant. (The high hats of last autumn, which mightily amused the drivers of small taxis, are fading as fast as did the ill-fated Eugénie hats of long ago; the new crop is almost uniformly youthful, comfortable, and easy to wear.)

Yes, that revival mood is here, all right, but it is not being taken literally. For further instance, women wore felt the year around in the twenties and thirties, because it was both tailored and pliable. Many designers, Sally Victor and Adolfo among them, like felts again, but felts are no longer a necessity, since the new straws not only have body but are as supple as felt and can be as easily manipulated. Adolfo, Mr. John, and Daché go in for crowns that are draped or folded like turbans or, often, merely punched in here and there; Laddie Northridge and quite a few others approve of a casual, unblocked appearance. (Look, Ma! No wires, no bindings!) This means that many of the best hats, felt or not, are so relaxed that they can be rolled up and shoved into a suitcase or a coat pocket without damage.



SELLING ALL THOU HAST AND GIVING TO THE POOR? SEE ALPHA FOR HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR JEWELRY, FURS, FINE FURNISHINGS, ETC.
Robt Day

Simple hats that are all one color are generally admired, and pale champagnes and beiges are once more as triumphant as they were twenty-five years ago. Big picture hats in a solid color have a graceful curve to the brim, and they are likely to be full circle, framing both the face and the neck. (Watch that back view, though, if you don't want to look like a turtle.) Mr. John does these hats—and others, too—dipping on the forehead, but most designers still plump for a lift or an arch there. Not everything is monotone, however, for any number of French print cottons (Mr. John, Adolfo, and Daché) and print silk organdies and chiffons are around. And flowers. For there will always be flowers. But the new trick is to make them look as if they were stuck through folds of sheer material, with the stems poking out any which way below. Northridge's high, wrapped turban of pink (he says it's Laughing Pink) organza has tiny carnations spattered over it in this slapdash fashion; Mr. Fred laces violets or other shy flowers through the folds of the drapery on

Photographed at Bay Roc, Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I., by Kuhner

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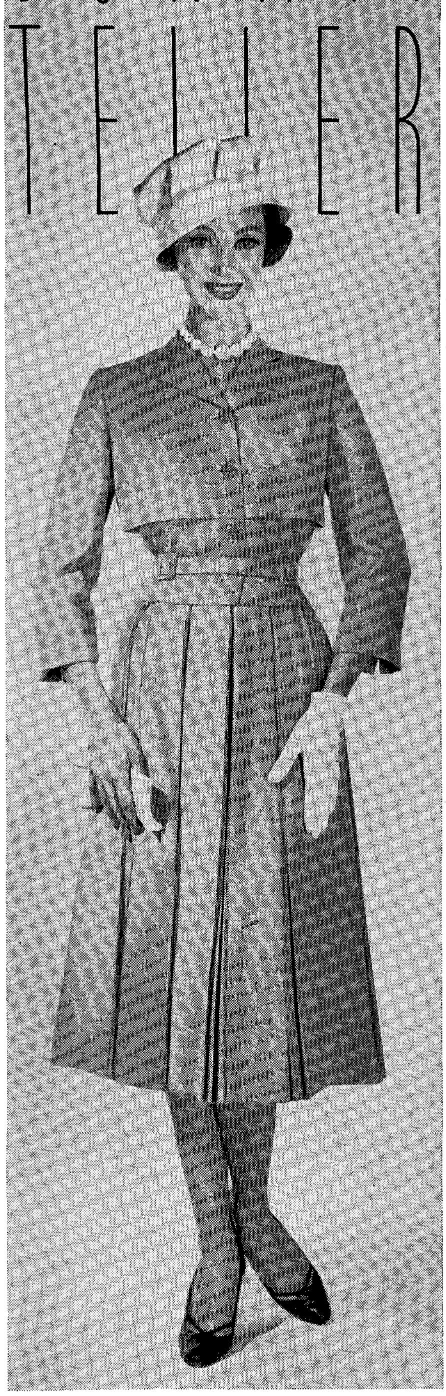

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his chiffon toques. The drapery, by the way, usually ends in a bow at one side.

BUT let us get on to more specific accounts of the devil-may-care state of mind that prevails today.

Mr. Adolfo, who operates in Emmé's establishment, is bullish on off-white felt, which he uses for a stitched beauty whose medium brim is turned back in front like a Park Avenue sort of sou'wester and pinned to the crown in front by a little tailored bow of felt placed just off center. Another felt, already a huge success (this also looks good in straw, fabric, or whatever), has a small brim rolled back at one side, a matching grosgrain ribbon, and a crown that is high in front but punched in and folded to make it perceptibly lower in back. Adolfo also loves to begin with a bandeau right over the hairline across the forehead; above, and slightly left or right, a curled-back brim starts as nothing at all and swells out from the crown back to the tip of one ear and to the lobe of the other. A white felt of this friendly persuasion has a green *cocarde* above one eye; another hat is of flowery polished cotton in yellows and oranges, blues and pinks, or an American Beauty rose print with chartreuse leaves; another, of red felt this time, has its bandeau slashed in a sidewise V to show quite a bit of hair. The brim of this one descends so low on one side that it's ideal for the girl who lost the other earring. Adolfo makes big brown-and-white turkey quills jut sharply out and down from hats like a brimmed cloche that is arched over the left eye and pulled down on the right cheekbone. The quill he puts on this goes through the self headband on which it is mounted and across the brim before it takes off into thin air toward the tip of the shoulder. Many schoolgirl streamers of red-and-navy grosgrain are involved in the collection. They dangle down one side of a felt hat that has a sort of Breton curl to its brim in front, they extensively adorn a toast-colored Milan, they trail to port or starboard on a small, brimmed affair, and they form a bandeau for a tipsy little Milan beret.

FOR her tailored hats, Lilly Daché inclines toward crowns of felt or straw—highish and either draped like toques or turbans or else merely folded and punched in. The tiny brim of a beige linen straw is turned abruptly down on one side, and a simple black grosgrain band is its only trimming. All sorts of highly feminine fedoras, usually with finished edges, also have this feel-

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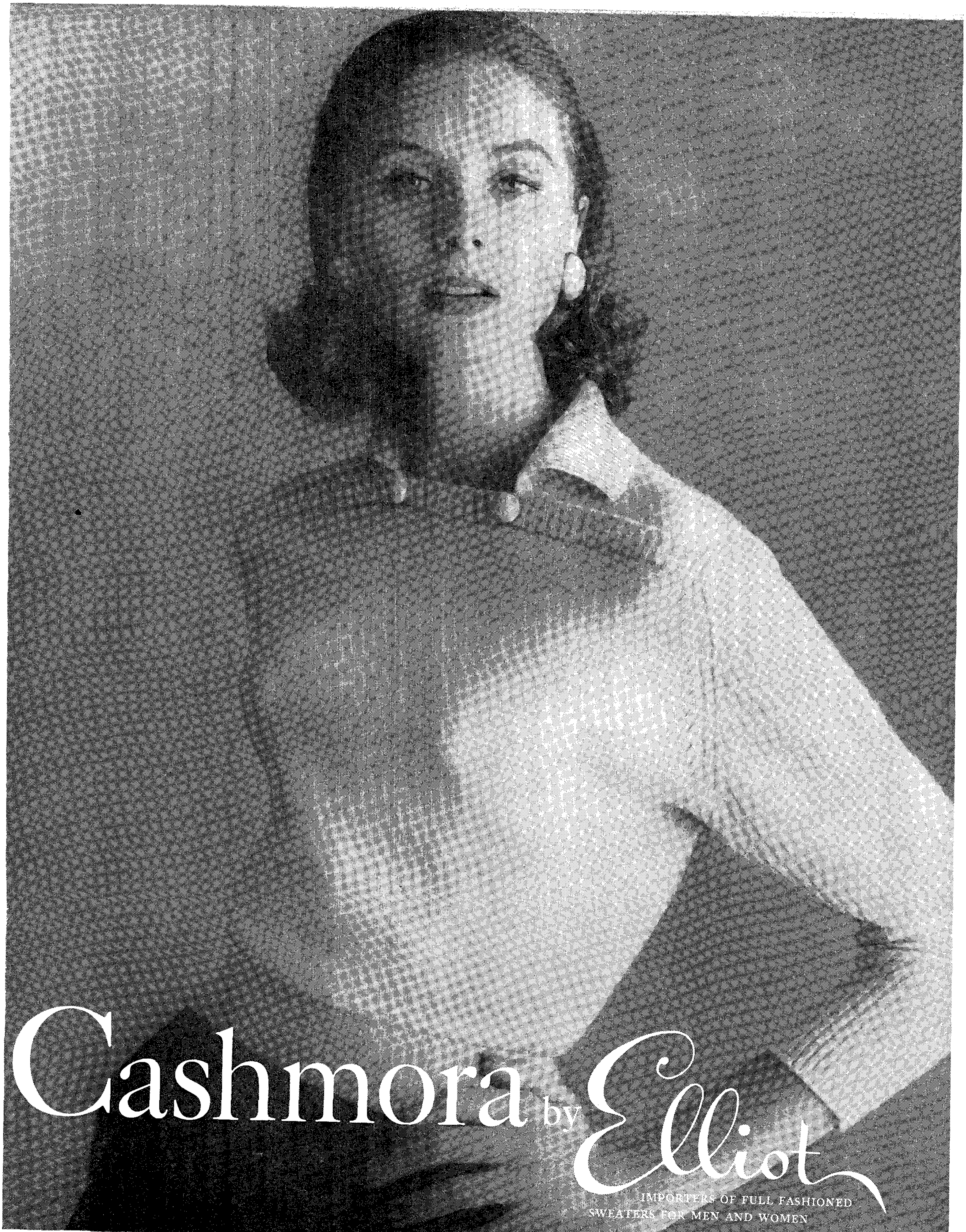
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ing. The brim of one of her loveliest felts, a real early-thirties deal, is wide and rolled up at the sides; upward turban drapery makes this hat flat above the forehead. And an extra-deep cloche, right down to the ears and with a brim tapering down to zero at the center front, is the most exaggerated of all. Silk organdie prints are used for, say, a deep, draped cap decked out with a purple pansy at the nape of the neck, big yellow-and-white flowers high at one side in front, and white flowers peeking from behind the opposite ear. Daché, always a milliners' milliner when it comes to turbans, is doing some of printed and polished French cotton. One is very long in back and wide, high, and irregular at the sides; it's draped to just clear the widow's peak and is veiled in silk organza to give it shimmer. Other high turbans are entirely of beige tulle, descending at the sides almost to your button earrings. And her perfectly plain picture-hat straws are something—moderately floppy, curved down in back and curved up in front, to show the face. But Daché has not forgotten flowers, for a great wreath of roses encircles the crown of a huge leghorn hat that is a by-product of Auntie Mame's Southern-belle phase.

EXTREMES are the specialty of Mr. John season after season, and he sees no reason to change. He piles flowers in heavenly muted water-color shades all over straw hats that are completely Renoir, or else he simply lets the very best straws and beautiful lines speak for themselves. One small gem, stacked high with flowers, is a demented bonnet with a narrow arch over just one eye. Large hats are often heaped with straggly wisps of straw hay in which tiny white violets, daisies, and poppies nestle. A fringe around the brim is the sole decoration of the simplest possible white straw cloche with a narrow arch high in the center front. Usually, Mr. John likes his brims dipping down on the forehead, though, Renoir is also the background of the simplest possible big picture hats. A circular one, with the brim curved downward all around, is shown in Mr. John's Renoir Pink, which is kind of tangerine. A beige leghorn that dips in front has a matching satin ribbon around it ending in a bow on the edge of the brim at one side. Mr. John has a soft mood, too. Among his lace hats is a medium-large one of navy Milan striped with white Val lace; field flowers go around the crown. More softness is evident in a hat of natural straw with a stiff circular

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brim. Champagne satin surrounds the crown and shoots through slits far out on the brim to make a chin strap. Other designers may curl the brim softly to one side; he is more likely to turn his sharply back and make the crown very deep to accommodate your little pointed head. A tiny helmet of natural bali is typical of this narrow, "hungry" look. Blue-and-gold striped ribbon goes around it and makes streamers behind the left ear. But he also favors hats with high, square crowns, postillion style, and small, irregular brims. On them he puts very feminine versions of *cocardes*. The crown of one, which is of beige straw, is decorated at one side with a *cocarde* of pleated orange ribbon surrounded by a frill of chartreuse ostrich. And on even the most tailored hats he uses tiny "complexion veils" to match the owner's skin tone.

LADDIE NORTHRIDGE's slouch hats are the next topic. A honey is made of a double thickness of skirting felt stitched together, and the medium brim is turned part way up between crown and edge at one side. Another, which has the unblocked look he adores, has a little irregular brim rippling down from a deep crown. This is shown in white felt with a charcoal grosgrain band. Knotted grosgrain with lazy ends projecting is a frequent decoration for tailored hats. Tilted hats with rolled-back brims are sometimes ornamented with sharp ribbon projections from the side back; a large milan cloche has French ribbon in, say, navy with lime polka dots in a casual knot across the front—things like that. And, of course, Northridge is a master of realistic flowers—small hats, all lily-of-the-valley, mimosa, or sweetheart roses; large hats that are sheer Gainsborough, such as a black straw like candy braid, with huge La France roses, pale pink to deep pink, on top. And no one can better his filmy big hats of point d'esprit, which suggest dinner at Maxim's. A small one with a rolled-back brim is new, though—childish in design but made of dotted black net and finished off with a veil floating down the back.

THERE is no fooling about the Baghdad turbans that startle the visitor to Irene of New York. Stripes putting together such unlikely companions as white organdie, yellow Milan braid, navy and red velvet, and orange grosgrain produce a towering, tilted tour de force with drapery that is wrapped upward from the ear lobes and crosses above the hairline in front. (There are more moderate offerings

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Joseph Love skirts a shirt in brand-new satin stripe combed cotton Reeve-cord. Result? A LOVE of a dress! In pink, blue or maize. Sizes 3 to 6X, about $8. At B. Altman & Co., or write Joseph Love, Inc., 1333 Broadway, New York 18.
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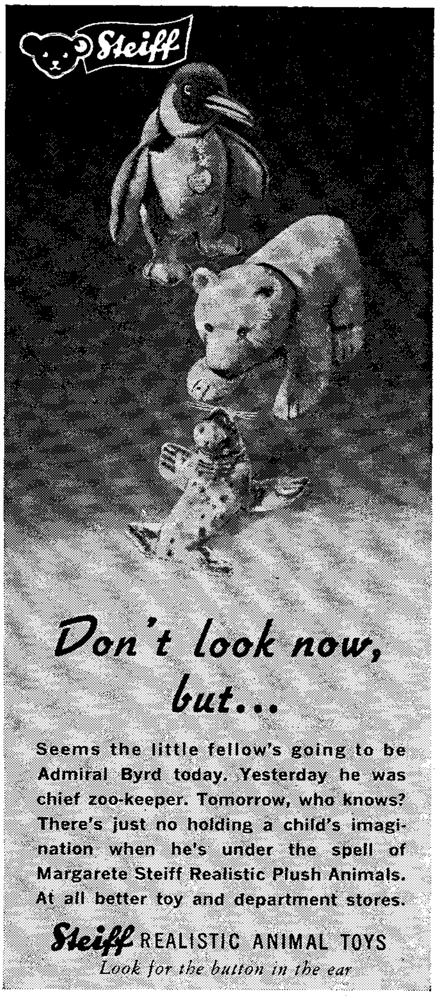

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NEW CANAAN NEW HAVEN WHITE PLAINS

here, naturally.) One of Irene's pet big bows decorates a wide sailor—a black velvet bow striped with grosgrain ribbon across the front. An enchantress of brown straw with a widish brim slashed up to the crown on the high side has a huge, soft brown grosgrain-and-velvet bow above the cleft. The establishment also masses silk violets in improbable shades, such as red, on a chéchia erected upon an organdie base (it's packable as anything, though); a bunch of violets makes a huge pompon at the side of a sailor-cloche of fine white straw cloth. Irene, a lover of filmy effects, designs graceful yet come-hither hats combining black hair and lace, plus a coffee-colored picture hat with a straw brim on which perches a double layer of chiffon that extends out so far it flutters charmingly at the slightest movement of the wearer. Ascot, anyone?

IT would be smug of me to select Toby Coppock as a comer, considering that he arrived with all the languor of a thunderbolt. (His shop is at 23 East 67th Street, the first place this lightning has struck.) His hats are for Hattie Carnegie women, since they're small and ladylike but pert. One of his specialties is little draped jobs, usually of chiffon and invariably tilted a trifle. A shallow turban of champagne chiffon has a small red rosebud tucked into the folds at one side; draped turban-toques of violet chiffon have oversized purple pansies down on one ear; a polka-dot chiffon with smaller black chenille dots in the center of each and every dot has a sidewise crushed drape. Coppock also does delicacies that involve narrow grosgrain ribbon in several colors stitched together to make a striped fabric. Their muted tones—white to tan, or combinations of white, grays, tobaccos, and beige—are sublime. Pastel triumphs can involve deep and pale tones of lilac, pink, turquoise, and the like. Since his type of customer will never relinquish the pillbox, he is now giving it a 1957 air. One, of a white chipped straw that suggests ribbon candy, is surrounded by folded grosgrain ribbon in a sidewise herringbone pleat, and bits of grosgrain stick out on the lower side. (Even pillboxes lurch these days.) Deep, turbanlike small hats are also here. One of spongy beige linen straw is draped down on one ear, and a tiny matching feather duster projects from under the fold there. All his things are understated and roguish to boot.

THERE is great variety around Mr. Fred's place, which, of course, is John Frederics. The small cloche

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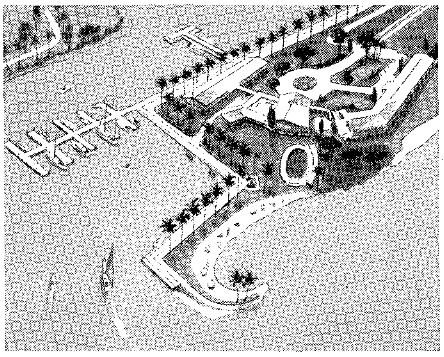

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arched up on one side is a perennial favorite of his. He's done it now in pale-aqua Milan with a crushed, draped crown, a bit of matching ostrich thrusting out on the low side, and a medium brim that can flop or be turned back. His Triple Ripple hats are usually in multicolored combinations of straw. The bottom layer, arched over the brows, may be Kelly, the tapering rippled layer above may be olive, and the layers above these may be aqua, pale gray, and taupe. There is no line of demarcation between crown and brim; the ripples just overlap. These hats come in various sizes, and the small ones have a bow at one side. Then, when he uses soft fabrics, he piles giant black chiffon roses high at one side of a black straw turban-toque that is wrapped in black chiffon. (There are lots of black chiffon flowers around here, and they look especially effective on natural straw.) Printed chiffon makes fat turbans with a bow at the low side and picture hats with fluffy drapery on top. I am particularly fond of Mr. Fred's oversized field flowers made of feathers. (The bachelor's-buttons are a good four inches across.) They wreathe the wavy brim of a big picture hat of white shantung straw. Chipper and romantic, all at once.

THE daring young man known as William J., who is at 44 West 54th Street, can be both manic and practical. In the first category are his vegetable and fruit hats. His Orange is a fez made of orange burlap; the top is coiled like a spring, as if you'd just started to peel it. His Apple, of rough red straw, is very deep and round, shaped like a cork, and just as light in weight. A few leaves rise in back, and a grasshopper is perched at the front. Entertainment, but surprisingly becoming, too. More conservative are his caps of French taffeta ribbon, draped and puffy to one side, although no wires are involved, and his fluffy berets of printed silk organdie. The berets suggest mobcaps or draped turbans. William J. has one straw I haven't seen elsewhere. This has a horsehair base and crossbars of shiny straw. It appears in black, navy, copper, beige, or white (this can be dyed whatever you wish), and makes little draped chapeaux, with or without wires.

Being wiry myself, I should have more news about hats almost any minute.

—LOIS LONG

•

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—*Headline in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

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Controversy, anyone?

THE BIG TEN

versus the

IVY LEAGUE

When Holiday published *The Natural Superiority of Ivy League Men*, hackles were raised from here to Los Angeles. Now, brickbats are in the air again, eagerly returned by Iowa's poet and author Paul Engle in March HOLIDAY Magazine.

Engle's thesis: Ivy League education is not only snobbish—but outdated! On the other hand (he says), what's so bad about big-time Big Ten football, drum majorettes, and courses in Advanced Ballroom Dancing? There are going to be a lot of red ears on campus this month.

Ogden Nash, the bard from Baltimore, took a long look at his native city—and was moved (not surprisingly) to rhyme. Holiday prints it—for better or verse. It's all about why
"I could not love New York
so much loved
I not Baltimore."

You'll be amused—or enraged (depending on your marital status)—by Frederic Morton's delightful sequel to "Flirting." It's *The Art of Courtship*, a hilarious dissection of the Great American Date.

You'll also find features on such varied and engrossing subjects as PUERTO RICO'S CARIBE HILTON, and DOGS —from Airedale to Weimaraner. Better get the March Holiday right now.

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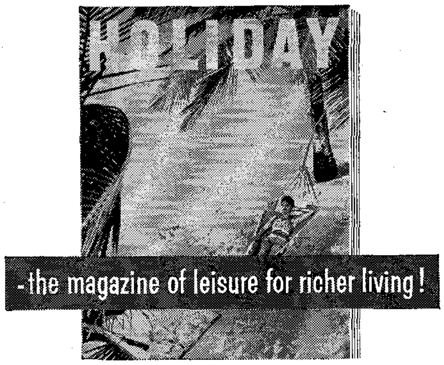
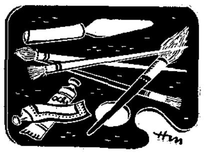
MARCH



A CURTIS MAGAZINE

THE ART GALLERIES

Colorists Here and Abroad



We have a couple of relative newcomers from abroad in the galleries—Leonardo Cremonini, an Italian artist now living in Paris, who is showing new oils at the Viviano, and Jean Fautrier, also a member of the contemporary Paris school, who has a set of his paintings at the Janis. Cremonini has had two previous exhibitions, and Fautrier one, in this country, but neither man has received much recognition here, and their work may still be fairly new to the majority of gallerygoers.

Cremonini's, I think, is the more immediately appealing, and despite his youth (he is barely past thirty) he displays both considerable technical dexterity and a highly developed stylistic equipment. Basically, his approach is archaic, but it's the sort of simplified, streamlined archaism that the sculptor Marino Marini, for one, has already worked out—of stick-legged, blunt-snouted, and barrel-bodied animals, and of human figures that are similarly bloated in body and stiff in articulation. But if the debt to Marini is obvious (so much so that some of the compositions, like "Mother and Child," numbered 6 in the catalogue, and the rather clumsily organized "Cats Fighting," have a static, "posed" quality that is more suggestive of sculpture than of painting), the influence is on the whole a purely formal one, affecting only the structure of the subjects; and in recompense the almost frozen attitudes of his figures often give a slightly Surrealistic (and engaging) suggestion to his paintings, as of movement mysteriously suspended. Thus, in "Bathing Amongst the Rocks," the two seated women portrayed with their children seem dreamlike in their massive—and somehow statuesque—positions, while in the larger and more ambitious "The Balconies of Italy" the figures have a stopped, silent look that is in striking contrast to the wash waving on the lines above and the general animation of the picture.

Cremonini's color is about as daringly original and effective as that of any other painter of his generation. His range is considerable, from the sparklingly green "The Herd," through the dark and ominous "Cats of the Night," to the incredibly blue, luminous "Night Fishing," while in "Bathing Amongst the Rocks" he uses bright reds and yellows with remarkable adroitness to suggest the hot shimmer of the seaside in summer. Yet for all its diversity and free adventurousness (there are times, as in "Horses Whinnying," when he verges on the Expressionism of Franz Marc or Nolde), there's consistent good taste behind his palette, and it's seldom indeed that his color is anything but exquisitely harmonious and appropriate to the subject. As I recall, Cremonini's last exhibition here was largely of paintings of bulls and abattoir scenes, their interest focussed principally on the contrasts between the dark bulk of the animals and the streaked crimsons and yellows of the flayed carcasses. These were effective pictures, but it seems to me he has widened his scope and increased his power appreciably in the present collection.

Fautrier, now in his fifties, is even less well known here than Cremonini. But he, too, deserves attention, for his work, gentler in mood, is both subtle and, within its limits, extremely inventive. One fault is that it's more than a little repetitious in design. In fact, one might say that one symbol alone forms the basis of his compositions—a large, irregularly shaped plaque of paint, laid on in so thick an impasto that it appears almost in bas-relief, placed more or less in the center of the canvas—and from the first picture in the show, "Otage," dated 1945, to the "Blue Box," done last year, the thirty-one paintings represent a series of variations on this motif. From one point of view—that, say, of Cézanne painting and repainting his apples and pears or of Mondrian endlessly rearranging his black-on-white grids—this indicates an extraordinary diligence in exploring all aspects of a single problem. But so much of the same thing makes quite a package, and it's a tribute to Fautrier's ingenuity and imaginativeness that the collection is as interesting as it is. By a kind of legerdemain involving just the slightest changes in form and color, he can alter the image suggestion from a simple box, to a face ("Baby Mine," "Wise Harry"), a wooded grove ("Night Trees"), a tangle of seaweed ("Algues"), or ("Mid-Summer") an island in a summer sea. His color sense is almost infallible, and I was struck as much by the brilliance of "Blue Box" and "Tapes in the Wind," with its ribboning reds, as I was by the delicately astute tonalities with which, in "Deep Waters" and "La Grande

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L'Italia
La Danza!
Gypsy!

Mr. Dragon and family at home*

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* **Left to right at the Hollywood Bowl:** Mr. Dragon, *Echoes of Spain, Starlight Concert, L'Italia, Fiesta, La Danza!, Concertos Under the Stars, Gypsy!*

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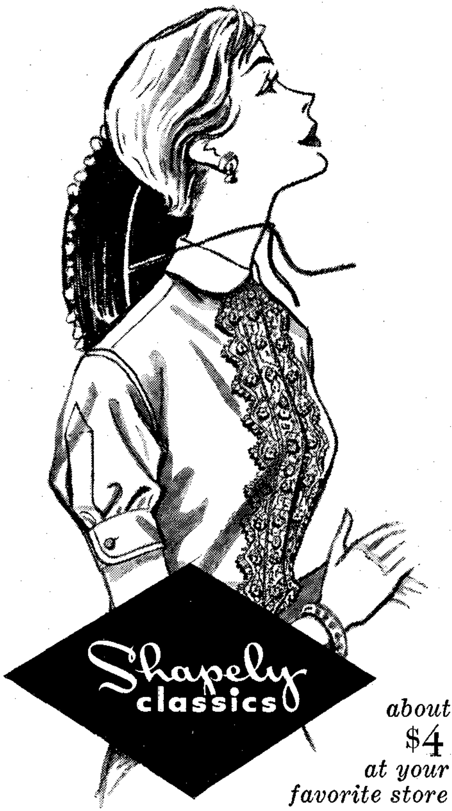
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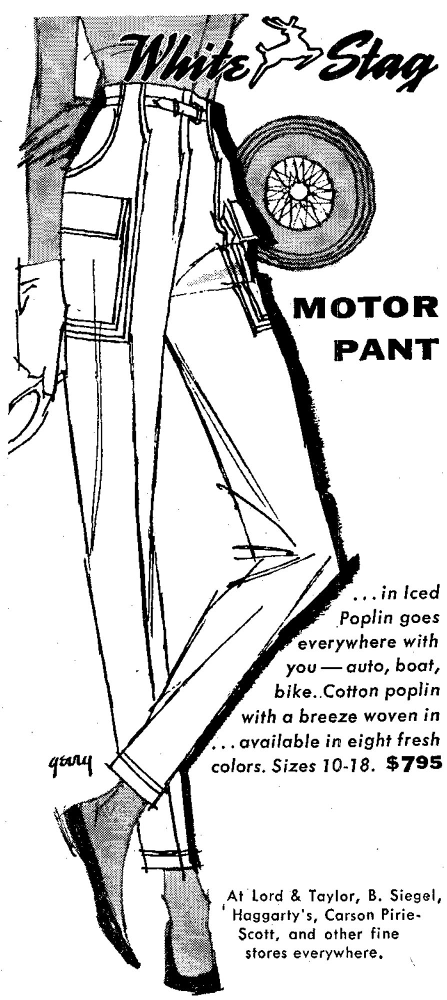

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Lagune," he suggests the swiftly changing colors of the ocean.

AMONG the Americans on the list for the week are John Ferren, at the Stable Gallery; Helen Frankenthaler, at the De Nagy; and Herbert Katzman, at the Alan. Katzman, who has already demonstrated a remarkable talent for bold Expressionist color and dizzyingly centripetal design when applied to native themes, has just come back from a year in Italy, and his new paintings are mainly of Florence and Venice. It may be that the strangeness of the subjects put him at a disadvantage, for several of the pieces lack the feeling of what might be called structural understanding that underlies even his wildest native work, with the result that they emerge as pure bravura. (See his "View of Florence III," with the Duomo lost in a red avalanche of—what, tiled roofs?) I liked better "Duomo and Giotto Tower III," and his two portrait studies, "Carabiniere" and "Emilia," show a sound concern for the personalities of the sitters.

There's an odd disjointedness about the Frankenthaler collection, although all the pictures in it were painted in the past year. Half are done almost in monochrome, with the pigment thinned down nearly to the consistency of water color and the design so skeletonized that large portions of bare canvas show through. Some of these, like "Venus with a Mirror," have a lacy quality that is attractive, but I preferred those in the second category, which are denser in pattern and much more colorful, especially the reddish-toned "Planetarium" and the symmetrically composed "Two Worlds."

John Ferren's collection is his first in two years, and it marks both a change and a signal advance. His design has been tightened appreciably and his symbolism made clearer, while his color has become infinitely richer and more glowing. I'd note particularly "The Abode," with its leafy, flowery suggestion, the bright "Tiger Vase," and the dramatically designed "The Sign."

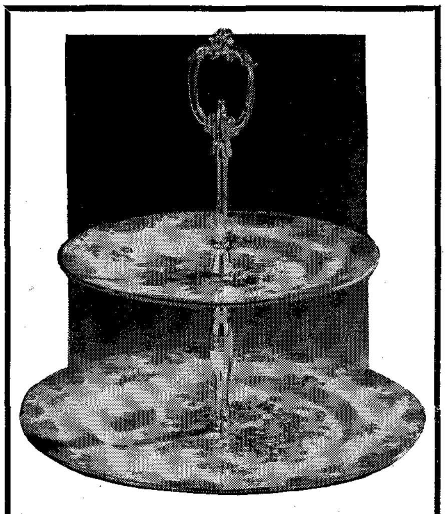
—ROBERT M. COATES

•

YES

The Romans had no word for *Yes*,
  So mean they were, and stiff;
With *Si* the Spaniards make you guess
  (Their *Yes* conceals an *If*);
Oui means no more than "So I hear;"
  Ja sounds a little coarse;
Then, child, say *Yes*, polite and clear—
  Not *Uh-Huh*, like a horse.

—ROBERT GRAVES



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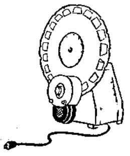

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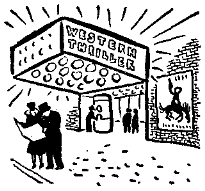
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Nesting Time in California



JUDY HOLLIDAY, Richard Conte, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Esther Minciotti pool their comic talents in "Full of Life," and the results are fairly jolly, even though the picture is loosely put together and gets a bit syrupy at times. Adapted by John Fante from his own novel of the same name, and directed by Richard Quine, it presents Miss Holliday as the enormously pregnant wife of a California writer (Mr. Conte) and has her go through all the temperamental tempests usually ascribed to ladies in that condition—from mad dietary yearnings to morbid doubts concerning her husband's fidelity. The jokes about gestation, you may be sure, are piled on very enthusiastically, but Miss Holliday does wring amusement out of some of them, and Mr. Conte performs capably as a man hagridden by the changing moods of incipient motherhood. To add to his woes, he is presently afflicted with his father (Mr. Baccaloni), a stonemason who, after being invited in to fix a palsied kitchen floor in the young couple's apartment, tries to take over the management of the whole ménage. Mr. Baccaloni, who is, of course, the famous basso buffo of the Metropolitan Opera, pulls out all the stops in the role of an Italian-American with immutable convictions about the way other people should lead their lives, and in time he succeeds in badgering his son and daughter-in-law into going through a marriage ceremony in the Roman Catholic Church, because he doesn't think their civil union is valid. Miss Holliday's ballooning shape at the altar makes for the kind of humor that runs all through this film, but despite its primitive nature, the stuff seems tolerable when the cast really pitches in. Miss Minciotti, I should point out, portrays Mr. Baccaloni's wife, and although she behaves deferentially, she never lets him put her entirely in the shade.

IN "Battle Hymn," we are given a fictionalized account of the activities in Korea of Colonel Dean Hess, a flier who turned minister after the Second World War, resumed aviation when the Korean fighting broke out, and contrived to set up a home for Korean orphans during his tour of duty. As depicted here, Colonel Hess is a man of almost excruciating nobility of character, who feels himself unworthy of ministering to his Middle Western flock because, as an aviator in Europe, he accidentally bombed a German school. Once he has arrived in Korea, where he serves as commanding officer of a training base for R.O.K. fliers, he makes amends by doing something about the orphaned children who hang around his airfield; specifically, he persuades a beautiful Korean girl and a bearded, philosophical Korean ancient to take charge of some orphans in an abandoned Buddhist temple he has fixed up with supplies cadged from any handy military source. Soon hundreds of children have been installed in the place, and though the Korean beauty is kept pretty busy seeing to their needs, she still has time to cast an occasional warm eye at the Colonel. Then, one day, unaware of her feelings, he casually mentions that his wife back home is going to have a baby. Heartbroken, the Korean girl carries on.

Interspersed in this spate of sentiment are some first-rate shots of pilots roaring around in dogfights and shooting up convoys on Korean roads, but in the long run the most interesting aspect of the film is the crowd of charming youngsters (assembled from the Orphans' Home of Korea), who just go about being themselves. As Colonel Hess, Rock Hudson is brave, pious, and sympathetic, and as the Korean girl, Anna Kashfi is lovely. Others on hand are Dan Duryea, Don Defore, and James Edwards, who are among the Air Force men, and Philip Ahn, who plays the ancient Korean. The Bible is quoted freely throughout the picture, and Mr. Ahn supplies many an aphorism in the Chinese-cookie vein.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

As it started into the station just before 8 A. M. It was erroneously switched onto a track already occupied by a Pennsylvania Railroad train.

This made it neressary for the New Haven train to bask up in order to be switshed bark onto its regular trark. —*Long Island Star-Journal.*

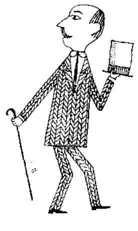
Look out! You're backing up the wrong tree.

•

President Eisenhower is on record with a pledge of tax relief to small corporations. But the Treasury is arguing it can't afford to lose any revenge.—*Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

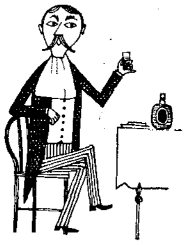
So *that's* their attitude!

Gentlemen...



Grandees...

& Gourmets



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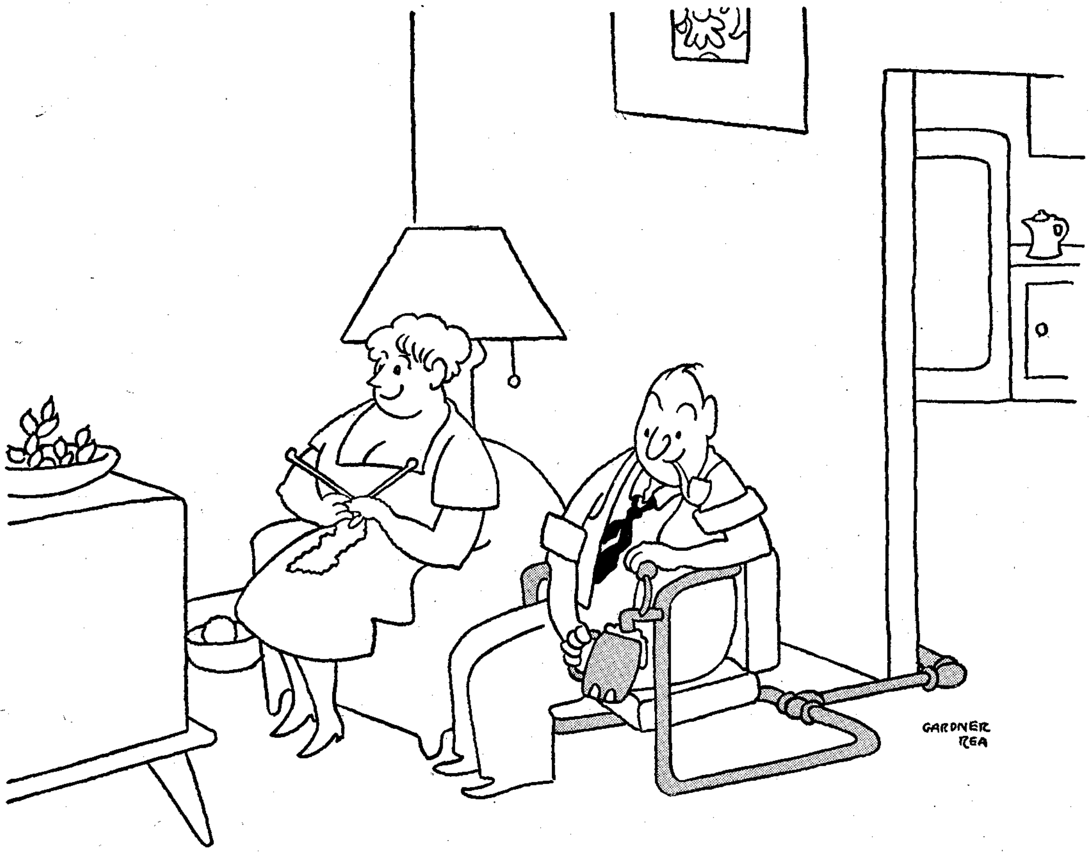
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 14

THE Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections last week released the most detailed and instructive study ever made of what many people here look upon as one of the most absorbing of subjects—the gathering, distribution, and function of money in politics. The Subcommittee's report to its parent body, the Committee on Rules and Administration, compares favorably in heft and bulk with the Washington telephone book and resembles it in being very largely a listing of names and addresses. These are of persons known to have given five hundred dollars or more to parties, committees, or candidates for the Presidency or for Congress in the election of 1956. (The Republicans are reported to have received 7,751 of these large gifts, for a total of $8,064,907; the Democrats got 2,663, for a total of $2,820,655. Some sixty bipartisan souls gave more or less equally to both sides, the totals in this category being $188,200 for the Republicans and $188,800 for the Democrats.) The names and addresses, and other data, were supplied to the Subcommittee, whose chairman was Senator Albert Gore, of Tennessee, by the generous donors themselves, by the Clerk of the House of Representatives, by the Bureau of the Census, and by political committees, labor unions, business concerns, and office-seekers responding to elaborate questionnaires prepared and circulated by the Subcommittee, which has the authority, under the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946, to request compliance, and, under the Standing Rules of the Senate, the power to compel it. (The Subcommittee had no occasion to use or threaten to use its power of subpoena. Voluntary compliance was very close to one hundred per cent.) An accounting was sought from some seven hundred local committees and other adjuncts of the Republican and Democratic parties; three hundred and seventy-three branches of organized labor; approximately four thousand television and radio stations; four hundred and ten newspapers, in a hundred and twenty-nine cities; thirty-seven leading advertising agencies of the regular variety, and twenty-five that specialize in highway billboards and wall posters; seventeen certificated airlines; forty-seven leading underwriters of investment bonds; the hundred largest military prime contractors and another hundred industrial corporations listed by *Fortune* as the largest in the country, on the basis of 1955 sales; the twenty-five largest merchandising firms; the twenty-five largest insurance companies; the twenty-five largest utilities; the twenty-nine largest oil companies; the twenty-five largest commercial banks, plus a number of other banking institutions known or believed to have made loans at interest to political candidates; the eighty-eight corporations participating in the atomic-energy program; twelve of the leading professional and business associations; and the six giants in the field of manufacturing campaign buttons, trick hats, bumper stickers, souvenir pens and pencils, and Stevenson shoes—the last apparently the monopoly of Allan Adler, Inc., of Los Angeles, which produced two hundred thousand left-footed ones, at a cost of $97,736.

A professional staff of about twenty lawyers, accountants, political scientists, statisticians, and clerks drew up the questionnaires, examined them upon their return, and fed the material they contained into International Business Machines computers, which digested a hundred and fifty thousand punch cards. The study cost something less than a hundred thousand dollars—how much less it is impossible to say, since many of the paid staff members were busy on other projects at the same time. It could never have been made without electronic assistance—or at least it could not have been made at so modest a cost or completed while there was still much interest in the 1956 elections. And it might have cost a good deal more than it did if the Subcommittee, which at the outset planned .to subcontract all its arithmetic to I.B.M. in Washington, had not been informed by the honest agents of that corporation that the Library of Congress had its own I.B.M. computers, acquired for the very purpose of aiding members of the House and Senate with their sums. This was news to the Subcommittee. "We were surprised and, of course, very pleased to learn this," Mr. John P. Moore, special counsel to the Subcommittee, said the other day, "and naturally we used the Library of Congress machines as much as possible." In such ways as this may business and government work together for the common good; at the end of its labors, the Subcommittee was able to turn back about fifty thousand dollars of the hundred and fifty thousand appropriated for its work. One of the things the I.B.M. computers revealed was that the officers and directors of



I.B.M. had given $33,500 to the Republicans and nothing to the Democrats.

The machines ground out some stunning bits of political intelligence. In the Borough of Manhattan alone, the Republicans received more contributions of over five hundred dollars than the Democrats received in all the forty-eight states, the Borough of Manhattan excluded. The gifts of more than five hundred dollars from Republicans in Delaware, which has a population of three hundred and eighteen thousand, including all the du Ponts, exceeded such gifts from Democrats in thirty states that have a combined population of fifty-four million. On the other hand, the largest contribution of all—$73,164, from Mr. Lansdell K. Christie, of New York—went to the Democrats. Mr. Christie is a mining and shipping magnate with offices at 70 Pine Street, and if it were not for him there would be no need to exclude Manhattan from the forty-eight states in comparing large Republican gifts with large Democratic ones. And the man who is sometimes said to be the richest in the world—Aristotle S. Onassis, of Monte Carlo, Monaco—gave three thousand dollars to the party of the workingman and only fifteen hundred to the Republicans. Between September 1st and November 6th, radio and television time worth $9,818,000 was bought by the candidates and parties. Though information on the money paid out to other mediums of exhortation is not reliable enough for precise comparisons, it is clear that more is now being spent for political propaganda on radio and television—and perhaps even on television alone—than on all the rest (mailed literature, newspaper advertising and publicity, billboards, and the like) put together. And an astonishing percentage of the sum allotted to radio and television is going not for the presentation of political discussions and arguments but for the form of brainwashing known as "spots." Both parties spent more for spots than for speeches on radio, and only about twenty-five per cent more for speeches than for spots on television. A few years from now, spots may be the principal form of communication and propaganda.

It would appear that in Senatorial campaigns considerably more than half the money spent very often goes into buying radio and television time. For instance, the total expenditure reported by Joseph S. Clark, the new Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania, and by all the committees known to have been active in his behalf came to $152,555, of which $92,453 went for radio and tele-

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vision time—$25,900 for radio and $66,553 for television. In the New York Senatorial election, Mayor Wagner, the unsuccessful Democratic candidate, and the committees supporting him reported an outlay of $327,194, of which, plainly, too little was spent on television and radio, since the networks and stations reported the receipt of only $92,003. The path to success clearly lies in the direction chosen by Senator Javits, for whom it is reported that a mere $81,566 was spent altogether, with $71,108 going for radio and television. It may well be that some error crept into the Javits report (the net expenditure appears to be phenomenally low), but at least the proportions seem right, while Mayor Wagner's expenditures seem in line with those of other losers.

Nothing in the Subcommittee report is of greater interest than the evidence it presents that many United States Senators—who, in theory, are all ambassadors from the sovereign states they represent—are elected to office with more financial aid from outside their sovereign states than they get from their constituents. According to the report, some ten United States Senators were elected last year with more help from people they do not represent than from people they do. They are Senators Fulbright, of Arkansas; Hickenlooper, of Iowa; Church, of Idaho; Cooper, of Kentucky; Cotton, of New Hampshire; Young, of North Dakota; Case, of South Dakota; Bennett, of Utah; Aiken, of Vermont; and Revercomb, of West Virginia. On the surface, at least, the most striking record was that of Senator Fulbright, who received thirteen hundred dollars from outside Arkansas and only a hundred dollars from within it. (His total campaign expenditures were reported as $1,159, so he could have returned the Arkansas contribution to its donor and a hundred and forty-one dollars to his backers elsewhere.) But Southern Democrats, who face merely token opposition when they face any opposition at all, are a case apart. A more interesting chronicle is that of Senator Bennett, of Utah, who received four thousand dollars from outside his state and three hundred and twenty-five from within it, and reported total expenditures of $3,915, or eighty-five dollars less than his *Ausländer* backers provided. Senator Bennett's Democratic opponent, Alonzo F. Hopkin, got five thousand dollars from the outside and fourteen hundred and fifty from Utah, and spent, according to his own report, only $4,485. The total figures on local contributors, out-of-state contributors, and net campaign expenditures are no doubt frequently in error, but the chances are that if the margin of error could be eliminated there would be revealed in most cases an even heavier reliance on out-of-state financing than the Subcommittee report shows. It is perhaps significant that the ten senators elected mostly with funds from elsewhere represent states that have no great cities, no great concentrations of wealth, and, with the possible exception of West Virginia, no really powerful labor movements. The natural resources of these states are to a large extent absentee-owned, and their politicians, it would appear, are absentee-financed.

ALTHOUGH the Subcommittee study is the most voluminous and particularized ever made, it is—as Senator Gore and his colleagues Senators Mansfield, of Montana, and Curtis, of Nebraska, are at pains to point out—a very long way from being comprehensive. For one thing, time is as much of the essence as money in politics, and the minority report of Senator Curtis, a Republican, argues that the survey places no money value on the time and services that were made available without cost to parties or candidates in the course of the campaign. The majority thinks it would have been impossible to do this, and no doubt that is so. Nevertheless, the lack is a serious one. If a labor union, for example, arranges to have a hundred members with automobiles taxi Democratic voters to and from the polls on Election Day, it is making a contribution that will not show on anyone's books but would have to be assigned a money value in any altogether balanced account. In some circumstances, the time contributed to politics may not be wholly free—indeed, it may require a substantial outlay of cash—and still it will not be charged to political accounts. For instance, the Subcommittee was advised that the Greater Flint Industrial Union Council, of Flint, Michigan, voted to call out from the plants a number of political activists and put them to work helping the Council's choice of candidates at wages of twenty dollars a day. There was some question whether an assessment had been levied on union members to provide the necessary funds, but the Subcommittee investigating staff was unable to determine the facts and referred the whole matter to the Department of Justice. Whether or not the Corrupt Practices Act was violated—as it almost certainly would have been if the union members had been assessed for this purpose—a money equiv-

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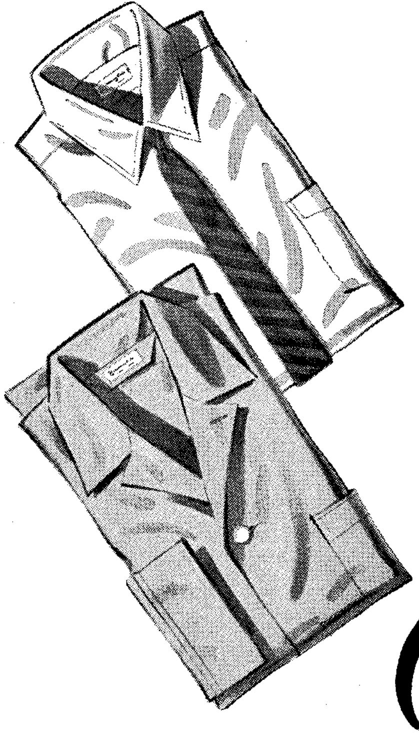
alent was contributed, but the Subcommittee's survey, admirable as it is, makes no reckoning of it.

Nor does it make anything approaching a complete reckoning of *all* the money directly given or directly spent for political purposes. The investigators managed to account for net expenditures in the 1956 campaign of $33,185,725, of which, by its calculations, $20,685,387 was disbursed by Republican organizations, $10,977,790 by Democratic organizations, $941,271 by labor groups (mostly in behalf of Democratic candidates), and $581,277 by minor parties and by other groups that cannot fairly be identified with either Republicans or Democrats. "The total campaign bill," the majority report says, "far surpasses that figure," by which it means the figure of thirty-three million, and this is a judgment from which Senator Curtis does not dissent. There are many people here who think that the total figure might be multiplied by four if the whole truth could be known, and there are many others who think that politics in a Presidential year may cost still more than that. In any case, the thirty-three million tells only part of the story. It does not, for one thing, cover any of the money spent on primary elections, which in the South and in parts of the North are costlier to Congressional candidates—and even, at times, to candidates for the Presidency—than the November elections. Six Democrats who were elected to the Senate from the South last year made sworn statements to the Secretary of the Senate—an obligation imposed by the Corrupt Practices Act—that in the November elections they had received not one cent in campaign contributions and had incurred not one cent in campaign expenses. Since the Act requires a candidate to report only the sums received and spent "with his knowledge or consent," it is possible that there were gifts or outlays connected with their elections that the six senators did not report because they either did not know of them or did not consent to them. What is certain, though, is that most of them did not win their primary elections by charm and wisdom alone. But the Subcommittee made no effort to study the cost of primaries, and even in its study of the final elections it was unable to smelt out all the relevant information. Its work did not get under way until September 1st of last year, and it had to piece together its material on the preceding months from data gathered by other agencies, whose purposes in gathering it had been different and whose methods were often hap-



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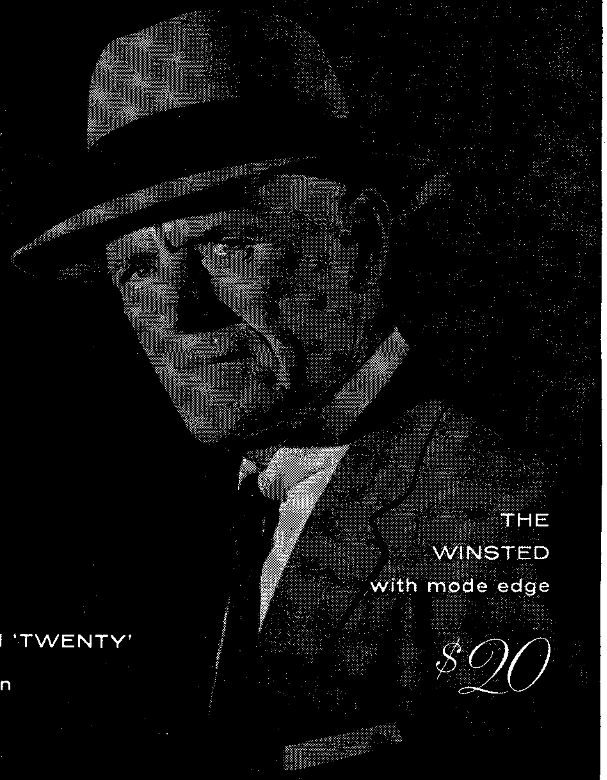

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hazard. In order to reduce its study of individual contributions to manageable dimensions, the Subcommittee sought only the names of contributors who had given five hundred dollars or more; similarly, it limited its studies of county political committees to counties with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand or more, and its studies of local labor organizations to those in the hundred largest counties. Even if it had been able to handle more facts, it could not have gathered reliable data on contributions of less than a hundred dollars, for existing laws do not require them to be accounted for. As for the political committees that operate in federal elections, they must, to be sure, provide the Senate with whatever information it requests, but there has been in recent years a staggering proliferation of these committees, and the I.B.M. machine has not been invented that knows all their names and addresses. The Subcommittee report contains the following rueful entry on the odd case of Mr. Christie, the champion giver:

> For example, information available to the subcommittee revealed that Mr. Lansdell K. Christie of New York had made total contributions in the sum of $23,000 to eight Democratic committees. His individual report, however, disclosed for the entire calendar year total contributions in the amount of $73,164, including $26,000 to fourteen political committees of which the subcommittee had no prior knowledge.

The report continues with some other instances of the impediments to serious investigation:

> On the other hand, Mr. H. L. Hunt, of Dallas, Tex., reported to the subcommittee total contributions in the sum of $7,500, including one contribution in the amount of $3,500 to the Republican National Committee, but the latter does not appear in the reports of that committee filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives. In addition, Mr. Hunt listed a contribution in the amount of $3,000 to "Eisenhower Texas Campaign Committee," Dallas, Tex., an organization theretofore unknown to the subcommittee. It is recognized that the possibility of error exists in the listing by individuals of the exact names of committees to which they have contributed, but, in any event, the subcommittee had no record of contributions by Mr. Hunt in the sum of $3,500 and $3,000, respectively, except from the contributor himself.
>
> Again, the report of the Salute to Eisenhower Committee filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives disclosed a contribution in the sum of $5,000 from R. A. Cuthbertson, an officer and director of the Cities Service Oil Co. (Pennsylvania), 60 Wall Street, New York City. When requested by the chairman of the subcommittee to list his contributions for the entire calendar year, Mr. Cuthbertson responded by letter dated January 14th, 1957: "There must be some error as I made no contribution whatsoever

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to any campaign in the year 1956." The chairman of the Salute to Eisenhower Committee, when contacted by the subcommittee staff, could not explain the appearance of this contribution in his committee's report except to say that the report had been prepared by his accountants and was believed to be accurate.

DESPITE its shortcomings—even, to some extent, because of them—the report of the Subcommittee is an endlessly fascinating and illuminating document. The difficulties in straightening out such matters as where Mr. Christie's money and Mr. Hunt's money went, and why the Salute to Eisenhower Committee insisted that it had received five thousand dollars from Mr. Cuthbertson, point up the inadequacy of some of the laws dealing with political finances—or, in the view of some eminent authorities, to the absurdity of having any laws at all in this field. It was demonstrated to the Subcommittee by John Hay Whitney, the new Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and last year the chairman of the United Republican Finance Committee of New York, that a man could have given a hundred thousand dollars or more to that agency and still have escaped not only prosecution under the Corrupt Practices Act, which is intended to hold individual contributions to a maximum of five thousand dollars, but detection by any agency of the federal government. The law, as it stands, applies only to committees that function in more than one state or are legally connected with the national party organizations, and since Mr. Whitney's committee (though it reported total contributions of $1,645,369 in 1956) is active only in eight New York counties and has legal autonomy, there would be no need for the hypothetical donor of the hundred thousand dollars to report his gift, no need for the committee to report its receipt, and no cause for the Department of Justice to take action in the event that it got hold of the facts. Mr. Whitney himself gave $47,100 to Republican candidates, and his wife gave $15,000. The Whitneys are listed in the report along with approximately four hundred other individuals who gave five thousand dollars or more in 1956.

Though the Subcommittee was unable to account for all contributions and expenditures, its figures unquestionably come closer to accuracy and completeness than those in any previous study, and even where they fall far short on both counts they are not necessarily misleading. The chances are that the errors and oversights are just about equally distributed along partisan lines and

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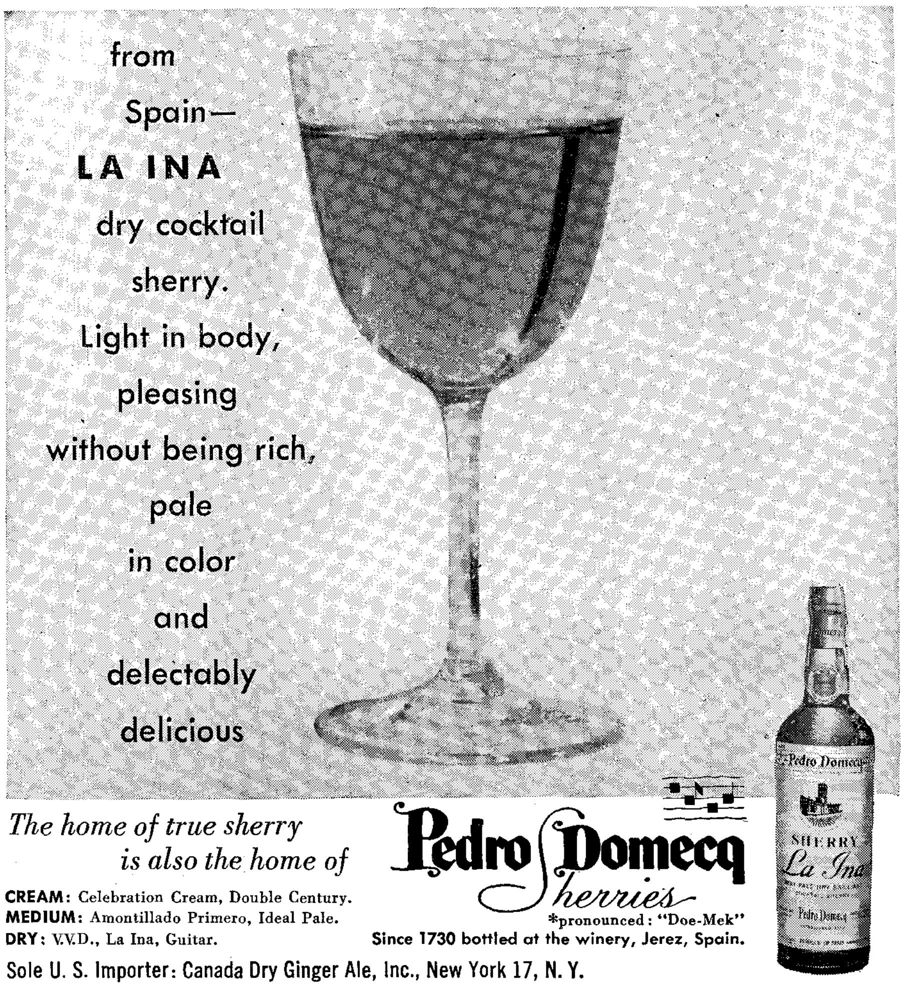

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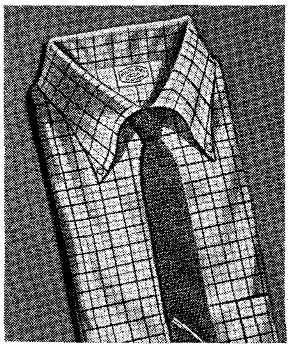

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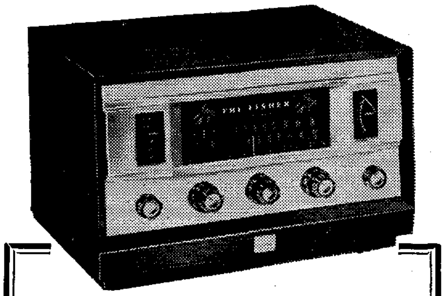

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among the states; if due attention is paid to the caveats recommended by the Subcommittee members themselves, the report is as statistically trustworthy as anything we are ever likely to have. As might be expected, the Democratic senators who signed the majority report missed no opportunity to picture the Republicans as the party of wealth and privilege and the Democrats as the party of the poor but honest. Senator Curtis made a powerful effort to show that this is not so and to prove that organized labor, in contributing the time of thousands of members and funds from union treasuries, redresses the balance. His argument on manpower and time is a formidable one; it is well known to every political observer that the manpower resources of the Democrats are in most parts of the country superior to those of the Republicans. Nevertheless, though time is money, as Senator Curtis insists, so is legal tender, and it is a fact beyond dispute that the coin of the realm is mostly on the side of the Republicans. The union treasuries are reported to have yielded $941,271, most of which was turned over to the Democrats, and union officials made personal donations of $16,500. Individual members of twelve wealthy families, however, contributed $1,040,526 to the Republicans, which more than offsets the labor contributions and the large donations from union leaders. And if the labor figures are suspiciously low, as some people believe, they could be doubled and they would still be offset by the gifts of another twelve or fifteen families. The forty-seven leading underwriters of investment bonds contributed $237,800 to the Republicans and $2,000 to the Democrats. Officers of the thirty-seven largest advertising agencies gave $51,600 to the Republicans and nothing to the Democrats. The officers and directors of the American Iron & Steel Institute gave $45,100 to the Republicans; those of the American Petroleum Institute gave $171,750; those of the Association of American Railroads $3,500; those of the National Association of Manufacturers $81,475; those of the National Coal Association $28,500; and those of the United States Chamber of Commerce $10,700. No officer or director of any of these organizations is reported to have contributed anything to the Democrats. All told, the officers and directors of the two hundred and twenty-five largest corporations in the country gave $1,816,000 to the Republicans and $103,000 to the Democrats.

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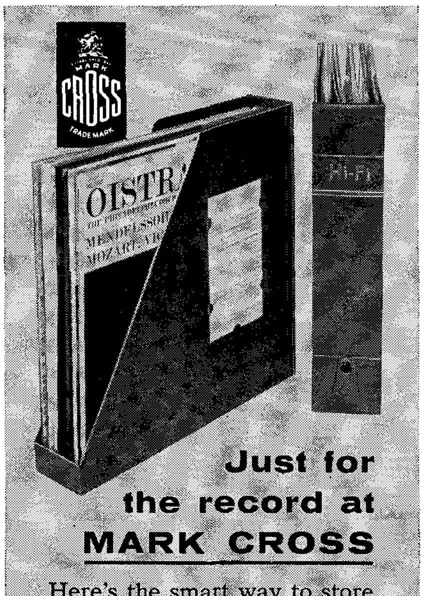

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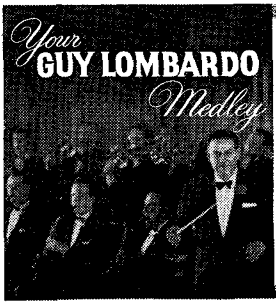

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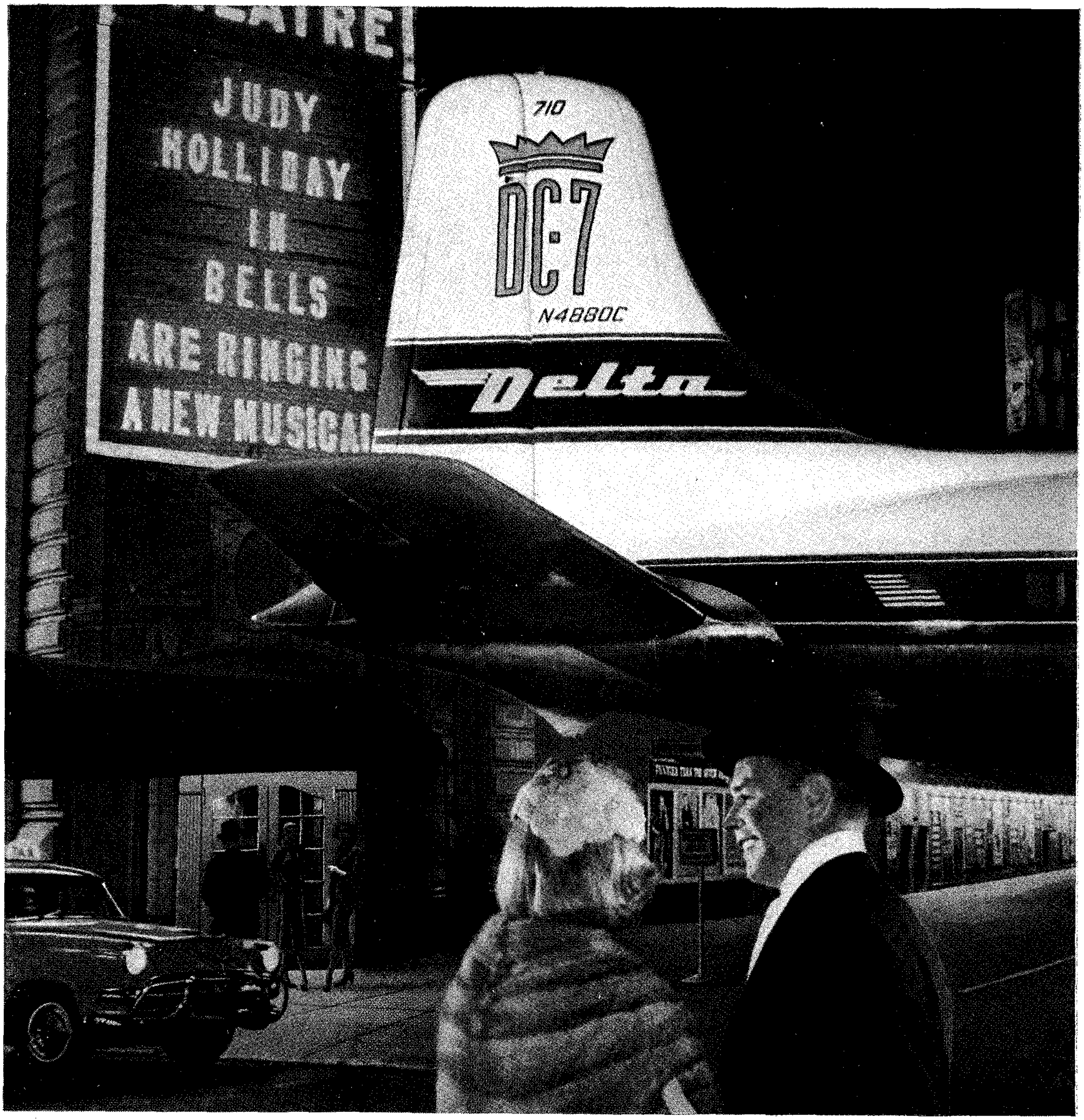
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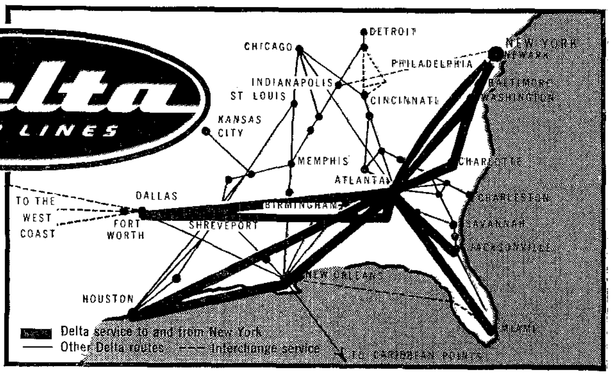
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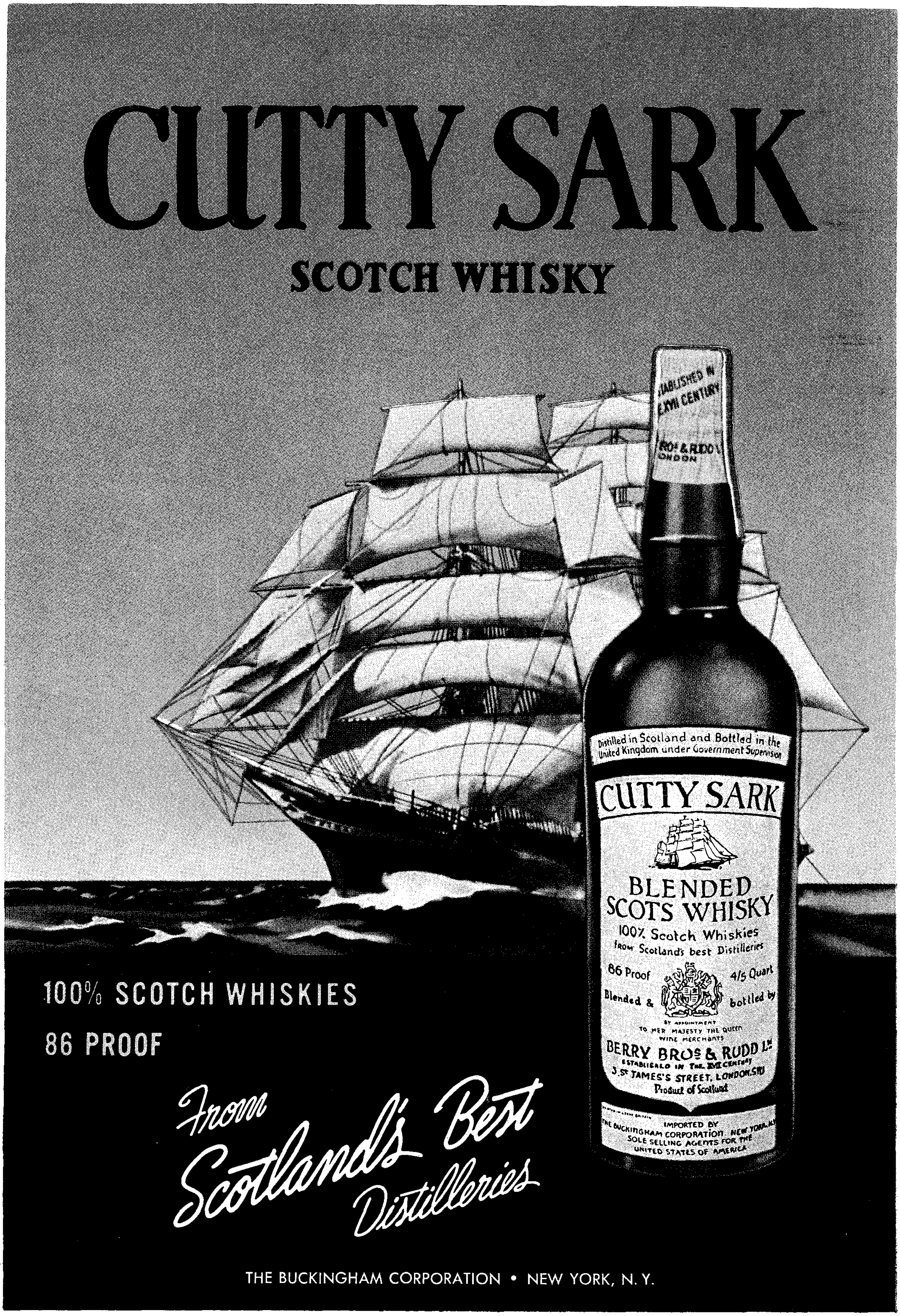
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ture. It is not the most rigid class structure imaginable, but it is a clearly perceptible one. There are some people here who deplore this, but their numbers do not appear to be very considerable. The major parties have appealed to and been supported by the same groups for nearly a century, and the republic is not less democratic or less republican now than it used to be. In any event, no outpouring of laments will alter circumstances. If the wealthy find their interests better served on the whole by the Republicans, they will give the Republicans money in large amounts and votes in small amounts. If the masses feel themselves better served by the Democrats, they will give the Democrats their votes, which are numerous, and their money in small amounts. In the view of the Subcommittee, the one practical thing that can be done is to bring the laws into line with reality. It is plainly ridiculous to have on the books a law limiting the expenditures of national committees to three million dollars when the Republicans are spending in excess of five million for radio and television alone, and the Democrats in excess of four million. And it is plainly ridiculous to have a law intended to hold individual contributions to five thousand dollars when the law, as the Subcommittee says, is so "studded with loopholes" as to make possible numerous gifts of ten times that amount. In a thoughtful review of the Subcommittee's report, the Washington *Post* suggests that whatever is done about the laws—whether they are retained with all their loopholes, or rewritten, or thrown out altogether—the most important thing is to go on providing the kind of public information found in this report.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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MOST FASCINATING FAVORITE STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Post]

Richard Egan, advocating happy endings for movies, told his favorite story. An actor had taken his young son to a pet shop to select a puppy as a birthday present. The boy spent almost half an hour looking over the pooches. "Decided which one you want?" asked his father.

•

Police said that a short, squat man with the submarine gun, and his tall, thin companion, who held a revolver, entered the bank a few minutes before 2 o'clock and ordered the bank manager, two women clerks and an unidentified patron into an inner office.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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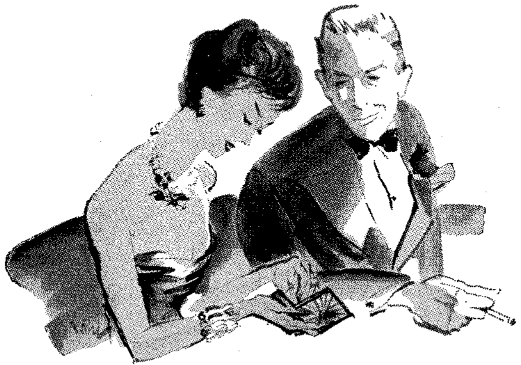

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Meritorious Mr. Creston

IF any generalization can be made about contemporary American composers, it is that their activities as a whole present a confused and sometimes fairly fruitless spectacle. Part of the trouble, I think, is that, given the economic conditions they work under, they are likely to compose for the advisers of foundations and publishing houses (fellow-composers, usually), who have the power to award them fellowships, prizes, and contracts, instead of for the musical public—an extremely cultivated and knowledgeable one, by the way, and one that is unquestionably hungry for significant new compositions. Part of the trouble also lies in the fact that so few present-day composers have the deep practical acquaintance with the traditions of their craft that comes from experience as a performing artist. (It is rather striking that most of the great masters of musical composition—Berlioz and Wagner are among the few conspicuous exceptions—were noted in their time not only as creative musicians but as virtuosos; today the composer who is also a virtuoso is a rarity.) And still another part of the trouble lies in the circumstance that while the number of people engaged in putting notes on paper is probably larger now than it has ever been before, this does not necessarily mean a corresponding increase in the number of geniuses. To my mind, the modern American composer has been at his best in ballet music and in opera; indeed, men like George Gershwin, Gian-Carlo Menotti, and, more recently, Carlisle Floyd, the creator of "Susannah," have given us operatic works that show some signs of permanent value. But in the field of so-called absolute music, embracing symphonies, concertos, and so on, the record is, to put it mildly, spotty—so spotty, in fact, that it is difficult to recall more than a handful of such efforts by contemporary American composers that have attained any real hold on the affections of musical audiences.

Still, one is bound to attend concerts of music by contemporary American composers, if only in a spirit of undying hope, and so, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, I went to Town Hall to attend the broadcast that opened WNYC's ten-day festival of American music—a worthy undertaking in which more than a hundred compositions are being given a hearing. I was not entirely disappointed. To be sure, I thought Herman Berlinski's lengthy tone poem called "For the Peace of Mind" almost unbelievably tedious, but George Antheil's Serenade for Strings (strongly reminiscent of Prokofieff) and Paul Nordoff's Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Chamber Orchestra (strongly reminiscent of the idioms found in British morris-dance music) turned out to be pleasant, or, anyway, inoffensive. And in one work—Paul Creston's Partita for Flute, Violin, and Strings—it seemed to me that I detected the earmarks of real authority and originality. I have, of course, been following Mr. Creston's development for some time, and I regard him as the most interesting of the present-day American symphonists. He has a background as a performing artist (in the role of a church organist, to be exact), and I understand that, as a composer, he is largely self-taught—a circumstance that is less unusual than might be supposed among important composers and that in his case has apparently stimulated qualities of individuality not often encountered among the exponents of various identifiable "schools" of composition. Creston's work hasn't the Juilliard touch, or the Nadia Boulanger touch, or the Darius Milhaud touch, or the Schoenberg touch, or the Diaghilev-Stravinsky-Russian-ballet touch. It is, apart from its reliance on certain basic laws of musical structure, pure Creston. Moreover, it makes its appeal not through decorative effects but through the sense of clear definition and logical progression that is fundamental to all good symphonic writing. To get back to the Partita I heard the other afternoon, it is not as ambitious as some of Mr. Creston's symphonies, but I found in it the sincerity, emotional meaning, and intellectual interest that I have admired in his larger compositions.

UNDOUBTEDLY, last week's most important musical event was the performance by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic, on Thursday night, of Mahler's Second Symphony. I am not as unrestrained an admirer of Mahler as I am of Anton Bruckner, the composer with whom his name is frequently linked, but I consider this symphony, with its apocalyptic imagery and its imposing passages for

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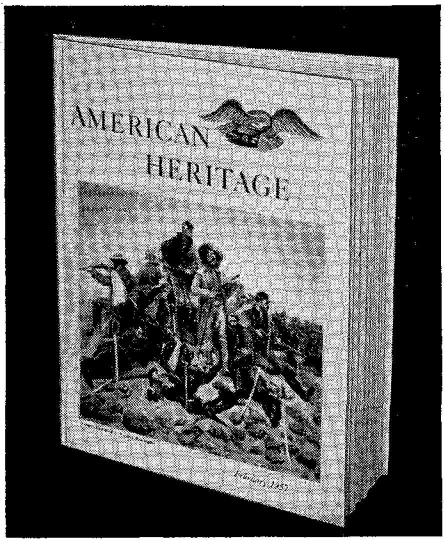

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chorus and vocal soloists, a fairly grand affair, and Mr. Walter's reading of it was so painstaking and authoritative that the performance ranked with the Philharmonic's performance two weeks ago of Bruckner's Ninth as one of the great occasions of the current season. The Mahler symphony was preceded by three Songs for Soprano and Orchestra, which reveal the more intimate and less grandiose side of Mahler's genius—a side that to me often seems more expressive than his monumental musical thinking—and these were sung with memorable artistry by the soprano Maria Stader. Altogether, it was a fine evening. The Philharmonic, as usual, seemed to play for Mr. Walter in a spirit of dedication that it shows with few other conductors; the Westminster Choir sang the choral section of the symphony with appropriate devotion; and the soloists with the choir—Miss Stader and a contralto named Maureen Forrester—contributed earnestly to a total effect that was quite impressive.

ON Friday evening, I divided my time between the American Concert Choir, under the direction of Margaret Hillis, at Town Hall, and the Chopin recital by Artur Rubinstein, at Carnegie Hall. I went to the concert mainly to hear "The Poet's Requiem," a choral work, based on texts from Kafka, Rilke, Cocteau, Gide, and others, by the young American composer Ned Rorem. I am afraid that Mr. Rorem's style is too heavily cluttered with the mannerisms and ambiguities characteristic of contemporary French music to have much interest for me, and I got from his composition only an impression of self-conscious artiness.

Mr. Rubinstein's recital—or the last part of it, which was all I was on hand for—came as a welcome relief. The audience, a huge one, listened raptly while the great virtuoso exerted the kind of romantic magic that he has always managed to bring to Chopin's music. I shall not trouble you with the details of the program, which was pretty conventional. Suffice it to say that while Mr. Rubinstein is not above missing a note or two, and sometimes plays rather casually, he has a magnificent gift for the sort of pianistic *bel canto* that is the essence of Chopin. What I heard was a continuous delight. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

What is it that makes flower arranging so much fun?—*Home.*

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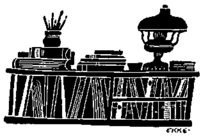
BOOKS

The Hollow Drum



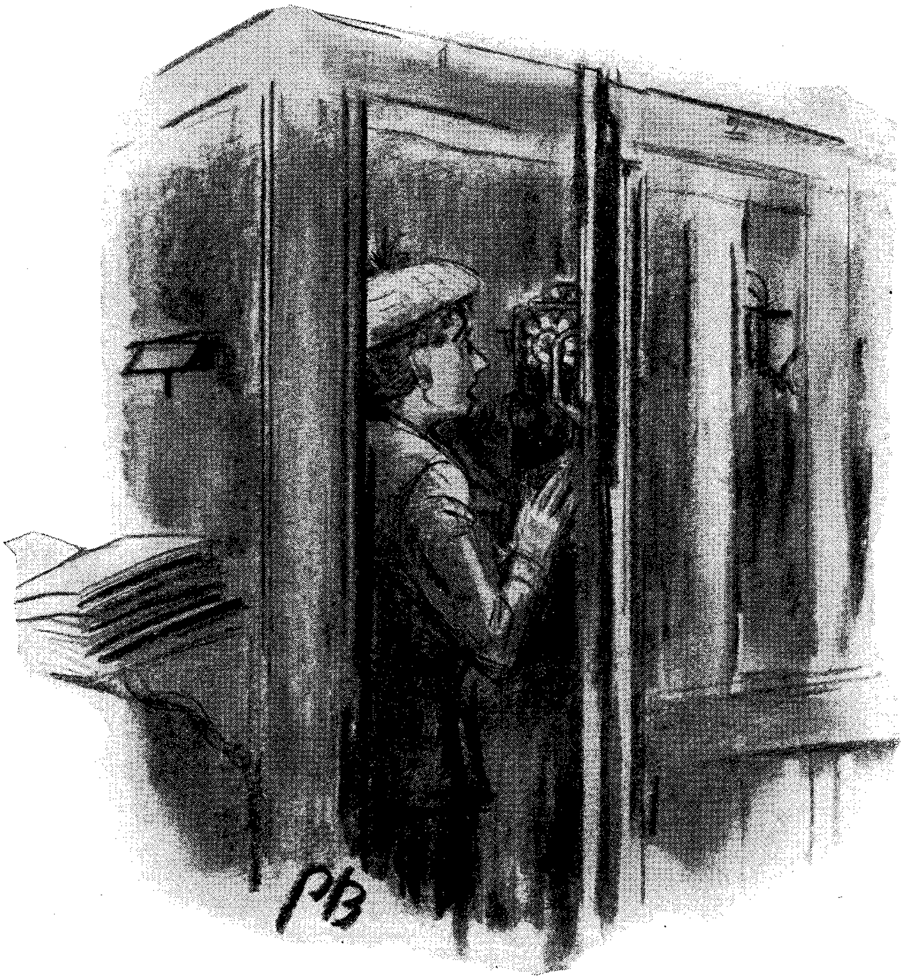
ANY biography of George Bernard Shaw stands or falls on the question of which Shaw it is mainly about. Two are available. There is the great playwright, and there is the blitherer who wrote the prefaces, the clown who was capable of blandly accusing Bergson of being unable to fully understand his own philosophy and who ended by admiring Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin. Professor Archibald Henderson's "George Bernard Shaw" (Appleton-Century-Crofts), in spite of many virtues, is far less interesting than it might be because he admires the first Shaw so inordinately that he cannot bear to sacrifice even one of the very occasional glimpses of his bright spirit manifest in the performances of the second. He accordingly lumps the two biographies together and smothers the picture of the development, rise, and—alas—fall of the creative Shaw with an abundance of detail about the doings and sayings of the pantaloon. Shaw himself uttered on a number of occasions the clearest warnings against falling into this error:

> The celebrated G.B.S. is about as real as a pantomime ostrich. . . . I have never pretended that G.B.S. was real: I have over and over again taken him to pieces before the audience to shew the trick of him. And even those who in spite of that cannot escape from the illusion regard G.B.S. as a freak. The whole point of the creature is that he is unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, utterly unlike anybody that ever existed before, hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion.

The language is the usual language of Shavian fooling. But Shaw was seriously talking about the apparatus behind which the artist or the serious thinker preserves the intellectual solitude without which the creative imagination cannot function. In this and in other passages, Shaw asserted in the manner of a conjurer that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, up his sleeve, so that the audience would concentrate on it while he went about his business elsewhere. By behaving as if he were a trickster, Shaw managed to hide the arcane processes of his imaginative life altogether. He proceeded from certitude to certitude by the lightning flashes of his intuitions, and then justified the jumps by concocting a Shavian web of pseudo-logic that would make it seem that he had executed all his moves in the broad daylight of reason. Professor Henderson gives an orderly and logical picture of the development of Shaw's own peculiar brand of Socialism, beginning with his conversion by Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," passing through a phase of infatuation with Marx, then a phase of doubt following his recognition of the basic fallacy in Marx's theory of value, and rounding it all out with consolidation when he understood, after a tremendous struggle with the mathematics involved, Jevons' "Theory of Political Economy." One smells a rat when Professor Henderson quotes Shaw as saying that "the translation of Jevons' equations into plain English was the most difficult bit of writing and thinking he ever performed."

> The fact is, that *labour once spent has no influence on the future value of any article:* it is gone and lost for ever. In commerce bygones are forever bygones; and we are always starting clear at each moment, judging the values of things with a view to future utility. Industry is essentially prospective, not retrospective; and seldom does the result of any undertaking exactly coincide with the first intentions of its founders.
>
> But though labour is never the cause of value, it is in a large proportion of cases the determining circumstance, and in the following way—Value depends solely on the final degree of utility. How can we vary this degree of utility?—By having more or less of the commodity to consume. And how shall we get more or less of it?—By spending more or less labour in obtaining a supply.

Inasmuch as this typical passage is not Shaw translating Jevons but Jevons, with his usual lucidity, explaining himself, and since Shaw to the end of his days expressed ideas about the nature and function of capital that contradict Jevons' at every point, it is to be concluded that he passed over "Theory of Political Economy" rapidly and at great height, noting the equations with which Jevons studded his writings but very little else. And inasmuch as Shaw's remarks about Marxism remind us of the old soapbox debater's rule, "Repeat your



"I don't know how to tell you this, Fred. It seems I parked the car in something they call a tow-away zone."

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original assertion, never argue," rather than anything that more than approaches the most superficial acquaintance with Marx's theory, we may draw a similar conclusion about "Das Kapital." A clue to what he was up to in shifting his loyalty from Marx to Jevons and in maintaining the pretense that this followed on a profound study of the ideas involved is given by the pattern of his attitudes on the question of evolution. Shaw pretended to have carefully considered the ideas of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, and to have been convinced by them, until Samuel Butler showed him the superiority of Lamarckianism. Professor Henderson seems unaware of the fact that Shaw let the cat out of the bag in a review of a book on Samuel Butler that showed his shift had no logical basis at all. Shaw simply felt that the Darwinian idea of blind forces at work in a mindless universe was horrible, and leaped at the first plausible system he could discover that would restore will and intention to the universe. Marx's great Gothic structure is haunted by the idea of inevitability; historical forces produce preordained results that cannot be altered. As soon as Shaw saw this, he abandoned Marx's system for whatever handy alternative would stand up under argument and would allow the human will to shape human destiny. Henry George could not supply it, because his ideas rested, ultimately, on the antique economic errors of Ricardo; Mill could be ruled out for the same reason, and because he seemed to be spiritually dead. Jevons was the man, not only because his arguments were logical and hard to fault but also because he was tremendously alive in spirit.

Professor Henderson to the contrary, though, it is quite likely that Jevons' collection of essays, "Methods of Social Reform," with its passionate stress on individualism, had much more to do with winning Shaw than his "Theory of Political Economy." In a thoroughly Shavian way, the essays imply that it is better to give the poor free music than free hospitals. This is because, Jevons suggests, charity applied to the after-effects of poverty will do nothing to remove it and will make the poor poorer by encouraging them to be dependent. Music will lift them up and give them the spirit they will need if their imagination is to move on from handouts to a better social order. Charities, he admits, are a necessary evil in the current state of affairs, but "true progress will tend to render every class self-reliant and independent." This was right up

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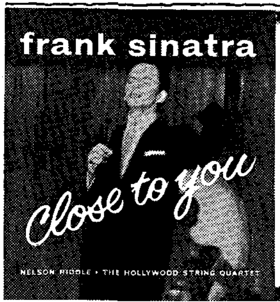

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Shaw's street, as was Jevons' description of a healthy appetite: "One craves sometimes the stirring clang of the trombones, the roll of drums, the solemn boom of the diapason and the exciting crescendo of a great orchestra." It is easy to see in this what Shaw was looking for when he embraced Jevons and what he certainly could not find in Marx—passionate, romantic idealism of the kind he had himself derived from Blake and Shelley, with a solid, logical backing that practical men would be unable to dismiss. The two poets were among the group of men he admired most, the life-shapers whose creative imaginations showed men a better way to live. But they provided object lessons along with their noble ideas. Blake had exposed the mechanism of his imagination to public view, with the result that he was written off as a madman, and Shelley had behaved with complete sincerity in the middle of the existing world as if it were the ideal one of his dreams, so he was deemed an impractical visionary. Both men's extremely practical recipes for achieving dignified and happy personal and social relationships had been walled off in the domain of the aesthetic, where they had no effect whatever on life or the human sympathies they were designed to kindle. Shaw was closer to Blake than he was to anyone else, and the secret of his ardent advocacy of Ibsen is that Ibsen recommended Blakelike ideals of conduct as soberly as if he were advising his audience to wear rubbers when there was slush on the streets, and in a way that made it impossible to brush him aside as a visionary or a lunatic.

Shaw's own approach, in his novels and plays, was the same. Few writers have dealt more uncompromisingly with absolutes; he demanded absolute candor, and absolute loyalty to the divine spirit, in each individual as the basis of behavior, and the recognition of the divine spirit in each individual as the basis of all social relationships. For this reason he annihilated the theatrical conventions of good characters and bad characters, and the whole range of stereotypes that surrounded the conventional hero and villain. He banished romantic love from his work for the same reason—not because he was either heartless or sexless but because it was the most rigid convention of all—and the lover once labelled as such vanished as an individual. Not only that, but in the life of the spirit lived in the flesh, life itself and all living things are loved with the passion of romantic love yet without its egotism or its obsessive focus, so roman-

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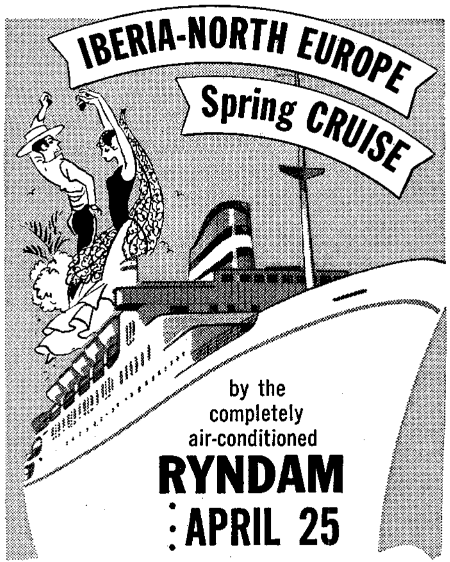

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tic love as a cloak for sexual interest vanishes. Shaw knew that if these ideals were presented, as such men as Blake and Shelley had presented them, as ideals they would suffer the fate of all ideals in a corrupt society and would be shelved, after being neatly labelled "idealism, not to be taken seriously," under the heading of Art, Beauty, or Culture. To preserve them from that fate, he presented them as the paradoxes of a worldly clown devoted to self-advertisement and to Left Wing politics of the most practical kind. Few people have so far discerned—though his admiration for William Morris, who lived his beliefs, is a pointer—that in his Fabian days he was struggling to drive the spiritually dead materialism out of Socialism and to breathe back into it the dreams and visions of poets and artists.

That this was Shaw's aim makes his story the tragedy that is carefully concealed in his life. It is this that gives his work a dignity and meaning that become more and more significant as it emerges from the brief period during which it seemed dated. Critics have objected that his plays are not dramas at all, and that the characters in them are merely aspects of Shaw's mind and character engaged in debate. Since all true works of art are resolutions of the artist's inner conflicts, this is precisely Shaw's virtue as a dramatist. His own major conflict, between his intense egotism and his tremendous moral sense, is a universal one, which is why so many people feel engaged personally by the plays even though the datings, settings, and social *données* seem to rule out the possibility of identification with the characters. But while this is one thing that gives Shaw's plays strength, another is the essentially dramatic quality of the biographical material they contain. The experience of the idealist Cusins and Major Barbara in "Major Barbara" is Shaw's; when Undershaft seduces them from their religion of poetry by showing them the practical fruits of his religion of power, what is happening on the stage is what has happened to Shaw. There is real pathos in the moment in Act II when Undershaft tells Cusins, "She will find out that that drum of yours is hollow." Shaw appears, trailing his hollow drum, a resigned drummer who has given up banging away at his instrument, in the person of Mazzini Dunn in "Heartbreak House":

> I joined societies and made speeches and wrote pamphlets. That was all I could do. But, you know, though the people in the societies thought they knew more than

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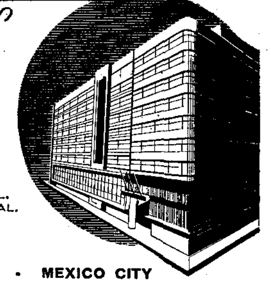

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Mangan [the industrialist] most of them wouldn't have joined if they had known as much. You see they never had any money to handle or any men to manage. Every year I expected a revolution, or some frightful smashup: it seemed impossible that we could blunder and muddle on any longer. But nothing happened, except, of course, the usual poverty and crime and drink that we are used to. Nothing ever does happen. It's amazing how well we get along, all things considered.

There is something even more poignant in "Heartbreak House," a presentation of the possibility that the creative imagination as a vital force may fail. Captain Shotover is at once Shelley and Blake grown old, and the literary-aesthetic backing of idealism wearing out:

> I am too weary to resist or too weak. I am in my second childhood. I do not see you as you really are. I can't remember what I really am. I feel nothing but the accursed happiness I have dreaded all my life: the happiness that comes as life goes, the happiness of yielding and dreaming instead of resisting and doing, the sweetness of the fruit that is going rotten.

Shaw was, however, much too courageous a man either to abandon the foundations of his beliefs or to refuse to face the fact that he had for a moment doubted them. He rallied, but he let "Heartbreak House" stand. It is significantly, all the same, as Professor Henderson points out, the only one of the plays that Shaw declined to explain, even to actors playing in it. In the process of rallying, he first wrote "Back to Methuselah," around the idea that men die in adolescence before they have grown to a maturity in which they are capable of making full use of the creative imagination and living the life of the spirit. This failed to convince, because it dodges all the issues by exempting idealism from inescapable physical realities, but its failure cleared the ground for the masterwork that Shaw made out of his disappointment and disillusion. To say that "Saint Joan" is Shaw is a simplification that overlooks the whole complex process of sublimation that goes on when an artist converts his experience into his work. But Joan reveals herself for what she is—the Shaw-Blake ideal figure living the life of the spirit in the flesh—in her exchange with Robert de Baudricourt on the subject of her voices in Scene 1:

> ROBERT: How do you mean? Voices?
> JOAN: I hear voices telling me what to do. They come from God.
> ROBERT: They come from your imagination.
> JOAN: Of course. That is how the messages of God come to us.

The point is made again, at the end of Scene 6, when Joan chooses death

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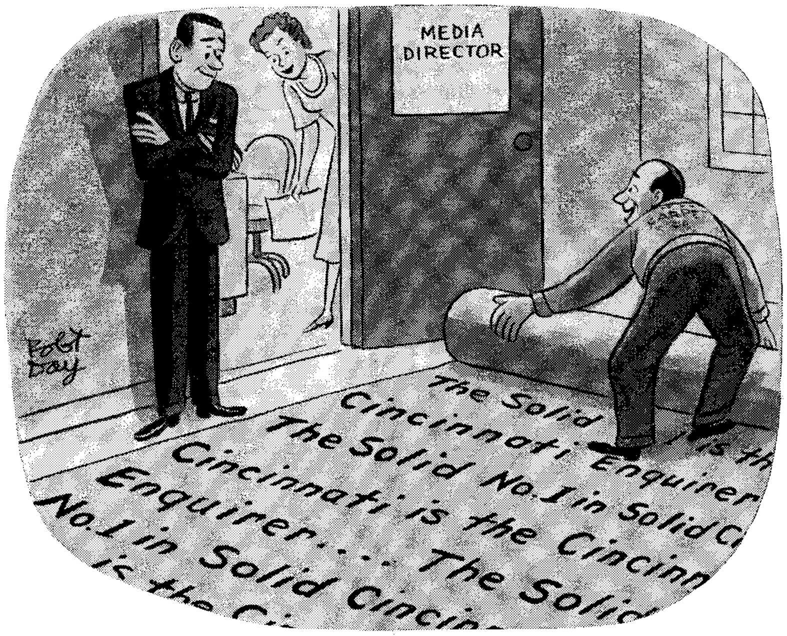
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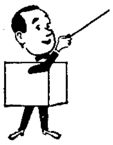

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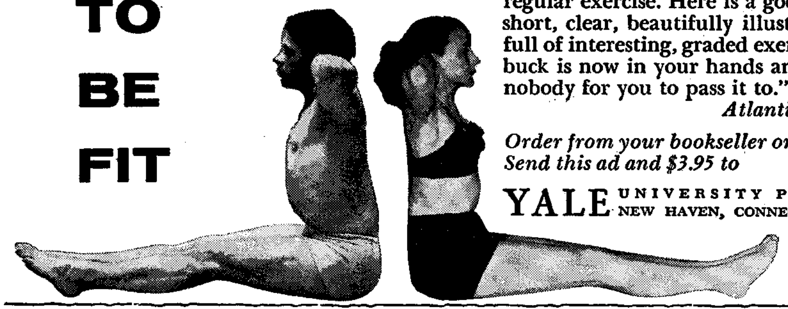

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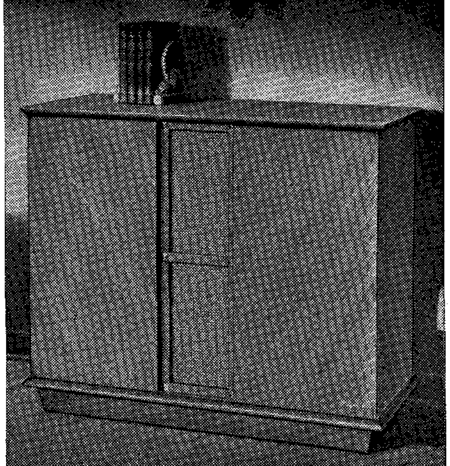

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instead of a betrayal of her poetry: "You promised me my life; but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead." The speech, one of the most beautiful written for the modern theatre, makes it plain that what is about to happen is that worldliness and worldly interests are going to blasphemously defile the fountain of life itself and to betray everything that makes life worth living. The epilogue, which many critics still regard as superfluous, drives the moral home with a hammer. The point of it is not to tell the audience that Joan was ultimately rehabilitated and canonized but to show that the worldly, even when given full knowledge of what precisely they did in burning Joan, would still rather honor mean interests and policies than respect beauty, poetry, and the dreams that create joy and happiness. The real climax of the play, as Shaw wrote it, cannot be anything else but the cry, which is his own, on which the curtain comes down: "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" That this is not a perverse reading of the play is indicated by the statement of its theme as early as 1897, in Shaw's review of William Archer's translation of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman":

> Properly speaking, the opposition to the Awakener is nothing but the natural resistance of the average man to having his standard of temperance and fortitude screwed up to that of the man of genius. This is the whole secret of the eternal war between genius and mediocrity.

The passage goes on to call Blake one of those genuine realists who exalt not "the ideal at the expense of life, but life at the expense of the ideal." The difference in spirit between the review of 1897 and the play of 1924 is that the man of forty-one could believe that the eternal war had reached a turning point, and that it was being fought with new forces on the side of genius that made the thought of an imminent victory plausible, whereas the man of sixty-eight could see that the world was not ready even to listen to the voice of genius, let alone to turn its precepts into action.

As Professor Henderson, though he recognizes the importance that Blake and the life of the imagination held for Shaw, is of the opinion that the epilogue to "Saint Joan" is "a Shavian gloss upon the play . . . which, for all its beauty and reverence, shattered the historical illusion," it is plain that he is not the man to give the clearest possible

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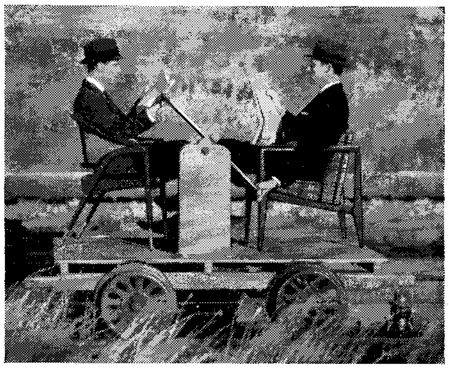

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account of the agonizing wearing away of Shaw's spirit that drew his best work from him. What he does give is an exhaustive study of the surface of his life as it was lived from day to day in the great world. This account is often amusing, and highly informative about the detail of that surface life, but what was vital in the personality becomes buried in dross, and the reader is forced to wonder how, if this was really Shaw, did the plays come from him, and how, if his life were really so diffused, did he make such a mark upon his world. The answers are found, unexpectedly, in St. John Ervine's "Bernard Shaw" (Morrow). This contentious Ulsterman, whose recent biography of Oscar Wilde was an indelicacy practically without equal in the field of biography in the English language, and who has at times indicated almost a constitutional inability to say anything to the credit of any of his successful contemporaries, shows a very nearly complete understanding of the concealed Shaw. Shaw's flaws are fairly presented, and in relation to his tremendous generosity of spirit, his courage, his worship of life and happiness, and his hatred of cruelty, meanness, and poverty. It is, surprisingly, considering its source, an excellent account of the goodness of a good man whose great misfortune was to outlive his genius.

There is, however, one point at which Mr. Ervine's book seems to break down as a biography. The outline of Shaw's experience with the Fabian Socialists is given, but its crisis is considerably distorted. As has been said above, Shaw's approach to Socialism was a matter of taking up an instrument that would bring an aesthetically desirable way of life into being—he joined the Fabian Society when it was still animated by the spirit that led the founders of its parent organization to call their group the Vita Nuova and to draft a program, in 1883, in the following terms:

> Object: The cultivation of a perfect character in each and all. Principle: The subordination of material things to spiritual. Fellowship: The sole and essential condition of fellowship shall be a single-minded, sincere, and strenuous devotion to the object and principle.

The Fabians hived off from this group and the tone changed to that of Fabian Tract No. 2 of 1884:

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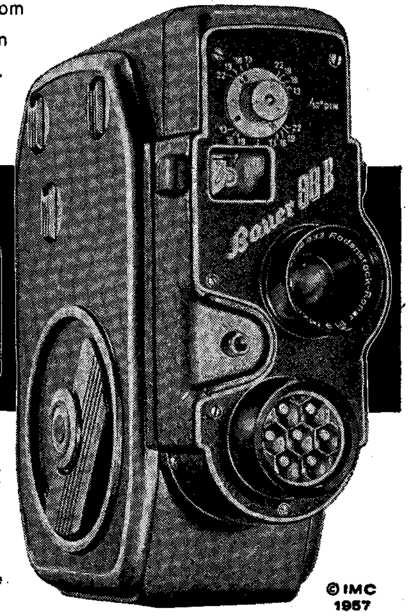

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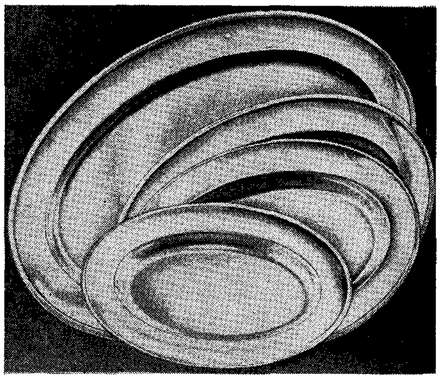

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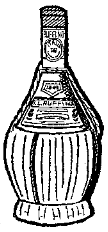

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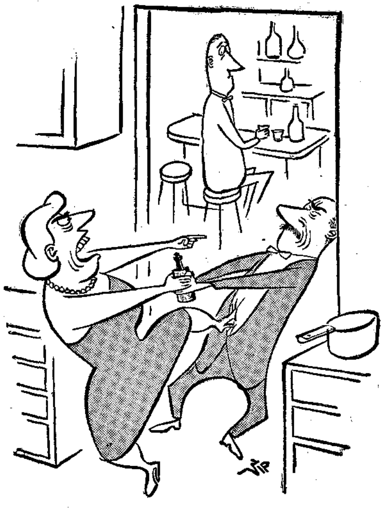
duty of each member of the State to provide for his or her own wants by his or her own Labour.

The texture darkened as the Society became more and more realistic, practical, and materialist until the great fight over the leadership of the Society, which broke out in 1906 and lasted through 1907. The Webbs, Sydney and Beatrice, on the one hand, stood for a policy, which they had been pursuing with considerable success, of infiltration and permeation, through which politicians were to be led by an intellectual élite toward Socialism and progress without realizing what was happening. H. G. Wells, on the other hand, proposed to enlarge the membership of the Society enormously and to operate it as the cadre of a new political party that would make a mass appeal and run candidates for Parliament. Wells had a large following in the Society and he presented a serious challenge to the Webbs. They reacted violently, not only because they felt that all the successes won by their infiltration tactics would be imperilled if the Society came into the open and entered politics but because they were bitterly opposed to the idea of letting large numbers of uneducated workingmen join it. They felt that if the Society made a mass appeal it would end up by being controlled by the mass, and they were more strongly opposed to the idea of workers' control than anything else. Feeling that Wells was endangering what had become their life's work, they fought him with every device at their command. A glimpse of their methods has been given in Mr. David Garnett's "Golden Echo" (Harcourt, Brace) and by Mr. Hesketh Pearson in his "G.B.S.: A Postscript" (Harper). Wells' personal life was in some confusion at the time, and the Webbs circularized the Fabian Society with the details of his private affairs, apparently intending to destroy his reputation. Shaw liked both parties to the dispute, but he felt that the Webbs' concept of the Society's role in affairs was the right one, and so, up to a point, he became a consenting party to the campaign of slander. He acted brilliantly as floor manager for the Webbs at the Society meeting at which Wells was disposed of, and in the moves preliminary to this event he showed a mastery of political technique. But the spirit in which the struggle was fought was very different from that which had prevailed in the old Vita Nuova and in the circle around the beloved figure of William Morris. It was apparent that the pilgrims had taken a muddy route toward the New Jerusalem. Shaw



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made handsome public amends to Wells in the afterword to "Pygmalion" and elsewhere, but interest and calculation had come before frankness and friendship, and there was no calling them back. Both men spoke of the incident to this writer at the very end of their lives—with pain, and with regret for it and what followed. In the heat of the day, they both fell short of their own ideals of goodheartedness, and they were unhappy for it thereafter. Mr. Ervine puts all the right in the matter on Shaw's side and all the wrong on Wells', and gives in consequence a rather small-minded account of the complex and difficult relationship of two large-minded men. But this is the one major flaw in an argumentative, stimulating, and unfailingly interesting biography.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SCAPEGOAT, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday). John, who lectures in French history at a university in London, is on holiday in France. In a depressed mood—he is singularly alone in the world and feels himself to be a failure—he wanders into a bar in a provincial town and is horrified to see standing beside him a Frenchman who is his double in every physical respect, and is even named Jean. Through a trick, Jean maneuvers John into a hotel and robs him of his clothes, his car keys, and his identity papers. John wakes up in the morning to find himself with some unfamiliar clothes that fit him perfectly, a Renault, and a title. It turns out that Jean is the Comte de Gué, master of a shabby château that houses his mother, his sister, his wife, his mistress, his daughter, and his brother, all of them problems, and all of them with some dark mysteries in their pasts that Miss du Maurier herself dares not do more than hint at. You can see what John—a shy, almost spinsterish soul—is up against; even his efforts to explain what has happened are calmly taken as evidence of Jean's evilly prankish nature. Anyway, John is trapped in his distasteful role. As usual, Miss du Maurier's settings—the château, its grounds, and the nearby town of Villars—are described with such enjoyment and affection that one longs to visit them. And, also as usual, her people appear so distraught at finding themselves in the public eye that even her romantic bravado cannot keep

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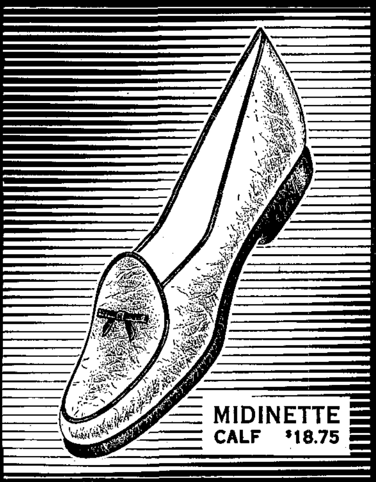

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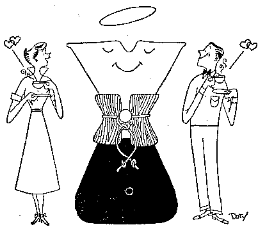

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them convincingly upright. The time is the nineteen-fifties. A Literary Guild selection.

A GROWING WONDER, by Hildegarde Dolson (Random House). Jane Demming, a ravishing beauty from the Midwest, plunges confidently into a cozy little crowd of Greenwich Village painters and writers, and proceeds to tell them exactly how they should set about doing better and more significant work. In her cast-iron humorlessness and her blank determination to dominate the life of everyone she chooses to find interesting, Jane is detestable. To make matters sadder, the women in the companionable circle she disrupts are older than she is, and not nearly as pretty. Miss Dolson's sharp, amusing view of the whole affair successfully carries this story for a much longer run than it might have had in less skilled hands, and the ending is very satisfactory.

THE EYE OF LOVE, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). Harry Gibson, a fifty-year-old furrier, and Dolores Diver, a forty-year-old ex-shopgirl, have been secret lovers for ten years. Now Harry's mother is forcing him to get married to a girl with money, and Dolores is left destitute and heartbroken, with only her nine-year-old niece—a precocious girl—to turn to. Harry and Dolores are both drab, unlovely, limp, and obnoxiously wistful. Miss Sharp is fond of them—that is clear—but in trying to treat them humorously she laughs at them, and achieves a patronizing manner that she cannot have intended and that is not funny at all. A London story.

GENERAL

THE MEN WHO MADE THE NATION, by John Dos Passos (Doubleday). A free-flowing history of the American Republic in the twenty years following the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. The author handles his theme somewhat in the manner of a stage director managing a large and brilliant cast of Americans, Britons, and Frenchmen, and while he is always mindful of the broad currents of history, he is lavish with trivia, personalities, gossip, and anecdotes. We see George Washington, for instance, in all his majesty, but we also see him after dinner in his winter headquarters, cracking nuts between his powerful fingers, drinking Madeira, and listening benevolently to the bright chatter of the

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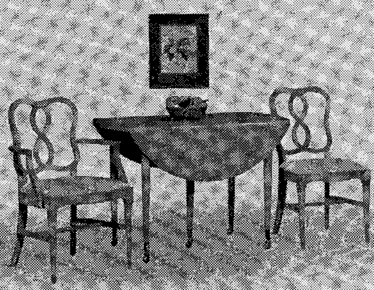

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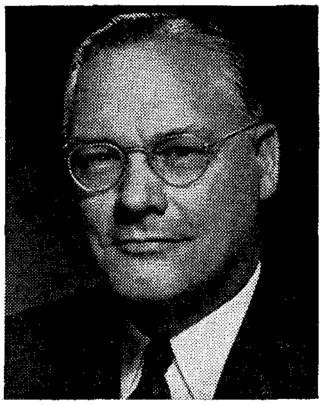
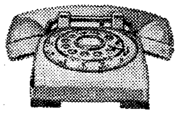
young officers he has gathered around him as his "military family." Few books about the period so ably convey a feeling of contemporaneousness as this one, and few so vividly bring to life the men who founded the country. An addition to the Mainstream of America series.

A Claim in the Hills, by James Wickenden (Rinehart). An altogether stimulating sally into the South American jungles. The narrator, an anonymous British West Indian whose story Mr. Wickenden has written down with admirable economy, tells of the time he spent, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, as a "pork-knocker," or diamond prospector, in the heart of the Pacaraima Mountains, in western British Guiana. Although immense pythons and raging floods abound, much of the book is a semi-anthropological description of the existence the narrator led as an accepted member of a small village of Patamona Indians, whose gentle, labyrinthine natures had as subtle an effect on him as his did on them. (After his departure, the village was abandoned, its members scattering to the winds.) The most memorable parts of the book, though, deal with the jungle itself, which—particularly in a passage involving a numbing trek that the narrator and two villagers made through an unexplored forest where "spiders as big as a man's . . . hand clutched their webs and shook them before straggling wildly across the strands"—takes on an almost unbearable mien of total evil. Illustrated with drawings by Ralph Thompson.

No Room for Wild Animals, by Bernard Grzimek, translated by R. H. Stevens (Norton). This excellent book, the work of the director of the Frankfurt Zoological Garden, is ostensibly the story of a specimen-collecting trip through the Belgian Congo. Its actual purpose, however, is to call the roll of the innumerable animals that man, in his greed and truculence, has successfully banished from the earth, and to impress upon us that the inevitable result of this continuing destruction is a world stripped of the essentials of human life and inhabitable only by rats and rabbits. An invigorating blast of icy common sense. Photographs.

Conspiracy Among Generals, by Wilhelm von Schramm, translated and edited by R. T. Clark (Scrib-





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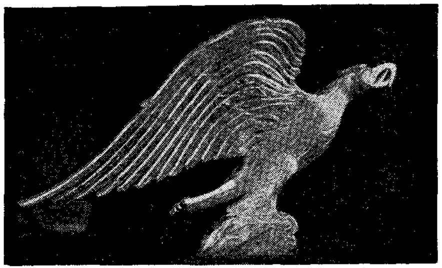

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ner). An enormously detailed and more or less first-hand account of the abortive attempt made on Hitler's life, on June 20, 1944, by Colonel Graf Klaus Schenk von Stauffenberg and his fellow top-level malcontents, with emphasis on the role of the key figures in the German High Command in Paris—von Stuelpnagel, Finckh, von Hofacker, von Kluge, von Falkenhausen, and Rommel. Captain von Schramm, who, though he was not himself involved, was sympathetically aware of the plot, also provides us with an interesting rationale of the conspiracy. "The coup of 1944," he notes, "was . . . almost entirely an Army affair. The Army was the best guardian of tradition, and that, too, in the moral and religious sense of that word. Nor was it mere chance that the aristocracy contributed so much to the strength of the resistance. Consciously or unconsciously, there lived in that aristocracy, with its conscience and its chivalry, a heritage which was common to Europe, and it was this that drove it to break with Hitler." But not, as even Captain von Schramm is unable to deny, until the Nazi empire was on the skids. A most illuminating book. Photographs.

OLIN DOWNES ON MUSIC, edited by Irene Downes, with a preface by Howard Taubman (Simon & Schuster). An anthology culled by the widow of America's most noted and most tireless music critic from the hundred and fifty million words of criticism that he wrote over a period of nearly half a century for the New York *Times* and other publications. While Mr. Downes' preferences inclined toward the conservative and the romantic, one of the most striking features of the volume is his incessant preoccupation with contemporary compositions—which in his case reached back as far as Debussy's "La Mer" and the earliest works of Stravinsky. The reader will find here both extraordinary perception of musical values and engaging evidence of the limitless enthusiasm the writer had for the art to which he dedicated his life.

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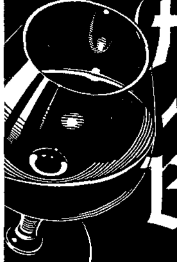

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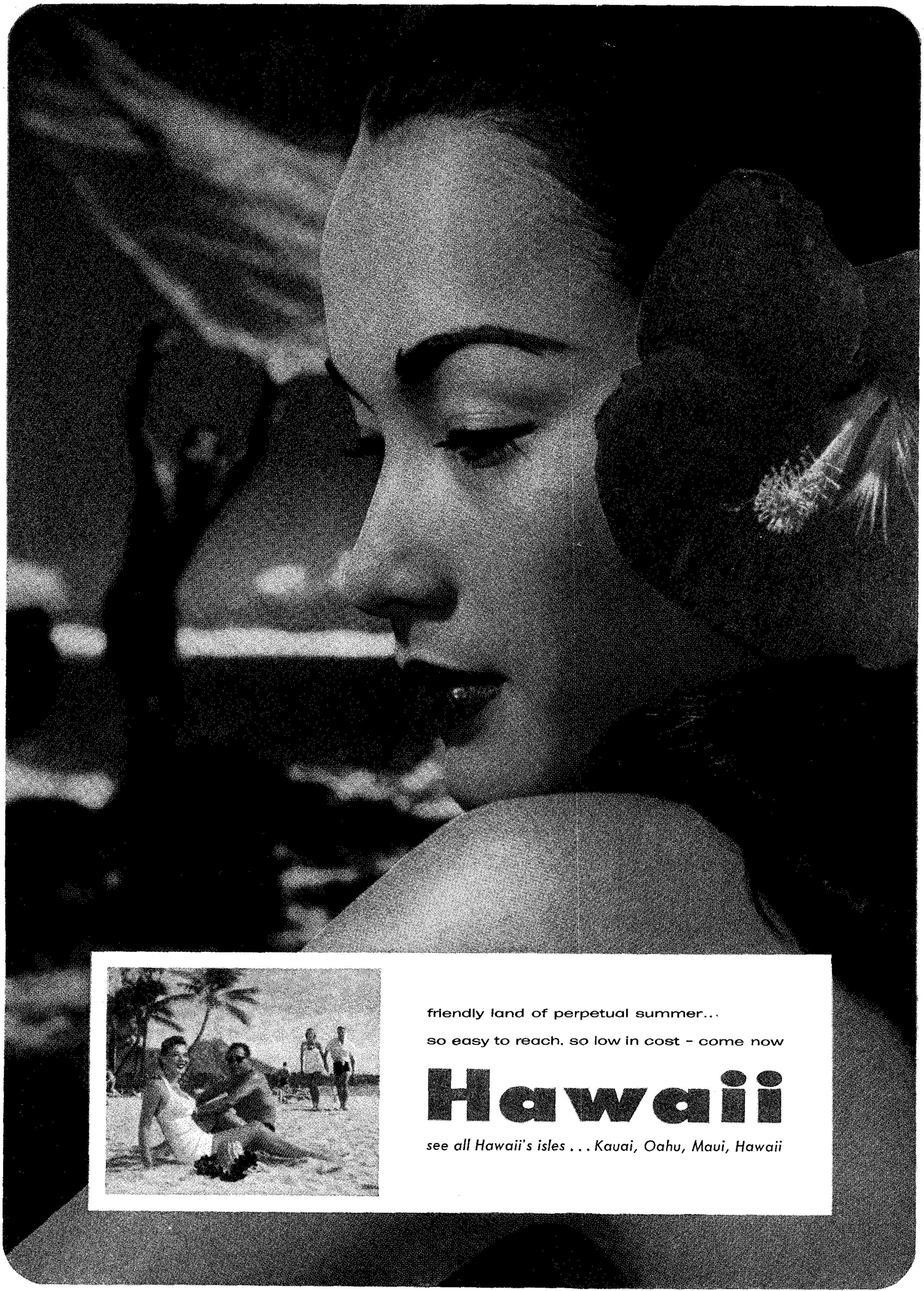
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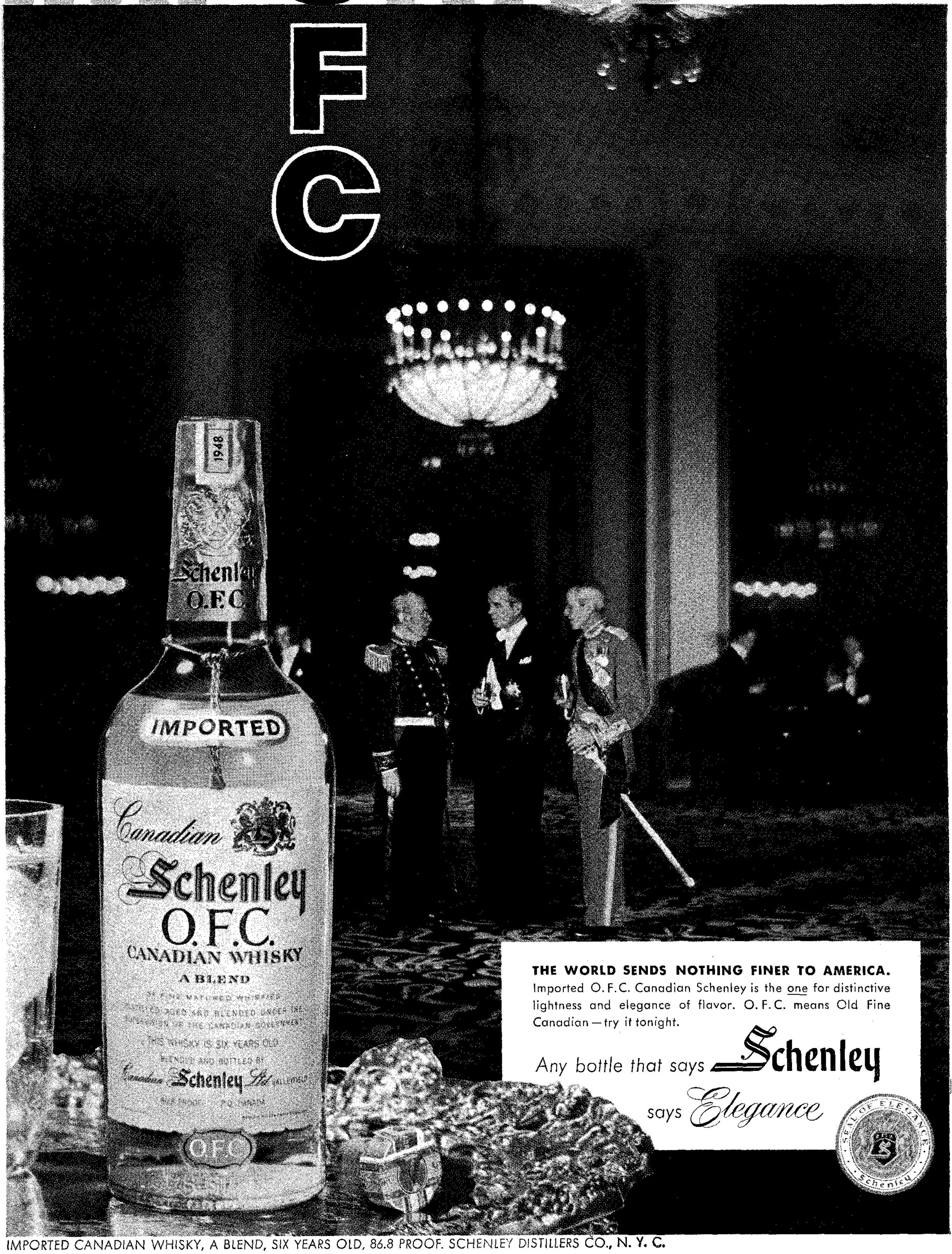

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